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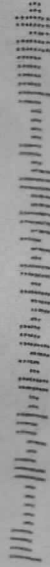


RUDY DAVIS
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7-26-22

Free Lazor
Box 1050
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C-73842
A1-112

Greetings Rudy & Erin,
& I ~~will~~ bless you & yours.

Rudy: Keep this letter off line; or
at least this part:

I had hoped to receive your Spay letter by today, but not yet. Maybe yours not sent, or maybe we're just waiting on the mailroom. I'm sure you'll let me know soon. Outmail for today already went out almost 2 hours ago.

ENCL: Quite a few songs' lyrics sheets. If you see fitting, you may post online [all but one: The last one in order: WORDS WAR 3. Because it exposes Satan's primary mission on Earth responsible for destruction of all the good in the world, I'm not ready to put this song "out there" — as I'm sure it would result in further conspiring w/ ABA officials to fabricate yet additional schemes to keep my kidnaped. So keep that one song in file, but not online, not made public. If they tell me in here, then you may put it out online — if you wish.

Most of these songs I've sang or read on our published vents. There are a few I haven't. Of particular interest, based on your responses when I voiced them, are JOE BROWN AKA MR MAGOO, (untoppled from the rest) & FIRE OF FREEDOM, & THE POW SONG (PRISONERS OF WASHINGTON) — dedicated to BO GRITZ. (and my favorite of all), my prison biography; FIGHTING SPIRIT.

I have a bunch of other little note tags of other issues to address here, but I'm out of time for now with piles of deadlines.

I appreciate you two so much — free

JOE BIDEN AKA MR. MAGOO

1-19-22
(#4)

1. Joe Biden, aka Mr. Magoo . . .
You can't fool us, we know it's really you.
As youngsters we used to see you on morning T.V.
You were nearly senile then, you're now a comic travesty.

HOOK: Joe, Joe, Joe, give it up, let it go;
Let's go Brandon, it's the end of the show.

2. "Oh, Magoo, ya done it again," we used to hear you say.
But no one ever dreamed you'd make the mess you've made today.
We're truly in a cartoon world with you leading the way.
Oh, Magoo, ya done it again, you've led the world astray.

HOOK: Joe, Joe, Joe, give it up, let it go;
Mister Magoo in a constant new imbroglio.

3. All those years ago you were a bumbling dinosaur.
And compromised by China now the chief White House conspirator.
A legend in your own mind, where you rule, a naked emperor.
Chasing windmills with other mental ills where you're a conqueror.

HOOK: Joe, Joe, Joe, give it up, let it go;
Let's go Brandon, it's the end of the show.

4. Commander-in-chief while also China's right-hand man.
Mister Magoo throwing our country in a garbage can.
Playing with those nuclear buttons, you think's a video game;
you'd reduce the world to ashes to memorialize your name.

HOOK: Joe, Joe, Joe, give it up, let it go;
Mister Magoo in a constant new imbroglio.

[INSTRUMENTAL]

5. "Oh, Magoo, ya done it again," but you can't shift the blame.
That's what you've done your whole life, it's the best that you became.
Stumbling, bumbling, finally crumbling, dragging the U.S. down with you;
now we all see your legacy, the image of Mr. Magoo.

HOOK: Joe, Joe, Joe, give it up, let it go;
Let's go Brandon, it's the end of the show.
Let's go Brandon, it's the end of the show.

[Background voices: Magoo's voice saying
"Oh, Magoo, ya done it again," mingled with
other mostly inaudible voices about taking away
Joe and Hunter in handcuffs for treason, etc.]

[END]

Written: January 18-19, 2022 [N, P, M]

SEND RUBY

LIGHT THE FIRE OF FREEDOM!

7-22-90
(#4)

1. Everywhere I look, seems someone's tradin' in their soul.
They don't see the hook, in that free lunch while on the dole.
Blinded by glamour, common sense and honor left behind.
They can't hear through the clamor — How'd ya all get so damned blind !

