



SOCIOALLY RESTRUCTURED

The Words

by
R. J. Burling

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First Edition, 2010

ISBN: 0 86428 228 1

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Prepared, printed and published by
Sapphire City Independent Music

P.O. Box 1032
INVERELL. 2360.
NSW. Australia.

ISBN: 0 86428 228 1
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PREFACE

The songs on this album deal with social issues and events, drawing attention to some of the many deficiencies that are found in our modern society. The songs cover issues as wide apart as sexual abuse, terrorism and race relations. Many will possibly be offended by the message of these songs because their consciences will be pricked by what is said in the words.

In an effort to make people really aware of how bad abuse is (in all its forms) in our society, this album may be copied and given to friends and others without any breach of copyright or royalties, providing the entire album of 14 songs is copied, as is, and the insert (this sheet - both sides) with the album is also copied (mono colour is acceptable). As the owners of this material, we feel very strongly about how abuse is ignored, especially by politicians, bureaucrats and the media, in our 21st century society. This needs to be changed. It can only be done by raising awareness of the level of abuse that exist in our society. Further details of abuse may be found on the following website.

<http://cryinginthesilence.christianpeople.info/>

The album was to be originally titled Jo-El, as it features the maxi single of the same name. However, as the album grew and the majority of the tracks dealt with a variety of social issues, the album was renamed. Whilst there are tracks on the album that are technically not about social issues, these are still included for they deal with issues which have real social connections.

The album includes dedications to the children of Beslan, the victims of abuse and the December 26, 2004 tsunamis as well as the songs written especially for Australian Aboriginal Week over the years.

***** WARNING *** The words of many of these songs may offend you, as the issues are rather shocking. For victims of abuse, this may bring back horrific memories for you. For those who are not victims, you should be shocked at what victims too often have to go through. *****

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SOCIALLY RESTRUCTURED - THE WORDS

by R. J. Burling

PARASITES OF SOCIETY

R. J. Burling ©30th December, 2009

Spreading their evil on innocent souls.
Looking for people whose hearts flow with care.
Searching for souls who share and just help:
To prey on their goodness and then strip them bare.

They haven't a care for how others pay.
Their only intent is to ravish and steal.
They don't really care about what it may cost,
For them, the joy is just making them squeal.

It isn't just money they rob from these ones
But anything else they can take, as they please.
Stealing their pride, their bodies, their soul:
Destroying their victims to satisfy sleaze.

Parasites of society, there's no other name.
We can give to abusers who cause so much pain.
Their only intention is to satisfy self:
And take from the victims all that they can gain.

When they are finished they just move along
Leaving behind them so much despair:
Moving along to the next one they'll take,
Leaving each victim naked and bare.

SOCIALLY RESTRUCTURED - THE WORDS

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DRUNKEN ABUSER

R. J. Burling ©10th January, 2010

Wielding words; his fists; his club:
Watch out it's not a knife.
For in his drunken, angered rage
He'll try and take your life.
He rants; he raves; he screams at you;
He wants to bring you down.
He has no cares for what you feel
And cares not if you drown.

Evening comes: the fights begin;
You no longer have peace.
Because the night puts you at war
With pain that cannot cease.
He's preyed on you for far too long:
And you welcomed him in.
That's when all those around you saw
Your painful life begin.

The bruises on your body grow
You cover them in shame.
He doesn't mind your pain at all,
He treats it like a game.
Your misery grows more each day
As he controls your mind.
But you just cannot see this part
Because your love is blind.

Your children live in fear and pain
Awaiting their next fright.
The harm is done within their lives:
They fear the coming night.
The fear they have becomes too much;
It drives them to despair.
What will result if this goes on
Is death, I do declare.

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JO-EL

R. J. Burling ©31st January, 2002 - 28th December, 2002

Part 1

Free as a bird on the wing She knows she'll do anything
Nothing's too high She'll reach and touch the sky
With all the world at her feet No challenge she cannot meet
Just like a song Where all can sing along
She don't care what you might say
She'll do it in her own way
Till at the end of the day She's made her play

To her this life is just fun Not like a race to be won
She doesn't care whether she makes it there
No matter what people say she does it in her own way
Nothing to hide. Rises and flows like the tide.
To her this life is unreal
Wonder at what she must feel
Stands behind nobody's heel: life's like a wheel.

