

Brian Fusonie



Radio Volume 7th

Stand Your Ground:

When life feels the earth erodes beneath your steps and you do not know which way to your destination, Stand your ground, not their ideations. Resist the lure of all temptations. Fill your heart with righteous indignation. Rest assured in truth's vindication. Stand your ground and you will know jubilation. You will win your victory to a new creation. When the world collapses beneath your steps, stand your ground not veer right nor to the left. "To these words hold fast that your days will be kept safe and secure, He will guide your every step." Are you willing to make the needed preparations? Let love be your causation. Stand your ground before the nations. Show the path of true propagation. No roads diverge from the straight and narrow path. One wrong move and can you get it back? Better to be safe than to lose your way. Before you make your move listen as you pray. When the walkway crumbles under your feet, and you feel you are in too deep, Just remember these words I sing to you, with the love of above there is nothing you cannot do. Stand your ground, guard against every misstep. Stand your ground, neither go right nor to the left. Stand your ground, be firm in your belief that love will win the day, and He will never leave.

Artisan Hands:

Why is your hand raised in clinched fist? A symbol of hate, and you are making your list Of all those who oppose you, of those who resist your barren ways; cease and desist. Hands can give life, or they can take it. Your hands can create, or they can break it. Hands can produce, or they can redistribute. To which does your movement give its tribute? Instead of clinched fist, try opening your hands ready to receive the promised land. Build, love, and labor; artisan hands that do not harbor hate or resentments, prejudice or contempt. Why is your hand still raised clinched tight? Love wants to give, but you want to fight. Because you do not want the conditions of true love, but something you call unconditioned that you can steal from all.

Instead of clinched fist, try reaching out to someone with real need, who is without. Then you will find real peace, stop warring with the world. Put down your arms and make peace with the Lord.

Fruitful Jam:

First fruits of the earth, a fruitful jam, on the reserve of set land, preserve that plan. Where lies did not flourish, an oasis in the sand where all lived respect for their fellow man. Can you dream of a day we return to that land? Everyone giving a helping hand. Everyone obeying the way it was planned. Can you dream of a day we are led by His hand? Who wrote the music? The taste of first fruits? Who wrote the senses? The beauty of the earth? Who wrote our names to live among those trees? Can you for a time think of what that will be? The preserves of our gathering, a fruitful jam. "Where together will lay the wolf and the lamb. And the oxen and lions will both eat hay." (Is 65:25) Can you dream with me of such a day! When there will be no sickness, there will be no lies. There will be no divisions, no wars, no fights. Everyone will do there only what is right. Can you dream with me that day will arrive? Who wrote the music? Who wrote the songs? Who wrote the voices singing in unison? Who wrote that promise we sing as we pray. Do not let it come to you; seize it today. Who wrote the music? This fruitful jam? Who wrote the notes I play with my hands? Who wrote the lyrics of my song? Can you join in with me this fruitful jam?

Earth Bound:

I read your words today again to remind myself of the future that awaits, of nature's honest wealth. "See, I am creating new heavens and new earth" (Is 65:17-18); your promise to us all; I am clinging to that word. We are earth bound, we will walk upon that land, Pristine in its beauty, love for every woman and man. All will obey your every command As we labor there with our own hands. We are earth bound! This world is fading

fast. Turn around. We are earth bound! To leave behind the past. Sing out loud. We are earth bound! To know a love that will last. Do not be too proud, to be earth bound. That day is coming fast. It will be hallowed ground. The world turns each day from dark to light, one step closer, your promise gets me through each night. To a garden world, to live as the origin, in a world of love where there will be no sin. We await the promise you made, a new earth you will create. Where the past will not be remembered And you will have no other contender. No tests and no temptations; no hatred among the population. We are earth bound! Turn around. We are earth bound! Sing out loud. We are earth bound! Do not be too proud, to be earth bound. It will be hallowed ground.

Bridge Builders:

The torrent, the current, the times we live in. The tumult, the divide, where do we begin? The resentment, the anger, like a wedge in your hearts. Sometimes I wonder where do we start? They talk of "building bridges" between both sides, but that presumes that neither is right. The only bridge I know that is concrete and firm is the one of real truth; it requires you learn. There is only one bridge over the waters. There is only one bridge to traverse and follow. For the waters beneath are not shallow. And there is no middle-ground for you to travel. It never changes, it is the old reliable. It never buckles, constructed with no turns. There is an overhead shelter for all who pass on it. It has one-way travel; no meeting in the middle of it. There is only one bridge. The middle of nowhere is not where you want to be. No caught in the middle for me. One side or the other is all that can be. I am crossing that bridge to the side that is free. There is only one bridge, are you ready to cross it? There is only one bridge where we will live free. There is only one bridge, no middle ground exists. I am crossing that bridge, Will you come there with me?