REFRAIN 1: Well I'm gonna light the FIRE OF FREEDOM !

'Cause no one else is gonna get it done !
You all hail the ruckus overseas
while your own liberty's overrun.
While Romania, Poland and Germany 'as
got your attention over there:
Your own fires of freedom are snuffed out —
In a land ignorant and unaware !!!

I've got to light the FIRE OF FREEDOM ! Now, right here !

2. Where the world d'you learn, that you had to pay some dues.
To buy your own urn, for the ashes of the rights you lose ?
You pay into a melting pot, but it's a foul, brewin' stew.
By the time it gets too hot, too late you'll learn that they cooked you !!!

REFRAIN 2: Now, help me light the FIRES OF FREEDOM !

'Cause no one else is gonna get it done !
A nation so puppetized and propagandized
till there's no place left to run . . .
You all cheer the ostensible liberties
of the Soviets and Nelson Mandela
Without a word for your own country's
innocent men in the living hell you call a cell !

Common now ! Light your own FIRES OF FREEDOM ! Ring the bell !

[INSTRUMENTAL]

3. I think the time is ripe; everyone feels something's wrong.
Behind all that glory-hype, there's a whisper says "Don't go along."
The answer's not complex, the first step really has little to it:
To get their boots off of our necks, just quit paying them to do it !!!

[REPEAT REFRAIN (HALF OF EACH ONE, JOINED)]

[REPEAT FIRST TWO LINES OF REFRAIN, VAMP ON IT]

[END]

Written: July 22, 1990 [P, M, G]

FIGHTING SPIRIT

12-23-16
(#94)

1. I am that dying soldier, I am that wounded man,
or I was one, when this horror-war began.
Stolen as a pawn into a landscape I didn't choose,
lost from the start, still believing I'd not lose.
The fearlessness of my armor conceals the fear,
the engraving on my sword defies: "I didn't volunteer."
I didn't sign on the dotted line . . . they extracted me.
Nor had I an expectancy of any guarantee —
all I ever wanted was to be left alone and free.

REFRAIN: But there's still a spark, or ember, of liberty,
a fighting spirit still alive deep inside of me.
A rotting strip of bloody sheet rag wound round my head;
it's been decades, now, since they all gave me up for dead.
From one horizon to the next I trudge through fields of sorrow,
re-losing hope at each new crest that my day will come tomorrow.
Blinded from shrapnel wounds, that stole my face long ago,
I bark in the dark a punch-drunk boxer, last man on death row.
Rip my page of birth from the book of time — now my only goal,
with Job I scream to the flame of life in me, "depart! depart!"
as ten million of their knife wounds are plunged into my soul
and a hundred billion of their wicked slashes strafe my heart.
— but there's still a spark, an ember, screaming to be free
of a fighting spirit that won't die as long as breath's in me,
a fighting spirit, still alive, the spark of liberty!

2. I was the last man standing, survivor all alone.
All others who remained alive, long ago went home.
They and I were different in the most vital respect:
if integrity were challenged, each one chose he would defect.
It never was my battle, it never was my war,
I had a life of purpose none of them had found before.
But they were insistent in their criminality
to destroy all I ever was and all that I ever could be.
While all I ever wanted was to be left alone and free.

[REPEAT REFRAIN]

3. I crawled over their dead remains, in fields of crimson mud;
I felt their deepest, dying pains, and wallowed in their blood.
Always in the front lines facing down their lying war,
no other survivor ever understood what for.
I made them look at their war crimes, though never drew my gun,
wielding but the pen, I still was the reluctant one.
They kill, they loot, they rob, they rape, these champions of barbarity —
against all I ever wanted — to be left alone and free.
against all I ever wanted — to be left alone and free.

