

Music & Its Magical Way

by Jarrod Lawson

Feel the beat, grabbin' ahold of your feet.
Just gotta let go and it'll direct the flow.
You are the vacuum devouring all you hear.
Auto-pilot, ain't no need to steer.
Just give in to the music & its magical way.
Prepare, for this convergence in underway.

This tender surrender,

where your body is the epicenter.
Voluminous colors surround you.
The beat is exploding through the ground.
You give in to the music & its magical way.
Then you activate to automate
and the energy begins to circulate.

Let this music make its way
beyond the auditory gate,
into your subconscious mind.
That's where you will find
that you are no longer aware
of who and what and why and where.
Nor would you give a care.

Step into this delicate duet
where the music and your body connect.
Ain't dressed to impress,
just here to sweat and forget and
give in to the music & its magical way.
Then you activate to automate
and the energy begins to circulate.

Let this music make its way...

Sleepwalkers

by Jarrod Lawson

Sisters and brothers,
what has happened to the pride of our people?
And where have gone the days of caring for our own?
There's no escaping the reality of this insustainability.
But, what's it gonna take to shake us awake
from the slumber of this passive mentality?

We are sleepwalkers.
Fearful of what may bring sudden change.
What are we headed for?
I'm afraid to speculate.
My heart wants to believe,
but I can't confirm through what I see.
Is it really such a sacrifice
to have our comfort compromised?

For far too long we've lingered on
the safe side of the fence.
It seems that we don't care enough to be
bothered with the product of our indifference.

He's There

by Jarrod Lawson

When I was the new kid in town,
you offered up the first friendly sound.
You were a shorty just like me;
a trait that attracted inevitable scrutiny.
And I recall you seeming to believe
you were as tall as them all.
Truly you were bigger than your body.
And your memory will forever be indelibly
written like the truth will set you free.
And I saw your momma the other day.
I told her of your prevalence in my dreams.
She only wanted to know what it means to me,
and I said, although he can't be seen,

He's there, he's there, all around you everywhere.
He's there, he's there, his presence lingers in the atmosphere.
The love that you share will live on long after we are gone.
He's there.

For whatever reason your spirit seems to be
a permanent resident of my frequent lucid fantasy.
And I know you can hear me sing this song.
Your precious soul lives on and on and on.

Farewell for now.
Return to forever, my friend.
This infinitive surrender will suspend
as we transcend to amend the
properties of space and time;
illuminate the line that divides
the dark from the light.
We are not of this world,
only in it for a minute.
Flesh melts away when the
breath of life is no longer in it.
A human is an alloy of heaven and earth.
Your spirit will forever inspire
to reach higher and higher and higher.

Walk In The Park

by Jarrod Lawson

I often long for the struggle that I never had.
It seems to me the greatest things are born out of necessity
to overcome underprivileged situations.
Supplication for love through artistic communication,
this is the conduit for the cries of desperation.

I ain't even gonna pretend like I know
what it's like livin' in the heart of the ghetto.
We all have our hills to climb and
who's to say if yours is steeper than mine.
Black and white, hard and fast,
not so sure what I think about all that.
You see, it's all relative; one man's struggle
is another man's walk in the park.

For most of us, life's just a walk in the park.

Every day I thank the Lord for blessing me
with everything that I need and more.
Out-of-sight, out-of-mind,
but don't let yourself forget
the millions of people all over the world
who would kill for a crust of bread.
Still, black and white, hard and fast,
not so sure what I think about all that.
You see, it's all relative; one man's struggle
is another man's walk in the park.

All That Surrounds

by Jarrod Lawson

Autumn has come to play, what a day.
The sycamore trees are shakin' off their leaves.
Witness this inevitable attraction, in action,
as the ground is covered with love from above.

I could stand out here for hours
being christened by the showers,
but the day is slippin' away,
and I ain't even begun to play,
so I stroll to the square
to join the pack kickin' the sack.

The sky is three different shades of gray
and I don't mind to say
it's my favorite kind of day.
I don't know what's come over me,
but suddenly all I can see
is the beauty that surrounds me.

The sun arrives late on the scene,
peering between the evergreens,
and all along the branches,
the elegant light silently dances.
The wind whispered in my ear
and quick as it came it disappeared,
but I heard it loud and clear.

So many people are unaware
of what it is they have to share,
and the value therein
is not a thing to be measured by men.
I don't know what's goin' on with me,
but suddenly all I can see
is the beauty that surrounds me.

Think About Why

by Jarrod Lawson

Ha adam was formed to till the ground.
Ain't too many left still doin' that.
How much of this life is spent
immersed in traditions of men?
And what does Ishtar have to do with
He who lived and died for you?

To the man that walks under the sun:
waver not, for ever's just begun.
You say it's He that you extol
and of His life you claim to know.
But, antithetic principles
can only produce one result.

Think about why. Think about why.
Open up your mind and let the truth inside.
Don't let your pride stand between the
unequivocal and you believing a lie.

Christ was born to be the paragon,
hoping all would come to sing along.
How do you see fit to replace
the memory of the gift of grace?
And substitute the holy days
with ancient Pagan deities?

Flesh is undeserving of the love
we were shown through his untainted blood.
Don't take words of men as law.
Research that which you've been taught.
Think about why you do what you do.
May blessings be poured out on you.

Think about why...

