

**Brian Fusonie**



***Radio Volume 5th***

**In The Eyes Of God:**

In the Eyes of God are you a citizen? In the Eyes of God did you make the agreement? Or are you mere occupant of this land, who never did agree to God's plan? In the Eyes of God are you man enough, to agree to the real way of Love? Not put yourself above, but equal to the rest -- equal to the task to always be at your best. If you fail to be in God's Eyes a firm and sturdy tree, then how can you claim to be a "citizen" of the Free? Do you want to be mere "occupant"? God will witness to the fact that you never had the courage To live the Contract. In quiet you find the music of reason. It ends the dense fog desire for treason. Let quiet lead the way, learn to pray, that in God's Eyes you will make the grade. That quiet will lead to confidence; and confidence leads to action. It will put aside your deathly attraction to ways that were only detraction. You are only if in the Eyes of God a "Citizen," or a Fraud. When I was young a dense fog enveloped my understanding, In God's Eyes we did not have standing. We had not made fully the Contract. We were in name only, not legal fact. Then in quiet I heard the music of reason, To make the Agreement of Freedom.

**Wake Up Call:**

What call would it take to wake you up? What call would you take and not hang up? From the Lord a message, a call that is clear: Hold fast to His promises, to all He holds dear. For that day is coming, the renewal of the earth. First, the days of wrath, a call to be heard: "Answer My call," Answer Him now. There is only one Truth, let yourself be found. Wake up! Don't you know it is time to wake up? Wake up! For everything you have will be taken If you do not learn to hearken to these words, that I sing of Truth. Time to put away the ways of your youth. Let us sing! What call would it take to wake you up? What call would you take and not hang up? I have tried to reach you,

tried to make it clear the end is fast approaching, that end draws near. "Answer My call, let yourself be found," Hear the voice of my song and sing it loud. Repeat its refrain for all generations to know the way of the Lord never grows old. Wake up!

**Channel Your Courage:**

Channel your courage, muster your strength; Dare not wait, dare not drink The poison of idolatry, the wine of decay. Channel your courage, fight for the Day Of the Lord's revelation, of the promise of new. Muster your strength, be faithful, He will renew. Channel your wisdom, guide the youth right. Carry your weight, be a beacon of light. Channel your courage, guard against fright. Be not afraid to do what is right. Not canons of arms, but canons of law, you prepare in your hearts a sight to behold. Channel your courage, honest not masks. Be not afraid to take this land back From those who oathed to overthrow all law. Time to prosecute them, they went a-wall. Channel your courage, words not gun powder, for the Lord will honor with greater power, And fashion an army armed with His Might, like David did to Goliath, we are in the right. Channel your courage, prepare for the fight, as Moses did when he wandered upon heights To hear the Lord's conviction, ordered and strong: "I send you forth, the battle is already won."

**Climate Control:**

Your control of birth gave birth to climate control. You took from His hands His rights over all. He took from you all security, and began to bake the earth. Yet you pretend this "unconnected." You did not learn. You have not read, you pretend you 'never heard.' You said anything to control 'your own body' girl. Instead of live by the Law He designed. Natural proof, not your evil lies. You instead became cheap dirt. You threw away your Nature worth. Climate control belongs to Him who did make

the beauty of your nature that you did forsake. Climate control of your body increases the cost by millions of degrees. Climate, who is in control? Climate, was it the lies they sold? Climate, and the lives they stole? Climate, when will they know? Now they sell you on 'Climate Control' instead of on who controls the climate. And you use it to overwhelm your 'conscience' to ignore true thought, you ignore God's plan, To plan your own course of action, one that denies Him His right over creation, over your body -- girl. But you think your plan will 'better' run the world. Climate degrees, increases in His hand with ease. Climate can cool, if you all stop playing fools. Climate by degree, does not take a degree to know climate is in the Hands of Him who is in control.

**Winter Wheat:**

You made ale from the store of harvest, from the wheat we needed for scarce of months, While you dined and laughed, you played merry with all. That was our harvest from the Fall. In your heart you pretended you 'made it,' that you were living 'like a king.' You taxed and stole from our granaries to spread your poison -- you did not sing. "Therefore I will make the land drunk, and smash your lovers against you." "The obelisk will be shattered in the Temple of the Sun." "And confusion will fill your vaults." "Your days will be done." You made fine breads from our winter wheat that we put in our granaries from sweat and the heat. You dined on your bread like royals, and sold to us the bitter scraps. Time to throw you like England off our backs. And return the grain to those whose backs you broke. "Your membered harlots will be ruined" They sold themselves to forgeries, to trials and temptations. They stole everything from this Nation. "Time I take the land back!"