[REPEAT REFRAIN]

[END]

Written: December 10-23, 2016 [G, M]

YOU'VE GOT TO DRIVE THE CAR

5-1-15

(#39)

HIT SONG

1. He may allow obstacles between you and your dreams,
and your misunderstanding that it isn't what it seems.
He may give you the greatest injustice since time began
and a mind filled with doubt about believing that you can.
He gave you the car, He gave you the brains
and dreams of going far, after breaking all your chains.
But if you plan to reach your dreams, to *even touch* that star —
you'd better be willing to drive the car !
2. You gather misplaced notions, like "*Just let go & let God,*"
it's like applying magic potions, tried, on down the road you trod.
A helpless way of striving — seems to me there's something wrong
as you keep never arriving, in your strength, yet never strong.
He gave you the car, even gave you the fuel
to reach the choicest star, of your desire — every tool.
But if you plan to overcome, or get past "not too far" —
I'm telling you, you better learn, *you've got to drive the car !*

[INSTRUMENTAL]

3. You nurse internal conflicts, unresolved which camp you're in,
then think you've got the problem fixed by blaming it on sin.
But till you figure out He gave you the keys so you could drive
you'll watch life drive on by as bland as if you'd never been alive.
He gave you the car, He gave you the will,
He gave you the amenities, abilities and skill.
If you believe in fulfillment where you raise your own bar
you've got to take the wheel and drive the car.

[REPEAT LAST 4 LINES OF VERSE ONE]

TAGS: And if it's His will you wish to fulfill with who you are,
you still have to sit in the driver's seat and drive the car . . .
. . . No matter what He planned for you, no matter who you are,
you still need to take command and drive the car . . .
*

[END]

Written: May 1, 2015 [H, G, R, C]

* When performing live, for fun, optionally
speak at end: "If you don't, He won't . . .
just don't hotwã someone else's car."

1. America the beautiful, how far have you come?
And where are you going ----- insane.
You've taken your most innocent, free-spirited children
and flushed them mercilessly down your drain...[in their pain].*/

HOOK We just can't wait, it's much too late!
America has become a police state!

2. They tell us **this time** it's because they've made a war **on** drugs;
But I tell you, it's a war declared by thugs.
A police state-tactic war against good people who, like sheep,
are lulled off to the slaughter in their sleep...[none left to weep].

It's far too late, we cannot wait!
America's become a police state!

3. Do you think you're still living in the land of liberty?
Better look around and check if you're still free.
You can't step, or roll, from here-to-there without a paid permit;
They won't let us live just for life, and the joy of it.

[REPEAT HOOK BETWEEN EVERY VERSE, OR TWO OR THREE, AS DESIRED,
ALTERNATING VARIATIONS]

BRIDGE Today's worship of government, like always, is idolatry,
and that's why America is no longer free.
They snuff out the innocents by staging trumped up incidents;
The name of their game is stealing freedom by small increments.

INSTRUMENTAL

4. Is there anywhere we can still travel in this land
without a pass, or fine, or license tag?
Without risking being hauled away for papers not in order,
while our guardian's busy saving some burnt flag...[Or on the rag].
5. The destroyers of this country have **you** do their dirty work,
of building enough jails to crush us all.
Yet you cheer and scream for more police, more prisons, and more laws,
While it's your own liberty 'll take the fall...[and that's all].
6. Just try to travel down your road or build onto your land,
without permission -- for a hefty fee.
That's the very definition of a slave of other men;
but incurable, when you still think you're free...[The blind can't see].

REPEAT BRIDGE AND INSTRUMENTAL

7. Sadists masquerading as state lawmen call you in
--make you feel so proud to be a jury peer.
But the attorney-judge decides in advance what you'll decide,
by fixing the law and all the evidence you'll hear.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

*Bracketed portions = background voices

MARKET: PATRIOT/POLITICAL/ALTERNATIVE

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TIME: 4/4

LENGTH: 4:32

DATE WRITTEN: Jan. 2,

thru Jan. 14, 1992

TM

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

8. Like Josef Stalin in his day, America has its quotas,
to fill the endless prisons the maniacs build.
They're passing laws against every natural act that humans do,
to achieve their goal that every jail be filled...[And over-filled].
9. You don't believe that anything I'm saying now is true
—a phenomenon hidden in human fear.
Solzhenitzyn couldn't name it in 600-some odd pages;
Yet while they drag us each away, we still say: "It **CAN'T** happen here!"

