

Brian Fusonie



Radio Volume 3rd

Rainbow:

Hear O Lord, send me a rainbow. Answer O Lord, I need to know. Warm my heart, the cold wind blows. Show us the path to follow. Hear O Lord, share with us your love. Answer O Lord, send the fire from above. Here on earth the sorrows grow. Guide us on the path to follow. The colors of your love light the way home. The colors of your love, like a rainbow. The colors of your love, make us whole. The colors of your love, make a rainbow. I cried when I saw them raise their fake 'rainbow' flag with the Star Spangled Banner half mast. It was the opposite of Noah's Rainbow. It was the end of our Natural Covenant. They stole the rainbow and made it the opposite.

Time Has Come:

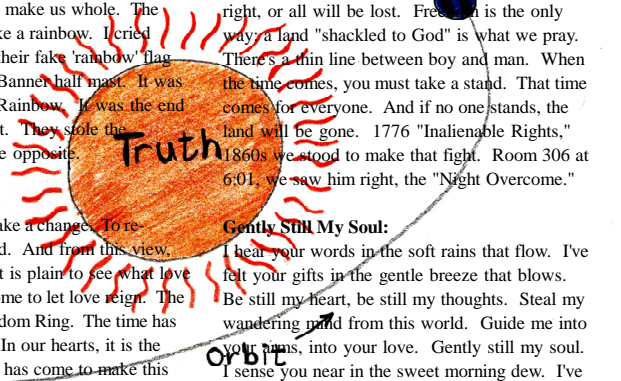
The time has come to make a change. To rearrange our stars aligned. And from this view, there is no more two. It is plain to see what love can be. The time has come to let love reign. The time has come, Let Freedom Ring. The time has come to let love reign. In our hearts, it is the song we sing. The time has come to make this change. To center stage, this path of days. From this view, I see you. No more left, and no more right. The time has come to let love reign. The time has come, Let Freedom Ring. The time has come to let love reign. In our hearts, it is the song we sing.

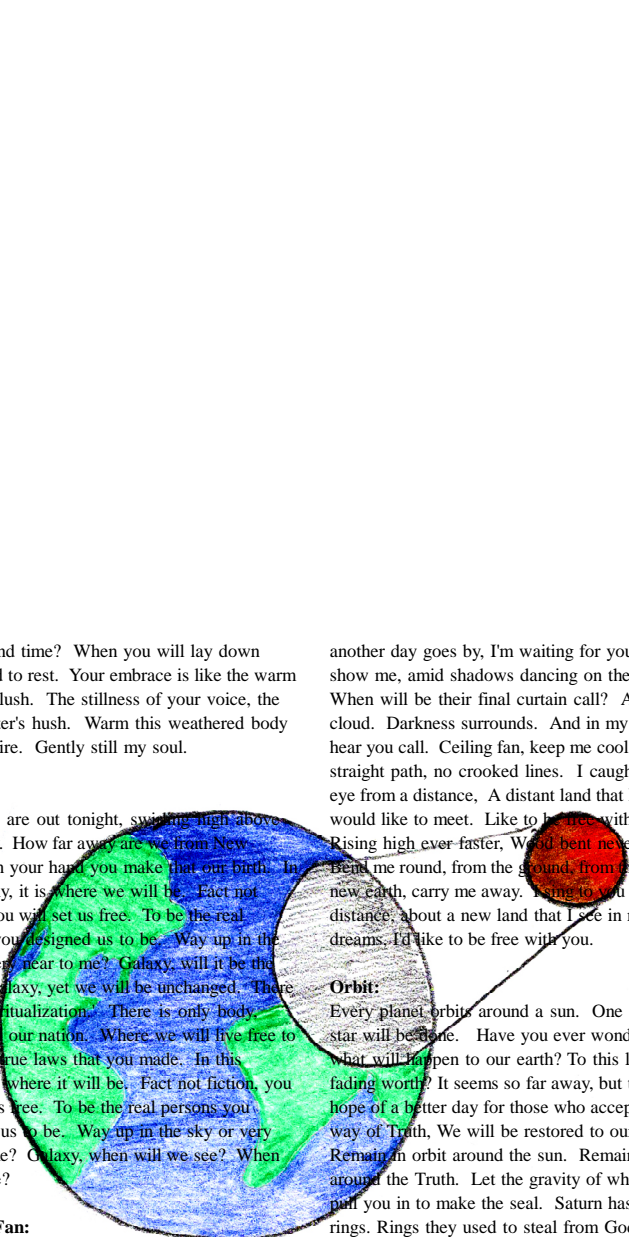
Thin Line:

There's a thin line between love and hate. There's a thin line between regret and waiting. You heard before the hour is growing late. Stand up now, time to participate. There's a thin line between night and day. In the morning light let us make our get away. To the height of that mountain top. Until we get it lets never stop. Freedom has its cost. The fight for what is right, or all will be lost. Freedom is the only way; a land "shackled to God" is what we pray. There's a thin line between boy and man. When the time comes, you must take a stand. That time comes for everyone. And if no one stands, the land will be gone. 1776 "Inalienable Rights," 1860s we stood to make that fight. Room 306 at 6:01, we saw him right, the "Night Overcome."

