

Brian Fusonie



RADIO VOLUME 4th

Take What You Offer:

"All" means "all," not some, nor part. The "offer" you made is wisdom's start. "Be careful" you said "to observe." No other law could we serve. My "acceptance" means to honor those facts. Not turn away to different tracts. Your "acceptance" forms the binding Contract: to be your treasure, we made this pact. And if I can have my way, you know I will take what you offer. And you will never bring me down again. If I can be the one, you know I will take what you offer. And we will never be apart again. To carefully follow means to "obey." The "precepts and statutes" that you made. Not some, not part, not only those I like. That was understood before I accepted the mic, to sing your wisdom, grounded in law, Not what nor emotion, but honest "awe," the Logic, the discernment taught, then to teach? Every child is within your reach.

Whisper In The Dark:

It is just a dream I have, just a brief emotion. Just a whisper in the dark. Another day has passed us, another tear has fallen. Just a whisper in the dark. And if I can have your love, will you tell me? If I can have your trust. If I can share your time, will you show me? How I can earn your trust. "A whisper in the dark." It is just a dream I have, you draw me to you. Just a whisper in the dark. Now the night has passed us, no more tears are falling. From your whisper in the dark.

This Is Our Life:

Save the words you read to me from your paper back. Don't drag me into the trap of Sheol. I won't live my life like an actor in one of your TV shows. I don't want to be the one who plays the fool. I won't betray another to get ahead on wavy path, But will honor you, not treat others as tools. A thousand dreams I've had before. A thousand dream I've lost. A thousand dreams that have washed away before. Is this one more? Because this is our life, This is what we make of

it. This is our life, Make what you can make of it.

Sing The Blues:

Sitting in this lonely room, got the radio turned on. I am dialed in, listening to the same old song, Of fortune and fame, of days long gone by, Of love, not seduction, the rhythm is right. Pick up my guitar to try and play that old tune. Sitting here in my lonely room. Not Johnson, not Eric, not B.B. Hoping you will hear my guitar sing. I'm gonna sing the blues. I am not going to lose. I'm gonna sing the blues, old notes, trusted and true.

Narrow Door:

"Be careful to observe them all." "In their entirety, as I saw them." "Neither add to them, nor subtract." "Neither add to the right, nor to the left." "For your days will be as your bounty for all to see." "If you listen to winding straight to your door. Up a narrow path, up a narrow corridor. Winding there to your door, Following all that is true and sure. Up a narrow path, A narrow corridor, holding fast to your promises beyond. Winding to your doors, with each step on this path, exactly as I ordered them be obeyed." "Do not let the least letter of them betray." "For then your inheritance will be great." "As all the ones before who did not wait."

PredestiNation:

"I know that no one chooses their way, Nor determines their course, Nor directs their own step." (Jeremiah 10:23) You promised that you would Author all, "That the script might be fulfilled." The founders fought to end tyranny, to build a nation of the free. For me, it is plain to see and believe, you Authored our nation as predestination. What else could it be? "We hold these truths to be self evident that all men are created equal and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable right to life..." You ordered our foundation principle as the agreement we must make.

You destined that to be our victory, the battle song we all must sing. The cornerstone of Freedom Ring. Author your Book, write all the years, Bring to fulfillment what will end our tears. Finish your Script, draw us anew. Be as you promised: "Faithful and True."

Cosmic Consequence:

The earth shifts beneath our feet, the cold of winter, or the summer of heat? With each decision we make we will seal earth's fate, with cosmic consequence. Will it be love, or hate? You said 'your sins are only personal,' Yet there is nothing 'personal' when it will harm us all. For those who turn a blind eye and fail to reprove, Sin twice in the consequence of all we will lose. Turn a blind eye, pretend you cannot see, Or stand on solid ground, with all your heart believe. Turn a deaf ear, and the Lord's deaf ear to us, Will take what we have and worse, not to bless. The world turns beneath our step. The harvest is full, or will there be nothing left? With each word that we speak, each promise we fail to take, With cosmic consequence, will it be love, or hate? You said 'your sins are consensual,' but I hear you say, To what you are doing to us all. For the world will end because of your arrogance While you pretend 'there is no consequence.'

Last Man Standing:

Sometimes I feel like the last man standing. In a world that has forgotten the meaning of "man." To enforce the laws the way God planned. Tell me where in this world are the "men." "I entrust to you dominion to preserve, Each letter of the law will you serve" "All that is righteous you will conserve." "Never one letter shall you bend or hurt." Who accepts your commission? Who puts their hand to that task? Carry the dignity of our race, never to run back to the slavery of senses, to the folly of whims, But safeguard the straight road all must travel to get in. Sometimes I feel like the last man standing, when no others lend a hand, To carry the weight of this God forsaken land.