**We cannot wait! It's way too late!
America has become a police state!**

TAG: You don't believe that anything I'm saying now is true
—a phenomenon hidden in human fear.
Solzhenitzyn couldn't name it in 600-some odd pages;
But while they drag us each away, we still say: "It can't happen here!"

**It's far too late, too late to wait!
America has become a police state!**

**We cannot wait, it's much too late!
America has become - -**

"But it can't happen here!" **/
"¡Pero esto no puede pasar aqui!"
"Da, Nu potia sa unteplia aici!"
"
"
"
"
"

"Happens every time."

END WITH SHORT INSTRUMENTAL RIFF

END

** Spoken, not sung, with stunned sense. Empty quotes to be filled with languages of countries taken over: Russian, Serbian, German, Croatian, Latvian, Polish, etc.

OTHER NOTES: Second bridge, modify "innocents" to "innocence". // Modulate up bridges, and post-bridge verses. // "Happens every time" at end, is spoken nonchalantly, not sung.

MARKET: PATRIOT/POLITICAL/ALTERNATIVE

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TIME: 4/4

LENGTH: 4:32

DATE WRITTEN: Jan 2,

thru Jan 14, 1992

1. POW's ain't just Prisoners Of War,
they're Prisoners Of Washington D.C.
Aren't the president and the congressmen and enemy on our shore,
when all they ever do is lie to you and me!

The president knows your son's alive, he even knows just where.
But the president, like your congressmen, don't care.
Since the war is done and the U.N. won, and the traitors all got paid;
—And as long as it's not THEM who's over there:

REFRAIN | They sit in Washington, there high in Mary-land;
But the bloodstains on their hands have not yet dried.
They imprison and kill our heroes, who've tried to bring 'em home;
Ain't that a clue and sign of what they've got to hide?

2. POW's ain't just Prisoners Of War,
they're Prisoners Of Washington D.C.
Politicians' stock is bet on public gullibility,
drawing dividends from their war monopoly.

U.S. "dollars" armed North Korea and the Viet Cong.
Today your "taxes" buy their factory hardware.
Where your POW son's a slave, for autos that you buy,
because you think the enemy is over there.

But he's in Washington, they're high on Merry-land;
But the bloodstains on their hands have not yet dried.
They imprison and kill our heroes, who try to bring 'em home;
Ain't that a clue and sign of what they've got to hide?

3. POW's ain't just Prisoners Of War,
they're Prisoners Of Washington D.C.
And it grieves me to say, it may always be this way,
because of U.S. peoples' irresponsibility.

You keep believing this government that 2 + 2 is 44;
instead of adding up the figures and the scores.
To get at the truth, to get back our youth, who suffer overseas;
and wipe the real enemies off from our shores:

They are in Washington, they sit in Merry-land;
but the bloodstains on their hands have not yet dried:
They imprison and kill our heroes, who try to bring 'em home;
Ain't that a clue and sign, of what they've got to hide?

Ain't that a clue and sign, of what they've got to hide!

AIN'T THAT A CLUE AND SIGN, OF WHAT THEY'VE GOT TO HIDE!!! ??

END

MARKET: POWs & WAR VETERANS/FOLK/PROTEST/

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TM

TIME: 4/4

LENGTH:

DATE WRITTEN: @ 1987

STEEL & STONE

1984

1. Behind the steel & the stone, no one's ever known
just what it is they do behind there.
Where they can seal you alone, where neglect will condone
the anti-human horrors they've designed there.
Behind the steel & the stone, the public's never shown
the truth of what they're doing to our children . . .

Ezra Pound and Francis Farmer
— took her mind just to disarm her
of the right to be a human being.
A. J. Porth and Kahl's remains
— blast, burn and lock away our brains
to "IRS" us in chains beneath a king.