Don't try to stand in her way, or try to force her to stay
Still in one place: she'll only laugh in your face.
She does it all on her own; that is the way she has grown
Down through the years: she's never shown her fears
To her this life is a blast
Likes to live where it is fast
Lives life like there is no past: how does she last?

And when the day turns to night she keeps on being the light
Time marches on and like the breeze she is gone.
With her impetuous smile; laughter that lasts all the while
On she must lead to meet her ev'ry need
Nothing to her can be wrong.
Why can't the others be strong?
Why cannot they come along: be in her song

Part 2

Quietly she would come to be;
Careful what the world might see
In her head were thoughts that were untold.
Just not knowing things of life;
Her experience was strife;
Life had only offered her what's cold.

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In her mind she found that she
Couldn't understand or see
Just what life was really all about.
Innocence her precious gift:
Sands of time would want to sift
Try to change her ways to make her shout.

Time was not a part of her
Left behind, she would not stir
All she needed was inside her head
Her's was such a simple way:
That's the way that it should stay
Change for change would leave her cold instead

People tried to make her change
It's her mind they'd rearrange
Trying to make her like all the rest
What they couldn't understand
Was that life was not so bland:
What she had was life at all it's best

Part 3

Suddenly a door has opened and she fell inside
False freedom had beckoned her, appealing to her pride
Little does she know what lay up ahead
Promises of better times than inside her head

No experience of life; sheltered from it all
But she rushes into it, beckoned by the call
Little does she know what lay up ahead
People never listen to anything she's said

Used by those around her: those attracted by her charms
They just cannot wait their turn to hold her in their arms
Little does she know what lay up ahead
Guys that only wanted to try her out in bed

It's too late for her to stop: surrounded by the strife
Learns, too late, the facts about the cruelty of life
Now she finally knows what lay up ahead
Sadly now it is too late to hear what people said

Something beautiful has died

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TEARS OF A CHILD

R. J. Burling ©5th February, 2009

Innocence is gone for good,
Yet she's only five;
Taken by the one who should
Make her feel alive.
Took advantage of her trust,
Did that with his lies.
Now she suffers with her shame:
All alone she cries.

CHORUS (*sung by a child*)

Daddy please don't hurt again
Like you've done before
I don't like the things you do
Behind this tight shut door
Daddy won't you go away
Please don't make me wild
All I have when you've been here
Are tears of a child.

What he did can't be undone
She is scarred for life.
Wonder what her future brings
Through the storms of strife.
Shattered by the sickest lust
Forced upon her mind.
By the one she trusted most
That is so unkind

CHORUS

As she grows so does her pain
Deep inside is shame.
Wonders why she has to feel
Guilt from his sick game.
All the things he does to her
Messses up her mind.
When she tries to tell someone
They pretend they're blind.

CHORUS

SOCIALLY RESTRUCTURED - THE WORDS

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UNITED AS ONE

R. J. Burling ©1st July, 2003

We're a nation of so many races
So many colours are found.
We've so much to give to each other
Standing on this common ground.
We should strive to help one another,
Lending each other a hand.
Don't divide us by colour
Be united and let us stand

CHORUS

For united we must stand
As divided we will fall:
We must be one people in this land.
And if united we stand
We will conquer all:
Together, in this great land.

People come here from so many nations
To live in this Great South Land
To join with those here before them
Some here since time began
We can make this a nation of nations
Living as one in this land
Don't divide us by colour
Be united and let us stand

CHORUS

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A SLAVE OF ABUSE

R. J. Burling ©21st April, 2009

This song is dedicated to those women who are slaves of abuse.

VERSE 1

The lines upon your face are all etched with fear
Look into your soft eyes and there is seen a tear
And mis'ry is all you feel but you can't get free
He has you within his grip as tight as can be
He has his way with you when he feels he has need
Doesn't care about your life, only just his greed
He has control of you: though you hate the sad life
Could not care what you feel; you are only his wife.