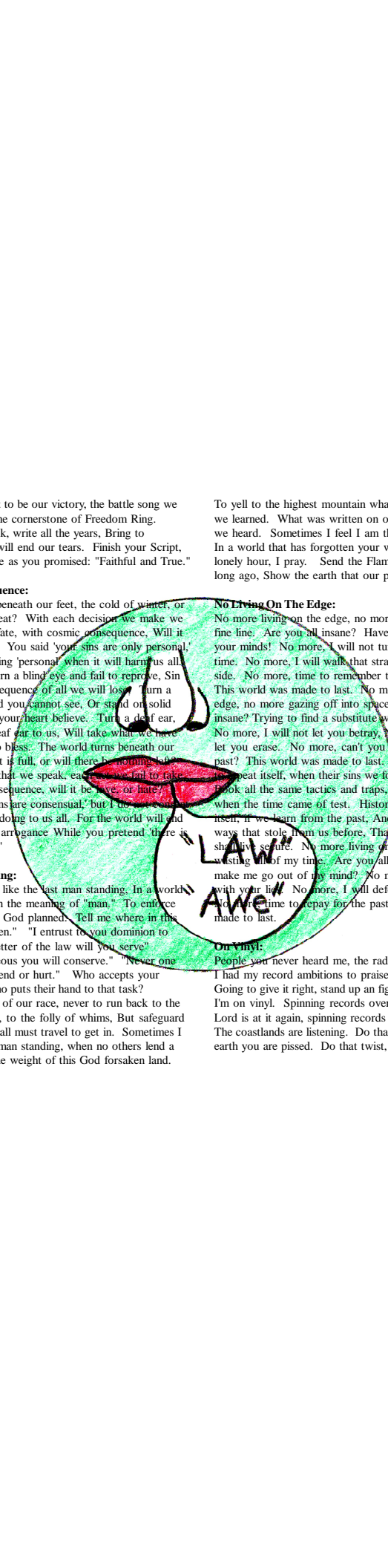
To yell to the highest mountain what first from Horeb we learned. What was written on our hearts, again then we heard. Sometimes I feel I am the last man standing In a world that has forgotten your way. Hear me in this lonely hour, I pray. Send the Flames you promised long ago, Show the earth that our prayers are heard.

No Living On The Edge:

No more living on the edge, no more walking over a fine line. Are you all insane? Have you gone out of your minds! No more, I will not turn my back this time. No more, I will walk that straight and narrow side. No more, time to remember the past. This world was made to last. No more living on the edge, no more gazing off into space, Are you all insane? Trying to find a substitute worth to replace? No more, I will not let you betray, No more, I will not let you erase. No more, can't you all remember the past? This world was made to last. History is doomed to repeat itself, when their sins we forget. It is in the Book all the same tactics and traps. They never listened when the time came of test. History will never repeat itself, if we learn from the past, And recite for each the ways that stole from us before, That the generations shall live secure. No more living on the edge, no more wasting all of my time. Are you all insane? Trying to make me go out of my mind? No more, I have had it with your lies. No more, I will defend human life. No more time to repay for the past. This dream was made to last.

On Vinyl:

People you never heard me, the radio still did not play. I had my record ambitions to praise the Lord His way. Going to give it right, stand up an fight, let's get it right. I'm on vinyl. Spinning records over the ocean, The Lord is at it again, spinning records over the ocean, The coastlands are listening. Do that twist, Show the earth you are pissed. Do that twist, The coastlands will



listen. Take your right foot rub it in. Do that twist, show how much you are missed. Spin on vinyl. Spin records like vinyl.

Kateri-Na:

Daughter of an ocean wide, daughter of an earth run dry, daughter if you could hear me cry. The farthest teardrop falls. Will I be with you, my love? Daughter of a mountain high, Daughter of a Castle light, I pray the tears will be no more. The farthest teardrop falls on this floor. Kateri, you are like the wind and rain, I prayed that day would come, that we could see your love. Kateri, you are like a waterfall from the mountain side to the earth below. Daughter of a mountain high, daughter of a stream running, daughter if you could hear me cry? The farthest teardrop falls. Daughter of the stars above, I pray for you, my love shall not be far. Daughter of the Father's love, you are the farthest teardrop falling. Kateri, you were the wind and rain, I prayed that day would come, for all to see His love. Kateri, you were a waterfall, from the mountain side to the earth below.

New Beginnings:

Come so far, turned my head around, come so far to be where I stand now. Moving forward with each step I take, learn from the past, from each mistake. With you at my side, I will never forsake. Come too far, to let it now break. Climbing that ladder in Jacob's dream. New beginnings come around; When you least are found, and the world is passing away. New beginnings come around when you heed the sound in the silence that He made. Come so far to turn back now? Will and the weak, stand my ground. For you comfort and guide each step now; A past full of memories echo the sound Of future worth having, days filled with joy; From tears to remind me, the climb worth the toil. Climbing that ladder in Jacob's dream. Big bang, oscillating universe, the swirl of the stars, But a cloud of

dust in your eye, why dare to try? What worth have we that you call by name? That you care for each of us the same? A comet tail, planets collide, giving birth, the purpose of earth. Rings on a tree, "as numerous as the stars your progeny." Climbing that ladder in Jacob's dream.

*All songs written and recorded by B. Fusonie, 2019.