2. Behind the steel & the stone, the world has never known
how they destroy the human mind inside there.
Where we just seethe to the bone, because we held our own
for fellow Americans blind to their *true* fair share.
Behind the steel & the stone, the public's never shown
the truth of what they're building for your children . . .

The Kennedy's in all their youth
— Did they try to expose the truth
the CIA could not afford to have known ?
Did "Miss Lynn" commit a sin
— with much to lose for us to win,
by challenging Goliath with a stone ?

BRIDGE: No one ever questioned why they built these things;
everyone assumed for public safety.
But have you looked around you at who's pulling the strings ?
Add 2 + 2 = how safe have you been lately ?

[INSTRUMENTAL]

3. — The truth of what they're doing to our children . . .
Marvin Cooley did this time,
— he put his family on the line,
like other unsung heroes in our day.
Rush in like a waterfall
— we need you all to join the call
till the "1913 damned" finally gives 'way.

(Continued)

STEEL & STONE

(Continued)

(1984)

4. [REPEAT FIRST HALF OF VERSE 1]

The man from Marx and all his sharks'
Gestapo bites hard as he barks,
yet there's a greater power still in charge.
Like Haralan Popov who wouldn't die
they can't kill God — oh, but how they try,
with Lucifer (and) Rothschild still at large. *

[REPEAT BRIDGE]

[INSTRUMENTAL]

5. — The truth of what they're building for our children . . .

The hungry IRS can't wait,
to devour your home, like Pilla's estate,
so choose your side even if you fear it.
You've got to stand your ground — a fighter,
we may lose a few such as this writer
but they can't stop the free American spirit . . .

6. Even from —

Behind the steel & the stone, the public's never shown,
but it's now time their curiosity was sown . . .

[END]

Written: 1984

* can alternate or substitute "Volker /
Greenspan / Bernanke" for "Lucifer
(and) Rothschild"

AMERICA IS A RED SKY MORNING*

Written: 1984

1. America is a red sky morning,
can't you see the warning?
The "red" that comes from "the other side,"
controls our gold and our country's tide;
No! They don't need to come and get us—
They're taking it from the inside!

HOOK: Can't you see America in mourning,
Warning! Warning! Warning!
Can't you hear America in mourning,
Warning! Warning! Warning!

2. America is a red sky morning,
while you're busy adorning.
The "red" is the blood of the brave who died,
because you follied, sleepy-eyed;
No! They don't need to come and get us—
They've already taken us from inside.

[REPEAT HOOK]

BRIDGE: A red sky at night requires the light
of eternal vigil, they said.
We sold out our children through false education
while our gold and silver were traded for "red."
The liberty we once earned is sold by the fed!

If you're an American help save our nation
as we sink into the night.
Don't wait for intrusion, we'll lose by collusion—
while you're lookin' out, they bought your insight!
We can save her, only if you'll join the fight!

[INSTRUMENTAL]

3. America is a red sky morning,
bleeding with forlornning!
While you buried vigil 'neath eternal pride
to bring about our children's suicide;
No! They don't need to come and get us—
They've gutted us from the inside.

Can't you see America in mourning,
Warning! Warning! Warning!
Can't you hear America in morning,
Warning! Warning! Warning! Warning! Warning!
Warning! Warning! Warning! Warning! Warning!

* From the old proverb: "A red sky in the morning is a sailor's sure warning;
a red sky at night is a sailor's delight."

1. Smile a blessing upon our papermoney
 -a curse hidden by your identity.
 What you represent, artificially,
 You've stolen by lulling us into slavery.
 For that is the way of idolatry:
 Forging bondage that the slaves think is liberty.*
2. While our false prophets worship the X-Mas Tree
 and the Easter-Bunny god of fertility;
 Your Mona Lisa smile is an effrontery,
 against our Promised Land of milk & honey.
 But that is the way of idolatry:
 Forging bondage that the slaves think is liberty.