CHORUS

The sun don't shine from your face any more
Shadows appear to be all 'round your door.
Like one has gone and just turned out your light.
Once more you feel like you'll give up your fight.

VERSE 2

The child that lies within you should bring you great joy
But to him it is only just a pleasure toy
One he will be hoping to use for his pleasure
That is all he feels about your little treasure
She is destined to cry out all because of pain
Brought about into her life by his own sick gain
All this she cannot fight; her life we may yet mourn
A wasteful sentence laid on one who's not yet born.

VERSE 3

Just walk away and seek for those you know will care
Those who know just what you feel, 'cause they have been there
In faith they took a stand and just walked right away
And felt that they no longer wanted there to stay.
There are people who will help and take up your fight
So that you can have life where you can feel just right
And so the child who lies there, deep within your womb
Will not be forced to find her peace down in a tomb

CHORUS 2

The sun can now shine on your face once more
The shadows be banished from 'round your door.
Someone has come and just turned on your light.
And now you can stand up and win this fight.

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DECEMBER 26, 2004

R. J. Burling ©29th December, 2004

On that calm December morning,
Was so early, without warning,
Nature flexed it's power once again.
Mighty rocks they were now moving
And a tragedy unfolding:
The earth it shook so violently within.

And within a few short moments
On the nearby land it happened:
Buildings crumbled like they were of sand.
But the roar beneath the ocean
Told of worse that was now coming,
As mighty waves rushed out across the sea.

Soon, and without any warning,
Came the mighty walls of water,
Crashing down upon the many shores.
And the people, just not ready,
Tried escaping from the onslaught
As walls of water rushed on to the land.

There was no way of escaping:
People swept away like dry leaves.
Nothing could withstand that power force.
And there wasn't that much panic
For there was no time for thinking:
As water rushed across the shore with speed.

And they rushed, wave after wave,
Each unleashing mass destruction:
Nothing could withstand the mighty force.
People watched as loved ones vanished;
Swept away within the waters
That destroyed whatever it did strike.

As the waters they receded
People saw the devastation.
Only then did people see the truth.
That the loss of life was massive
And destruction was so total:
Now here was tragedy of first degree.

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And the world it quickly rallied
To the aid of the survivors.
Nations came with many helping hands.
For each leader knew it could have
Happened to their very nations:
So they came now to help with this tragic scene.

But they'll never stop the hurting
Of the people who are grieving
For their loved ones swept away that day.
And for years they will remember
That great horror, never ending.
And don't forget that sad December day.

SOCIALLY RESTRUCTURED - THE WORDS

by R. J. Burling

GIVE ME A REASON TO LIVE

R. J. Burling ©17th January, 2010

Pain in my body grows stronger each time
He comes and takes me down.
I never know when the next time will be
He'll come and take off my gown.
He is too strong to fight.
What he does causes me pain.
Always he comes in the night.
"Oh no! I hear him again."

CHORUS

Give me a reason to live:
This pain in my life goes on.
Give me a reason to live:
If only I could be strong.
Give me a reason to live:
Why am I treated this way.
Give me a reason to live:
Can't face another day.

He took me in when I needed a friend
Said that he'd be my mate
But all the things that he uses me for
Just only cause me to hate
What he does is so wrong:
Should not be done to a boy.
Tells me, to him I belong;
Uses me just like a toy.

CHORUS

FINALE (same melody as chorus)

There is a reason to live:
Why had I never heard?
There is a reason to live:
Found only in God's Word
There is a reason to live:
Now I have been set free.
There is a reason to live:
Please let all people see.

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WILL WE EVER LEARN

R. J. Burling ©26th June, 2005

White fella in a black man's land
Been here for some time.
Wonder if we will understand
How to live this land.
Tried to make it be
Like the old country
But old ways just can not work
Will we ever learn

Black man here since the dawn of time
Is part of it's ways.
He is one with this mighty land
Knows it inside out
Flows with nature's way
Let's it rule his day
This land runs within his blood
Does not have to learn.