First Words Spoken:

When I am at a loss of words, I return to the first words you spoke. To know that you exist, to know all you wrote. "For who gives a person speech, who makes one seeing or blind?" (Ex 4:11-12) In your hands I stand, you who gives me life. When the words do not come as I try to write this song, I return to your first words, and rest within your arms. To know that you are, intimate in thought and motion. I am helpless to your love. I am filled with real emotion. This song that I sing you hear within my heart. This song that I sing, you give the words I write. The guitar within my hands, the notes I play to you. All that is my song comes from you. I am trying to find the words to write for this song, I sit in quiet and know it will not be long Before I hear those first words spoken, And the stillness of my thoughts will be broken.

Firewall Of Praise:

I will sing to you O God; let this be my firewall against all that enmity brings. Against missteps, so that I do not fall. "Awake lyre and harp! I will wake the dawn. I will chant your praise among the nations." (Ps 108:3-4) "Sing praise to him, play music; Proclaim all his wondrous deeds!" (Ps 105:2) "Sing to him a new song, skillfully play with joyful chant." (Ps 33:2-3) "It is good to give thanks to the Lord, to sing praise to your name" (Ps 92:2-5) "Shout joyfully to the Lord ... with gladness; come before him with joyful song." (Ps 100:1-2) "Come, let us sing to the Lord; cry out to the rock of our salvation." (Ps 95:1-2) "Sing joyfully to God our strength; raise loud shouts to the God of Jacob! Take up a melody, sound the timbre, the pleasant lyre with a harp." (Ps 81:2-3) "To you we owe our hymn of praise, O God of Zion." (Ps 65:2) "All you peoples, clap your hands ... Sing praise to God." (Ps 47:2-7) "Put a new song in my mouth." (Ps 40:4) "Sing praise to the Lord you faithful." (Ps 30:5) "I will sing hymns to your name, Most High." (Ps 9:3) "With my own voice I will call out to the Lord, and he will answer me

from his holy mountain." (Ps 3:5) "Give praise with ... harp and lyre ... strings and pipes." (Ps 150:3-5)
I will sing praise to you, O God; let this be my firewall against all the day may bring. Please hear this song I sing. I will sing to you this firewall.

Center Of My World:

In the morning when I awake the first one I think of is you. In my heart I cannot wait to share with you the truth Of what I know inside, of what from others I hide. Until the time is right, I have shared it only with you. How could they understand, the world has lost its way? I turn to you in secret with thoughts that do not betray. I share with you as the center of my world. I tell you what others do not want to hear. And you grant me my honesty, you smile and hold me near, the two of us against the world. Love conquers all fear. I share with you as the center of this stage. I perform for you, and you appreciate. And you welcome my love for you. You smile and hold me near, the two of us against the world. Love conquers all fear. They whispers in their ears and lure them to their lies. They sold them into fantasies of berries at sunrise. They followed without questions, and did not surmise. I have seen it before, and know it is not right. So I share with you my concerns, and you hold me through the night, Until day breaks and all can see with honest eyes. You are the center of my world. You know you have my word. You are the center of my world. You know that I would never hurt. You are the center of my world.

Walk That Road:

When you believe in me, it helps me believe in you. When you need a helping hand, the good you have done returns to you. When you are feeling insecure, and doubts creep into your mind, Stay on the path and you will find certainty will reclaim you inside. Walk that road, the one that is safe and secure. Walk that road, the same one others took before. Walk that road, the one that winds along the shore. Walk that road

to make it home to my door. When you strive to know, you will find the right answer. When you listen, you will hear the voice of the one to follow. When you are in doubt and feeling alone, remember the path that I have shown, And you will make it your own. And you will find your way home.

Cry Of My Heart:

In the stillness of my wanting, when my thought are centralized, I remember the years of needing you by my side. An honest moment awaits you when you will realize That I need you and you need me; a compact to finalize. I can see it in their eyes, the fear of becoming nigh. "High on life" they pretend while they throw caution to the wind. And they act as if not to notice what has happened to the world. In my heart I cry, to meet an honest girl. Can you hear the cry of my heart? Can you heal the pain that seldom stops? For in quiet I seek you with open book dreams, All the while still counting my blessings. If I could design you as you design me, we would be in love, friends, and set free. Honest both in words and deeds. I would call you my "family." In loneliness you find time for silence, listening to the currents swift in the distance That separates you from the dream of all needs, when the cry of my heart will cease to bleed. I have shown you the pages of dreams that I wrote, All the while never giving up hope.

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