INSTRUMENTAL

BRIDGE | Idolatry, idolatry, from sea to shining sea.
 You've turned our nation into a wasteland,
 giving lethargy for our liberty.
 Lady, graven image-lady, your whoredoms spread from sea to sea.
 Your torch held high proclaiming liberty,
 But you're a Trojan Whore-se idol of
 slavery, and poverty, and anarchy, and misery.

3. Did you help abolish private property?
 -in exchange for every strangers' poverty?
 In the course of damning our Land Of The Free,
 by the lie that you could ^{efflessly} freely give handouts to the needy.
 But isn't that the results of idolatry?
 Forging bondage that your clients think is liberty.
4. O, the treason of your worshiped body,
 indicts our leaders and all the ~~unholy~~ ^{ungodly}.
 While it may be only figuratively,
 they bow down to you on weak, bended knee.
 For that is the way of idolatry:
 Forging bondage that the slave thinks is liberty.

Oh— Yes, that is the way of idolatry:
 FORGING BONDAGE THAT THE SLAVES THINK IS LIBERTY.

END

*Short instrumental tags between verses.

DEATH OF A REBEL!

c. 1979

[INSTRUMENTAL OPENING]

Death of a rebel! ...Birth of a leader!

1. Death of a rebel! Birth of a Leader!
All of your life you named and blamed a cheater.
You point a finger at the world, but each time you do
you've got three pointing back at you!
Death of a rebel!

You must realize the world is only your guise
and it's you everyone symbolizes.
You must recognize that when the rebel dies,
a powerful leader arises.
There's a leader in you that the rebel victimizes...*
2. Death of a rebel! ...Birth of a leader!
All of your life you've been your own defeater.
When you fight the world, you beat yourself, it's true
because the world is but a mirror of you!
Death of a rebel!

As you criticize, you epitomize
the world that your own heart despises.
You must recognize that when the rebel dies,
a powerful leader arises.
There's a leader in you that the rebel victimizes...

BRIDGE: The louder you shout, the stronger becomes
the mirror that you're shouting at;
The harder you strike, the more you will feel
the lashes dig in your own back!
The greater you foment your discord toward others,
the more that becomes you inside;
The more you conceal by denying what's real,
it's only from you that you hide!

2, 3, 4, Death of a rebel! Birth of a leader!

[INSTRUMENTAL]

(Continued)

DEATH OF A REBEL!

(Continued)

3. Death of a rebel! Birth of a leader!
You shout about lack and you become the needer.
Whatever you rebel against is what you've got due
— you only find what's already part of you!
Death of a rebel!

As you repel their lies, you only magnetize
all that it characterizes.
You must recognize that when the rebel in you dies,
a powerful leader arises.
There's a leader in you that the rebel victimizes...

4. Death of a rebel! Birth of a leader!
You fight for your cause against a phantom competer.
You'll always win your revolt, but I'll give you a clue
— the only entity you're fighting is you!
Death of a rebel!

You are in for a surprise, trying to change the other guys;
the world is you in many disguises.
You must recognize that when the rebel dies,
a powerful leader arises.
There's a leader in you that the rebel victimizes...

Death of a rebel! Birth of a leader!

[END]

Written: c. 1979
Bridge added: 2-21-1992

* Followed by a catchy guitar riff each time.

BLESS THE FALLEN IN WAR

7-5-92
(# 22)

1. Bless the fallen in war, we knew,
but what do you toast your glasses to ?
So few can even understand,
what's happened to our fallen land !
As the fireworks burst from shore-to-shore,
there must be more – there's got to be more !
On *the 4th of July*, there's blood in your eye,
and God bless the fallen in war ! *
2. Bless the fallen, the fallen of war,
but what in the world did they die for ?
Today huddled masses celebrate
all the things real freedom-lovers hate !
With the pomp stripped away, way down to the core,
there must be more – there's got to be more !
For *the 4th of July*, here's blood in your eye,
But God bless the fallen of war !

