

**Brian Fusonie**



***Radio Volume 6th***

**Better Man:**

Round to round, the shape of love, the command from above. I respect you and you respect me. If our love is to grow, then let it be. Eye to eye, we can see things right. Day to day, our solemn plight. I am on my knees most every night, to show you a love you cannot deny. Let your love reign down on me. Give me eyes so I can see. Everyday help me to be a A better man, for the world to sing. Build a dream, we can chase the sun. From east to west, our work will be done. There is nothing that can hold us back. The kind of love that stays on the right track. Don't look back, build this dream. Moving forward, past a stream of tears. Round to round, leave behind your fears. Together we will make it through the years. Make me a better man, I want the world to sing.

**Make America:**

Find for me a more perfect dominion to lift up the human condition Than the faithful words of our first intention, the Declaration of our original decision. "Endowed by God," not made by men, rights that cannot be re-written. That is the meaning of true government. You will find it in that document. In capitol corners they huddle to betray the principle on which our foundation was laid: We are "one nation under God." Let that be our victory song. Can you hear that endless decree, The words telling what it means to be free. Are we still its progeny? Or have we forgotten in prosperity? America can be a guiding light. It is up to each of you to decide to follow its creed, not to deny. Its original song written from on High. America is its guiding principle. Break that pact and we are not invincible. But breathe its words, we are indivisible. Do you doubt? Are you not convinceable? Can you hear that endless song? Sang at our beginning, sang for so long? Be faithful now or it will be gone To a generation losing right from wrong. We are "one nation under God." Let that be our victory song.

**God's Nation:**

A brand new day. The sunlight shows the way. A brand new day. No more midnight to hide their ways. A brand new day. The end of darkness and isolation. A brand new day. We will arise in God's Nation. There can be no speculation, there is one tabulation. And the void that fills your heart, It is time to make a brand new start. Though courts pretend they can 'separation,' There is only one real nation. We will not find it in isolation, but by our common recitation. There can be one truth, not multiple 'truths,' if we return to our roots. There will be no division, no opining, no lies. A "perfect union," it is time we tried. There is objective truth, or a secular lie, from this fact you cannot hide. All know in their hearts the path that is right, time to admit, you cannot deny. The destruction of the past is indiscriminate, the good and the bad, the saints and criminals. And when it is gone, what will be left? To remember the past, what should be kept? They destroy the pillars of a free country: God, marriage, and solemn property. Their propaganda is a lying homily. They oathed to end "the nuclear family."

**Pride & Permanence:**

Providence, pride, and permanence, we now see them from a distance. What do you think in silence? What would you say if you had the chance? Architects of words more than deeds were not the authors of human needs. You find in your heart gratitude in a moment of mixed solitude. Who is worthy to be remembered in the pages of history? Providence used imperfect hands to set the people free. In silence I think to myself where would we be if it had been someone else Than those chosen to construct this land, what instead would be built by their hands? Providence, pride, and permanence, now they meet resistance. Tell me what you think in silence? Are they worthy of remembrance? Architects of words crafted and toiled, yet their hands were unclean and soiled. With a broad brush should we cover them? Or let their memory live?

**Silence The Critics:**

Theory and thought do their computation. The fabric to weave a nation. Not silencing voices, but with facts to compete is the music of freedom's beat. Time to reclaim the streets from fallacies and deceit. For they have lost the way with empty notions; they follow blindly wayward emotions. Silence the critics with facts to compete. Remember the music of freedom's beat. The song of the ages, the lyrics not of men. Who will sing that song? Who will lead them? Honest the calling in history books, but there is one Book they overlook, Filled with duties and consequence. They have forgotten the logic of that sequence. Take serious our calling for this time. Remember the virtue of age old rhymes. Not emotions that try to revision. But what is authored from on High. Silence the critics of honest government ordered on High, the rights of all men. The song we must sing to quiet the resentment. Who will sing that song? Who will lead them? Silence the critics with freedom's beat. Time we take back the streets.