Redemption

by Jarrod Lawson

These days and times,
can't seem to get the world off my mind.

A lot of things are goin' on,
but it all seems to be aligned
with that of which was told 2000 years ago.

Can't deny the correlation
to the prophecies of Revelation.

I don't count myself
as diligent of a scholar as I could be.
But my heart is true and I've no uncertainty
in what it's telling me... what it's telling me.

Surely these must be the final days,
though every generation has thought the same.

Brace yourself, for, the labor pains
of the earth giving birth to a new age
have already begun.

One world here we come.
No stoppin' 'till it's done.
National and racial identity
dissolved for the global entity.
Language and culture soon will be
swept aside to make way for ubiquity.
A deranged concept of unity,
to make the people one
by suppressing their individuality.

Commanders of humanity,
manipulators of justice,
not with a morsel of freedom
would they choose to entrust us.
They do all they can to ensure
that complacent we remain
by keeping us overweight,
undereducated, and hyper-entertained.
But, I believe there will be Redemption.

Spiritual Eyes

by Jarrod Lawson

I look around and see people living in a dream.
I'm afraid that what they need they cannot even see.
But, I guess that's the way it's meant to be, momentarily.
Open soon their eyes will be to truth and love eternally.

If you don't know who you are,
then maybe you ain't lookin' to hard.
Seek and you shall find the reason and the rhyme.
We've got so much work left to do.
No time to watch the world revolve around you.
Why not wake up and take what's yours?
It's free to ALL whom will decide
to love LOVE and let evil die.

We are children of the light,
born of water as it was required.
Called to fight the final fight.
Standin' strong for what we know is right.
Don't you know what's goin' down?
There's a reason that there's evil all around.
Take this free advice – open your spiritual eyes.

Together We'll Stand

By Jarrod Lawson

If you listen close, you can almost hear it;
The pouring out of the spirit.
For, the moment has arrived,
when we will be tested by fire,
seven times hotter than was ever required.
But, we're up to the task, a militant choir,
forged by the hand of the eternal fire.
United we stand, firm in our faith.
With resolve we're gonna storm the gate.

Brothers and sisters, won't you take my hands?
The fire is hot, but, together we'll stand.
I'm gonna place my faith in God's capable hands,
trust that this is all just a part of the plan.
The light on the horizon only seems to grow
as the days go on and Revelation is shown.

You see, lately, words have been
coming to me more frequently.
Surely evidence of what long ago was spoken of.
Saying, in the days before the end of time,
men will see visions and women will prophesy.
I just wanna stir up your mind.

Through the vessel of this music,
you and I can confer.
I just wanna stir up
the part of your mind that's pure.
No time to defer.
'Cause we're standin' on the verge
of gettin' it on,
but, this spiritual war
we've already won.

Diabolical doers of dark deeds
running the show,
deceiving even themselves
into believing that they're in control,
playin' out their demented dreams
from behind the scenes,
pullin' strings and tellin' themselves
the end will justify the means,
talkin' about lettin' freedom ring.
Ain't no such thing.
It's all an illusion to perpetuate
false hope and confusion.
The love of money has brought us
to this present state of the union,
and for all you out there strugglin'
redemption is comin'.
To whom power is given,
much is expected.
Afraid to glance in the mirror
for fear of what might be reflected.
But, earthly power don't mean a thing to me
For, I live only to serve the creator of all things.

Needed

by Jarrod Lawson

Down here with my hands
upon the soil from which they came,
I feel closer to you; closer to me;
further from opposing forces that be.

And I think my spirit
has been tryin' to talk to me,
but, how could it compete with the
ceaseless cacophony of the city?

There's somethin' about
sinkin' my hands into the sand
that brings me back to you.
And these days everyone
has got somethin' to say.
Deficient opinions have
swept my faith in men away.

And I think my spirit
has been tryin' to talk to me,
but, all that I can hear is the
ceaseless cacophony of the city?

But, since you came to me,
the shadows have retreated.
And when I begin to doubt myself,
your gentle words of love
remind me that I'm needed.

Everything I Need

by Jarrod Lawson

Remember, after that great storm,
and everything that we had was gone;
all of our worldly possessions laid to waste?
As we stood there and we stared
in that field of despair, I realized,
I've got everything I need right here.

In the blink of an eye
we're here and then we're gone;
so little time that we've been given.
Why would we waste that precious time
in pursuit of what is yours and what is mine?
So gather together, my people,
my friends, and my family,
and I'll have everything I need.

You know, human kind, we seem to be
marked by the proclivity
to covet things material
and disregard the spiritual.
Yes, idols do we make of
all that we accumulate, but they're
just a souvenir and nothing to be revered.

In the blink of an eye
we're here and then we're gone;
so little time that we have been given.
Why would we waste that precious time
in pursuit of what is yours and what is mine?
So gather together, my people,
my friends, and my family,
and I'll have everything I need.

Gotta Keep

By Jarrod Lawson

Gotta keep hope.
Gotta stay strong.
Gotta keep circulating information
and doin' it through these songs.
Gotta give LOVE.
Just gotta give.
Gotta let wisdom come
and dwell within us.

Gotta keep hope.
Gotta stay strong.
Gotta keep circulating information
and doin' it through these songs.
Gotta give LOVE.
Just gotta give.
Gotta keep glorifying our creator.