

## The System

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### 1. The System

It was like being a pavement stone, together with many others yet on my own.  
For we all were in rows. Waiting, waiting, non-communicating.  
Like waiting in the summer for the snow. Like waiting in the desert for the river to flow.  
You know you can beat the water with a fin, with a hammer you can beat that tin.  
With Yeshua you can beat sin. But can you beat THE SYSTEM?

I remember thinking - I'm starting to decay, when would be served, and on our way?  
Or would we stand all day? Waiting, waiting, anticipating.  
Like wanting a coat from a possum. Like wanting an apple from a lovely blossom.  
Yes we can replace the bulb that is broken, replace quiet by being outspoken.  
Replace money with that special token. But can you replace THE SYSTEM?

I felt just like a still standing tree, because I was there from before seven,  
To all the way past eleven. Waiting, waiting, contemplating.  
Like waiting for the time to be killed. Like waiting for the desire to be completely - fulfilled.  
You know you can change the many for the few, You can change that old lie for what's true.  
Change that red for the color blue, but can you change THE SYSTEM?

Lyrics by Davyd Homan

## 2. Journalist

Journalist goes out into the field to see what news the crop will yield today. Pad in hand he holds his pencil tight but will he write unto the left or to the right? To the right. Will he deceive us today? Or will he just please us today? Today.

Paparazzi goes into the park taking pictures he'll hatch in the dark far away. Lens attached he has his focus clear but is he zooming in on you or just your tear? Your tear. Will he bereave us today? Or will he just please us today? Today.

Sells like umbrellas in the rain. Not a detail missing of the pain. Hey hey! Are there avenues to re-explore? Is the public crying out for more? Yes more.

Lyrics by Shoshanah Homan

## 3. I Protest about Love

Under the balcony I sang her my song. Next to the moonlit stream I strummed as she strolled along. Yes, thought trickled through my head, like water down a stream of how love evaded me, evaded me. Where the willows weep I weep, and like a sheep my heart bleats for love, love, love, love.

Beautiful lovely roses now withered in my hand. Towards love I'm drawn by hope yet now its just a single strand. Yes love she has surely gone she's left like a leaf floating down this quiet stream, down this quiet stream. Where the willows weep I weep and like a sheep my heart bleats for love, love, love, love.

Lyrics by Davyd Homan

## 4. Religion

I saw religion had tied freedom from his shaven head to his toes. Then I heard freedom and he spoke saying his life was about to go. Then I heard someone shout "JOY be upon you" but I think it slipped off. In that place I heard no laughter only a cough. Why the bells, the smells and and what's that thing? No drums sounded out people seemed to be - mourning.

I think religion's like paper work that doesn't have to be done. Who puts a bandage on a bandage when there's no cut on the thumb. Why give glory to the poor man wearing something like a dress? You know the one that thinks he has power to bless. Why's he carrying that great big shepherd's crook? I wish from his sheep he would unhook.

I think Pentecostals broke out with G-d by breaking free from their chains. In flowed the spirit but so sadly out leaked fluid mixed with their brains. Yet they're surely riding on the crest of G-d's giant moving wave. Believing that he wants to speak wants to heal, to save. People let's throw away religion that's like a yolk. Strapped around our neck and then be FREE.

Lyrics by Davyd Homan

### 5. Middleman

Middleman, I am standing in the light of the dawn that you do believe that you're the player,  
I am the pawn Yet down those snake like phone lines you receive the hard facts as norm,  
cold hard facts as norm, but passed them on after you had distorted, distorted their form.

Middleman, why have you lied and lead me on a pretence?  
Yes between you and your conscience I now see a fence.  
Don't judge me by your plumb line because its blowing in the wind, blowing in the wind.  
Yes, in the old days what you did would have been called sin.

Middleman, give me that stamped paper made of wood.  
We did agree on the price and you know you should.  
Listen to me and hear my words around you there is no halo, Yes there is no halo.  
Oh now's the time, time, time for me to go.

Lyrics Davyd Homan

### 6. Silent Screams

I hear silent screams throughout the land.  
Screams echoing through corridors of shame, ripped out of their fleshly home in a vision of pain.  
Love child never to be loved. Whirlwind sucked up and killed the dove.  
Red blood dripping on a white sheet. Quenching another innocent heartbeat.

I hear silent screams throughout the land. Across sterilized floor agony does float.  
Men performing infant death wearing pure white coats.  
Two lovers touhing one is above.  
Under banners of lust or was it love?  
Love tale that never will unfold.