Gently Still My Soul:

I hear your words in the soft rains that flow. I've felt your gifts in the gentle breeze that blows. Be still my heart, be still my thoughts. Steal my wandering mind from this world. Guide me into your arms, into your love. Gently still my soul. I sense you near in the sweet morning dew. I've searched your eyes in the radiance of the moon. You know my heart, you designed my soul. Drown this desert longing in your love. Lead me into your ocean, quench this broken heart. Gently still my soul. Can't you feel the storm that waits within my heart to watch again your cherry blossom sky? How long must I wait to





see the end time? When you will lay down your head to rest. Your embrace is like the warm autumn blush. The stillness of your voice, the long winter's hush. Warm this weathered body by your fire. Gently still my soul.

Galaxy:

The stars are out tonight, swirling high above in the sky. How far away are we from New Earth? In your hand you make that our birth. In this galaxy, it is where we will be. Fact not fiction, you will set us free. To be the real persons you designed us to be. Way up in the sky, or very near to me? Galaxy, will it be the same? Galaxy, yet we will be unchanged. There is no 'spiritualization.' There is only body, earth, and our nation. Where we will live free to obey the true laws that you made. In this Galaxy is where it will be. Fact not fiction, you will set us free. To be the real persons you designed us to be. Way up in the sky or very near to me? Galaxy, when will we see? When will it be?

Ceiling Fan:

Shadows dancing on these walls. Churning echoes in these halls. Inspiration spinning above. Your silent voice is how we are led. A funnel cloud. Darkness surrounds. And in my room I hear you call. Ceiling fan, keep me cool. On a straight path, no crooked lines. Clock is ticking on the wall, time is moving slow. Yet

another day goes by, I'm waiting for you to show me, amid shadows dancing on these walls. When will be their final curtain call? A funnel cloud. Darkness surrounds. And in my room I hear you call. Ceiling fan, keep me cool. On a straight path, no crooked lines. I caught your eye from a distance, A distant land that I see. I would like to meet. Like to be free with you. Rising high ever faster, World bent never breaks. Bend me round, from the ground, from the clay, to new earth, carry me away. Long to you from this distance, about a new land that I see in my dreams. I'd like to be free with you.

Orbit:

Every planet orbits around a sun. One day our star will be gone. Have you ever wondered what will happen to our earth? To this land of fading worth? It seems so far away, but there is hope of a better day for those who accept the way of Truth, We will be restored to our youth. Remain in orbit around the sun. Remain in orbit around the Truth. Let the gravity of what is real pull you in to make the seal. Saturn has its rings. Rings they used to steal from God all that is real. All she wanted was fake 'feels.' She has no honest appeal. No one can make her kneel. At the end what will she say? She says she's 'living for today.'

Eclipse:

Eclipse of reason, she blots out the sun. She says she "only wants to have some fun." Her fun is filled with misery, her days full of tears. She wasted away so many years. You can count on one hand the times she has told the truth. All she says she wants are "words that soothe." Her favorite song is "You're So Smooth." She's living like there is nothing to lose. When she cries there is no one to hear. When she cries all through the years. Eclipse of reason, like a moon shadow. She never thinks deep, she is so shallow. If the lights go on, it's a small candle. She says "there's no jam she can't handle." When she cries there is no one to hear. When she cries all through the years. When she cries she says "no one cares." That is because of all she dares.

Fire Sky:

Fire from the sky, have you heard? The meaning of His holy word. Fire from the sky, when will we see? The day is coming, God's victory. Fire on the earth, did you see? The firenado, a spinning wall of heat. Flames and fury like days of old, the vortex of flames did unfold. It will be just as it was foretold. It will be just as in days of old. It will be just as the Good Book taught. All the lands will be brought to naught. Fire in the sky, a blistering sun. It will be what God's hand has done. As Isaiah and others have warned. It will arrive, as we learned.

Mold The Clay:

Can the one you made reject its Maker's hand? Can the pot say to the Potter: "You do not understand"? Mold us a shape us the upright path and way. Then our dreams be realized on an earth that will not sway. Mold the clay. Write us a new day. Mold the clay. Draw us return to your way. Mold the clay. Help us hear you when we pray. Mold the clay. The righteous will mingle with the blind and deaf. The one who knows the truth cannot turn away from the facts. Mold us and shape us the only true path and way. Then all your blessings will be realized that day.

"All songs written and recorded by Brian Fusonie, (c) 2019."