BRIDGE I: "To *the 4th of July*, here's mud in your eye !"
– a toast to the host, getting high.
Our liberties die, because too few know why,
and the answer's not free anymore.
God bless the fallen, who bleed for this callin'
God bless the fallen in war.

3. Bless the fallen in war, unknown,
who lived their last moments of life, alone.
Lived for a principle that once was true;
and died to preserve its virtue for you.
But the virgin they saved 's now scorned as a whore,
there must be more – there's got to be more !
On *the 4th of July*, here's blood in your eye,
But God bless the fallen in war !
4. Bless the fallen in war,
not for "glory" as fabricated in folklore.
That glory in its best light is a lie,
but what's true is that real humans do die –
For your freedom fought and suffered for;
there must be more – there's got to be more !
O ! You *4th of July*, here's blood in your eye,
God bless the fallen in war !

[Continued]

BLESS THE FALLEN IN WAR

(continued)

(7-5-92)

(# 22)

BRIDGE II: "To the 4th of July, here's mud in your eye !"

A toast to the host, riding high.
Toast your freedoms goodbye, because too few care why,
and the reason's not free anymore.
God bless those fallen, who heed to this callin'
God bless you fallen in war.

[INSTRUMENTAL]

5. Bless the fallen in war, in fear,
that they'd trade their life for liberty held so dear.
Yet today, too few have time to be free,
and throw it all away in the heap of apathy.
The time will come again, when you cannot ignore:
There must be more; Oh yes, there'll be more !
On the 4th of July, here's blood in your eye,
God bless the fallen in war !

BRIDGE III: "To the 4th of July, here's blood in your eye !"

– a toast to the host, squeaking by.
Did they fight for a lie, misunderstanding why,
the truth is not free anymore ?
God bless the fallen, we need for this callin'
God bless the fallen in war.

[EPILOGUE] : **

6. Bless the fallen in war, still alive;
the fallen who had the misfortune to survive.
One day the sacrifices you made,
will be duly atoned, the full honors paid.
There will be a day of a full-settled score,
when the veil is tore, there'll be no need for more !
O, 4th of July, my powder's still dry !
And God bless, God bless all ours fallen in war ...
For freedom is life, and freedom is what,
they thought they fought and lived and died for ...

[MIXED INSTRUMENTAL, FROM VERSE AND BRIDGE]

[END]

Written: July 4-5, 1992

* Short instrumental turnaround after every verse

** Entire final verse, sung slowly, for dramatic emphasis

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1. We tried to live our lives in peace, but interference came.
Yet the world is still confused, as to where to lay the blame.
They say the heart is well-intentioned, yet the body lay there slain.
AND THE BLOOD IS WASHED AWAY, IN THE RAIN.
2. The face behind the lust for war, wears a mask and hides its name.
Destruction bleeds and craves for more, to renew itself in vain.
The tears but oil the cycles that turn the engine, of this runaway train,
WHICH RUNS ON BLOOD, WASHED AWAY, IN THE RAIN.
3. How long throughout history, will we play out this old game?
And keep the globe in bondage, till only signs of death remain?
There's the fruit of love's creation, life, flushed down forever's drain.
WITH THE BLOOD, WASHED AWAY, IN THE RAIN.

BRIDGE Life is one big field, that yields up its grain,
fertilized by the blood of saints and soldiers.
It's soaked into the soil, it's sprinkled on the grass,
but like everything in life & death, it doesn't last.

Thank god that love renews, the future from the past;
like the field's every blade of grass, spattered with this stain...
AND THEIR BLOOD, WASHED AWAY, IN THE RAIN.

4. Looking back, it's like a dream, the glory and the pain.
Having been there once too much, we'll never be the same.
Reality and memory team, to ask "what did we gain?"
BY THEIR BLOOD WASHED AWAY, IN THE RAIN.
5. This, too, will pass, as nothing lasts, and nothing stays the same.
But the agents of the changes, still live to wreck and maim.
It's few whose orbit is not moved, by a whole planet gone insane.
AS OUR BLOOD IS WASHED AWAY, IN THE RAIN.