**City On Fire:**

The city on fire with ungodly desire. Blind ambitions turned to blind rage. They abandoned the measure by which they were made, and the voice of him who they betrayed Because he said "peace" "not violence." His voice they did silence. The city on fire with vain empty desires. Their hearts like timber for any wind to spark. They denounce traditional institutions. Their propaganda is mindless pollution. City on fire with blind burning rage. Caught in their fury, not coming of age. What happened to days of vows honestly made? They reaped what they sowed back-stage. Burn down the pillars and nothing will remain. Are you concerned? Do you feel the same? What happened to the days that were sane? The winds of change now fan the flames. The city on fire with profane desires. The language they speak is emotions and liars. Who is there to put out the fires? Who can quell their burning desires?

They reinforced fiction, they burnt every book, they tore out the pages they never understood. And threw them into the fire to conceal what they said; the Masterpiece they never read.

**From The Ashes:**

From the ashes we must rebuild the boarded up buildings and waivering hills Silent in the face of destruction. Time to end the corruption. "Peace" was not heard on our avenues. No response was spoken in sacred venues. What vile did this claiming it for justice? From the ashes we must renew. Rise up from the ashes, rebuild the ruined spires. Find forged in the fires an honest conspire. Rise up from the ashes, rebuild the ruined cinders. We can put out the last ember. Never forget, always remember. There is no time to discuss, we must rebuild from the dust. Barren hearts filled with such distrust of freedom's promised sacred trust. Set the foundation, watch the builder's hand. Pray this will again be favored land. True equality posted on every door. Each generation wanting more.

**Free Speech:**

What are words emptied of conviction? What are words devoid of interdiction? Freedom has its diction of honest prohibitions. Winds do not measure the mind over facts. None can compete with the one who enacts. True words have only one meaning. That together we can be singing. In the melting pot of ideas only truth can survive. The logic of its rhyme cannot be reviled. There is only one answer. Are you on that side? With the force of honest reason a song we know was lent to guide and govern the people To rule by consent. Speech is never free, it comes at a cost of all those before whose lives were lost In defense of our liberty, in defense of human life. Be worthy of their sacrifice. Words of freedom's proposition. Words of true contrition. And there can be no revision. The meaning forever lives on. Instead of politics and

supposition, true words convey conditions From the Author of all words, there is no competition. Speech is never free, it is an inviolable song. Its purpose to exist is to end all that is wrong. Its meaning, its measure, the logic we sing, Stand at the gates before their uprising. Religious liberty, free press, free speech, and right to assemble Have at their core the unstated preamble: we have inalienable right to objective facts. Time that we start to take that purpose back.

**Truth Not Tolerance:**

I want you to know. I need you to listen, in times like these, when I need you most. And I want you to know. I need you to listen, in times like these, when you are feeling lost. Refrain from the spin of heresies that sold the people to their policies; not the Marxists nor the corporate greeds have the answers that we need. If you are feeling lost in a world filled with so much cost, sing this song to light the way That we can make it to a better day. Tolerance of a lie is to lie, tolerance of violence is violence. It is the root cause of evil. Tell me why the world stopped making sense. Tolerance of injustice is injustice. Tolerance of sin is to sin. It will bring the bitter end. Tell me why the world stopped making sense. I want you to know. I need you to listen, in times like these, times when I need you most. Refrain from the spin of heresies that sold the people to their policies. And if you are feeling the need, Sing this song with me. Tolerance of a lie is to lie. Hear me speak, listen harder. Truth not tolerance or recompense. Tell me why the world stopped making sense. Do not counter evil with evil; nor lawlessness with lawlessness. Refrain from the spin of heresies that sold the people to their policies.

**In The Beginning:**

When in quiet moments I contemplate the difference between love and hate, I bend my thoughts to be prostrate in awe of all that you have made. In the beginning you were alone, and you needed to create a

home. You wanted to be known. Your designs to be sown. What purpose did you create? Honest love, or to be a fake? When you speak the earth quakes. What was your design to contemplate? What role did you designate? My thoughts try to penetrate. We are "wonderfully and fearfully made." Your love lights the way. In your wisdom you designed them each, and authored them to life, to teach. "So the man would take a wife," "Be fertile," you said "multiply." "Give life." It is not hard to decide, your seed will know wrong from right, To never be separated. What happened to your dream so desecrated?

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