

# 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.