INSTRUMENTAL [THEN MODULATE UP]

6. How in the world did we get to here? --Who took our trove and dashed our claim?
It's not our unborn sons and girls, who brought us to this shame!
And yet we give this heritage, to our innocent young grain,
TILL THEIR BLOOD POURS DOWN LIKE TEARS, IN THE RAIN.

REPEAT BRIDGE

[VAMP ON HOOK LINES]:

...TILL THEIR BLOOD POURS DOWN AS TEARS IN THE RAIN... */

END

* Overlap with background voices of: "How long, how long, will the cycles prolong...till the cycles will be over, how long..." [See Revelation 6:10]

MARKET: TOP 10/ALTERNATIVE/ECLECTIC

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TIME: 4/4
LENGTH: 4:47
DATE WRITTEN: 5-30-92
thru 6-1-92

LIVE AS IF YOU'RE NEVER GONNA DIE

8-29-16

(#61)

HOOK: Smell the roses as you ride by with your head held high,
live it as if you're never, ever, ever gonna die !

FULL

REFRAIN/ Raise your banner, fly your flag high,
and don't take no for an answer.

HOOK: If there is a limit, act as if it's the sky,
march to your own drum, solitary dancer.
Smell the roses as you ride by with your head held high,
live it all as if you're never, ever, ever gonna die !

1. Listen to the voice of reason,
but be led only to what's right for you.
Go along, go along, for a season,
but don't get hooked into anything you can't undo.

PRE-

CHORUS: Lead with your heart — it will always know
the direction you're supposed to go.

[REPEAT REFRAIN/HOOK]:
[INSTRUMENTAL]

2. Passion and desire may vaunt you,
but pride before the fall tends to deceive.
Play with fire and the flames may turn to haunt you
reality's like gravity — regardless of whether you believe.

PRE-

CHORUS: Against a million faces stand ! and just say no !
Your heart knows the way you need to go.

[REPEAT REFRAIN HOOK]
[REPEAT ON & ON INTO FADEOUT]

[END]

Written: August 23-29, 2016 [G. M]

WORLD WAR THREE

1-11-16

(#2)

1. The world is exploding into racial separation
each wanting to be naturally with their own nation.
For some, it's all right, and one especially,
but not all right for any others by the powers that be:
Pushing the whole world into World War Three,
pushing the whole world into World War Three.
2. Disguised as your saviors while eating up your labors
and fomenting strife between all peoples sea-to-sea.
Death-wars' creators, mankind's seminal haters
pushing the whole world into World War Three.
In secrecy mankind's eternal natural enemy,
pushing the whole world into World War Three.
3. Destroying just about all that's worth saving.
Blinding and binding their cattle doing their slaving.
Fomenting their own demise utterly and foolishly,
pushing the whole world into World War Three.
Spreading their terrorism campaigns globally,
pushing the whole world into World War Three.

BRIDGE: From country to country they've been banned
but not until they sucked dry all the value of the land.
Following their anti-mankind protocols, well planned
till every queen and president would kneel at their command . . .
All done by the power of the purse in their hand.

4. Masters of usury devouring earth and man.
They, by nature, parasitically destroy because they can.
Moving systematically, surreptitiously,
pushing the whole world into World War Three,
the entire world raped and robbed i.n.c.r.e.m.e.n.t.a.l.l.y. . . .
pushing the whole world into World War Three.

[INSTRUMENTAL]

5. Like maggots feeding on a rabbit's carcass, unconsciously;
like warroom strategists plotting child-carnage meticulously.
Emerging from the shadows, now, revealing openly,
they're pushing the whole world into World War Three.
When the whole world (sans their cattle) is destroyed with glee —
destroy, enjoy, their ultimate toy: nuclear World War Three.

Welcome to the New World Order, via World War Three. *

[END]

Written: January 11, 2016 [P, G, M, C]

* Line spoken, in low, raspy voice, as if
a dying man speaking