**America Street:**

Poverty stricken from poverty of heart, your wealth you have squandered, there is little left

Of when innocence was your way. Time to return to your glory days. Iron and courage, of duty you served, to restore real peace, the Laws we once heard Written on our hearts, burning flames of Freedom. When duty called, God did lead them. Slavishly you served interests against Freedom. You sold the Gold Coast for celebrity and stardom. You made your golden calf of wood beams and broken backs. You left the plain path Under pretense 'you would not lack.' Sweat you did not labor, in luxury to ruined. Your 'standard of living' brings the end of all life. In your own perverse image you sold and groomed them, The generation to follow, no one can pay their price. Throw away your idols, throw out the trash. Heap and burn your 'relics' of things that do not last. Pick up the future by recalling the past. For a generation hungers for what God has. Time to rebuild America Street. Time to pave clear America Street. The road can be long, America Street. We place it in Your hands, America Street. You leveled mountains, and built on the plains. Valleys were raised, until a road paved the way. A path forged for Freedom, a path forged with tears. Remember, not weep. America Street.

**Pocket Change:**

You said: "You better change," but you still remained the same. Instead of real solutions, your mind begot pollution. The cities became destitution. So you threw at it dollar bills, instead of the real answer: "End their tyranny of thrills and pills." You pocketed your corruption on the gall of your assumption: That "throwing money at the problem Was better than God solving them." You pretend it was real change, but all you did was set the stage For misery to grow as cancer. You were no Freedom dancer. You pocketed the "change" you promised to make. You stole from our best intentions For your design to fake 'a better way, a better path' that did forsake the time tested path of God, For your own sake. You said: "You

better change," but you had no intention of living what you preach, Nor giving the way, to teach. Your empty promise could not reach the cities of destitution. You pocketed your "change" like lawless prostitution.

**Red Setting Sun:**

Red setting sun, the mid-day is done. Red setting sun, the dream is now gone If we fail to walk the path that can be only one; if we fail to heed the warnings of Love. Red setting sun, the workers are none. Red setting sun, a fire in the heavens above If we fail to live in accordance with Your Laws; if we fail to teach the meaning of real "awe." It's too late! "The foundations will be shaken." It's too late! Because we failed to awaken. It's too late! Unless we reverse our course. It's too late! The generation getting worse. Red setting sun, the prophets warn that day will come. Red setting sun, when the earth will lose His love Of the Agreement, the only Pact of Life; if we fail to obey, that day dark as night. But there is hope of a different action; Hope God will take a different path, If we obey and seek forgiveness for all we did that cannot last. It's too late! The pruning did not prosper. It is time to take the axe to the tree that is not fruitful, To its poison rotten yield; the authority of its Maker to wield an end to its disobedience. An end to all who mocked the Creator of the universe, the Author of our lives.

**Sound The Alarm:**

"Sound the alarm," set the stage: "The Lord will send fire, His burning rage," Because the many lands have forgotten His way, and led the many peoples astray, With drunken carousal and carrousel of lies, they tested their Maker, His Laws they denied. "Sound the alarm," let all who hear know that day is coming; the end draws near. "Sound the alarm in Zion," let His warning be heard. "Sound the alarm in Bethel, Your hearts have turned" "My ways you have forgotten" "My Laws you did not obey"

"Sound the alarm in every land" "You will feel My strong Hand." "Sound the alarm," set the stage. Stop pretending you 'do not know My ways.' "Love is obedience to My every Law," I cry for an earth that went a-wall With drunken carousal and carrousel of lies. With their own kerosene I will start the fire, And "rage" will be My new Name -- until the earth is brought tamed. "Sound the alarm," "the Lord has spoken." "Sound the alarm, the Contract was broken."

**In Jerusalem:**

Wailing Wall, old forgotten city. Children laughing in the street, they play before her fall. O Ancient Days, the echo in the alleys. "Time to come home to Monotheology." Shadows dance on that wall. The time has come, it will not be long. Water still flows from the rock, drawn for us, the battle song. Nights are cold, days are desert heat. I'm coming home, can you feel the beat Of a heart that was broken, then climbed upon the heap, with children dancing in the street In Jerusalem. Wailing Wall, the gravitation is pulling me, from where I stand, I can see her fall. The weight of the years, the sanitation staring me: "Time to return her to proper Theology." To build a wall, the bricks at our feet. A fortress, more than Ten feet high. The chance to live, not die, on the New Earth, not some pie in the sky. Three days never built that wall. Three days it will crumble. Three days to end their carnival. Another "wailing wall," In Jerusalem.

\*All songs written and recorded by Brian Fusonie, (c) 2020.