I ask "Who loves the little soul?"  
I ask "Who loves the little soul?"

Lyrics by Davyd Homan

### 7. Living In A Land

We're living in a land where dreamers are piled up on the side of the road.  
We're living in a land where you don't know who's your friend or who's your foe.  
You better beware what you reap is what you sow.

We're living in a land where babies are murdered before they even can be born.  
We're living in a land where the pure virgin she was touched her dress was torn.  
This song I am singing I am singing it to forewarn.  
Don't you know judgement is coming on the wind.

We're living in a land where men are raping the world that's now looking sad.  
We're living in a land where the child is confused about who really is his Dad.  
They say if it feels it feels good then its not bad.  
Don't you know judgement is coming on the wind.

Lyrics by Davyd Homan

### 8. Beautiful

You're so beautiful you're so fine.  
Yet you've danced so close to the line.  
Pouring yourself out a libation to pop, my  
spirit feels bruised and my mind it is knocked.  
Is the apple pie going rotten?  
Is innocence being forgotten?

You're so beautiful you're so fine.  
Yet sugar needs to be refined.  
Your integrity you are trying to keep.

Making yourself millions you do sell yourself cheap.  
Oh return to your former days, Yes return to your former ways.

Lyrics by Davyd Homan

9. Justice oh justice where have you gone?

The strong arm of the law is just skin and bones.  
The judges can't fix their broken scales all on their own.  
Their pointed finger curves down. Not at the law breaker but at the clown.  
Oh Justice, where have you gone?  
Where have you gone?

The men that are in power do oppress the poor people - making  
crooked mixed up laws just under a straight steeple.  
The rich men's pockets overflow. Employees crust has just changed into dough.  
Oh Justice - where have you gone?  
Where have you gone?

The cops just let the parcel be carried right on by.  
With twenty twenty vision he turned his blind eyes.  
The parcel passed through the blind light.  
Money passed over in the half light.  
Oh Justice, where have you gone?  
Where have you gone?

Lyrics by Davyd Homan

10. Where has the kauri forest gone?

In this song I do lament, I lament over you.  
For you were once the many but now you are the few.  
Your tops will never, your tops will never scrape the blue.  
Your glory gone just like an old mans faded tatoo.  
Chorus  
Where has the kauri forest gone?  
Oh the mighty have fallen? (repeat)

The saw is like a sword and many are the slain.  
The trees were on the ground and over them stood Cain.  
Over them we stood as if from G-d we had been ordained.  
We took the wood and bled the amber from the vein.  
Chorus

Our crimes could be written, written on a list.  
For we were once the mad, the maddest landscapist.

No-one wanted to, no-one wanted to, to resist the defilement of such a beautiful virgin forest.

Chorus

The time cannot heal, neither can it mend.  
Our forest it is now so sadly orphaned. No birds will rest, rest in their branches,  
singing the morning chorus.  
For we did sell, yes sell their greatness like a Judas.

Chorus

Lyrics by Davyd Homan

### 11. Caroline

Her river of life run dry. Why my G-d did she have to die? She was just a crystal child, our poor Caroline.

A flower bruised a life line torn. Friends and family stood around and mourned.

She was just twenty one when the war finished cancer had won. A star in the night sky died there before our eyes. A seed on the other side sown There I know she's not alone.

Lyrics by Davyd Homan

Dedicated to the memory of Caroline Homan (Harrison) died 1988

### 12. Touch Base

Pull ya self together man, your heads in some other place. Grab it before it rolls away and touch base. What do you want to do where do you want to be? A ship needs a course before setting out to sea.

Sitting there and sipping wine repeating that sad song. You may feel so weak yet your still head strong. Go and get that violin then you can join that band. Time is the hour glass that slips through the sand.

You say that your working hard you must be totally crazy. You will work harder when pushing up the daisies. Pull ya self together man, your heads in some other place. Grab it before it rolls away and touch base.

Lyrics by Davyd Homan

### 13. G-d the Weaver

She's beautiful in face and form, way above the norm and in this cold world her words tumble out warm. I don't want to die but in her eyes drown. I need her like make up needs the clown.

Her loveliness invades me flower attacks the bee. She's a temple and I am her devotee. Don't want to be alone, want to be with her. Oh that I was the covers of her sidur.

I feel hot and a lovely fever knowing she's how a believer, that we are two strands and G-d is the weaver. Her beauty it is given, given from above I am captivated by her love.

Lyrics by Davyd Homan