Only when we do learn the ways
Of the native man
Will we live in the harmony
Of its unique ways.
Black man can teach white
To treat this land right.
Can we rise above our pride
Will we ever learn
Will we ever learn

SOCIALLY RESTRUCTURED - THE WORDS

by R. J. Burling

OLD BEFORE THEIR TIME

R. J. Burling ©December2001

Children are born: into this world they come.
The pride of all involved.
They're not to know of things that lie ahead;
Their fate is in our hands:
We'll make them old before their time

And as they grow we force them down the path;
We take away their time.
When they should be just having lots of fun:
But we have other plans
To make them old before their time

We should allow them to enjoy their life;
To act just like a child.
But we just want them to grow old real fast,
There is no time for fun;
They must be old before their time

We'll make them change: it is their right.
They must grow up and see the light.
They must not waste their lives with rhyme.
They must be old before their time.

The pattern's set; now that cannot be changed.
They're forced into this plan.
The damage done: the cycle will remain,
They'll teach their kids the same.
How to be old before their time
We'll make them old before their time
They must be old before their time
Got to be old before their time

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WHY MUST THE CHILDREN DIE?

R. J. Burling ©8th September, 2004

INTRODUCTION

SPOKEN: In the first week of September, 2004, a group of terrorists took over a school in Beslan, Russia. In what was to follow, many innocent young children were to die all for the cause of hatred. This hatred is a product of religious terrorism, corporate greed and political insensitivity and will not end until those in power in these three areas of our society finally realise and accept the blame for all of this hatred. In so many tragic events in recent times, thousands of innocent children have been killed and their deaths are upon the shoulders of these three groups of people. We ask the question, how many more children will they kill before they wake up? This song is dedicated to all those children who die because of the hatred.

SUNG

Horrors of hatred are filling the news:
People of hatred, who death would now choose
These men and women, so warped in their mind,
With no respect for the lives of mankind.
Forcing their hatred, without giving choice.
Seems that in killing they all will rejoice.
Captured, the innocent cry:
Why must the children die?

Locked behind doors in the horrors of night,
These children only know nothing but fright.
None of their captors could care about tears,
Could not care less about all of their fears.
Forced to take part in the conflict of hate.
They do not understand why they must wait.
Outside, a nation will cry:
Why must the children die?

After this killing, just what will remain?
What do they think that their actions will gain?
Do they think death will the corporate minds change
Or the minds of politics re-arrange?
Hatred can only breed hatred, it's true.
Their actions no-one can ever undo.
Please hear the world and it's cry:
Don't let more children die.

SOCIALLY RESTRUCTURED - THE WORDS

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ALL BLOOD IS RED

R. J. Burling ©24th March, 2004

In this great world of so many races
Sometimes hostility's found
People around us with all different faces
Anger and hatred abound
This should not be
When all is said
Why can't they see
All blood is red

Child on the street is tormented by fear
Dreading the coming of night
Fighting and pain are so frightfully near
Such is a sorrowful sight
Why must this be?
What can be said?
Why can't they see
All blood is red.

No one is safe from the crimes of the night,
Violence a part of our ways.
Victims have lost what once should be their right,
Crime is now something that pays.
No one is free.
Innocent dead.
Why can't they see
All blood is red

BRIDGE

Why do we hate like we do
Just because we're not the same
Love is destroyed now, it's true
No one accepting the blame

All of the killing just keeps going on
Everyone seeking revenge
Sister fights brother with Dad against son
Living is now a challenge
Love cannot be.
Hatred inbred.
Why can't they see
All blood is red.

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by R. J. Burling

FOOTSTEPS IN THE NIGHT

R. J. Burling ©22nd July, 2009

Once again I hear the sound coming to my room
Only hear it in the night, sounds like thunder boom.
Someone please tell Daddy that this is not right.
I just hate the awful sound of footsteps in the night.

Can't recall when it began, was so long ago
Maybe when I was just five, only God could know.
Live this horror every night: can't tell me it's right
I just hate the awful sound of footsteps in the night.

My Mum says it is not so. All I do is lie.
Does not want to know the truth, how it makes me cry.
Please, God, take this pain away, please just make it right
I just hate the awful sound of footsteps in the night.

