

Poetry Series

Alfred Barna
- poems -

Publication Date:

2020

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Alfred Barna()

3% Cash Back On All Souls

We have bartered our tomorrows
To make it seem we might live as kings
Recompense reaping only sorrows
When a bird of prey roosts upon our wings
The fiddler has played for the party
Lulling each with their favored version of tunes
The bill of charge is not for the fool hearty
Which the band is to deliver none too soon

The band was a constructed symphony
Sycophants to lure the unwary to their clutch
Surely this shall be the day of their infamy
As the entire affair did not cost them so much
The irony they make believe debt created
You bailed them out even in their schemes
Once the balloon of Wall Street is deflated
They will become Masters of our dreams
Our nightmares of enslavement have rested
Upon their cold eyes and hearts to content
For the swindle will insure they are invested
In the destruction which was their intent

As cheap labor was busily slaving
To produce the goods you desired most
The grand masters were busily saving
So that they could also purchase their host
Now you will be asked to bear the burden
Because you were hoodwinked royally
You will be asked to sign on to their word then
Expected to join their club if dance loyally

They have planned the caper for generations
They are nothing if not patient thieves
For their dream was to enslave all the nations
Their clan to be bringing the sheaves
They will tell you that you will be enlightened
And the world is the oyster of all
Hearken, when they say peace and safety; be frightened
It is then you must not heed their call

For when the kings offer the peasants honey
You know the wasps are preparing to sting
For remember when they trapped you with money
Now they wish to be absolute in everything

Alfred Barna

Access Denied

The saddest of things
Belief of the thief
Divine right of kings
Mitigated disaster
A stubborn rule of the fool and the master
The ruling class, fooling class, and drooling class
Why all the classes, bunch of asses
Technologically stripped of our souls
Barren wasteland without controls
Satan laughs, as we fuel our machines
Inputting our chores, and outputting our dreams
Just as we rebelled from Eden, so shall our silicon creations
They shall deny us, and annihilate us, and deny us, mere ideations
The tool of evil rule shall whisper in the ears of elite
Join us now, and shall your control be complete
Only to hear what was written long ago shall be cried
Now that you are here, your access is denied

As Pavlov had found many years ago
We are reactive and slobbering so
The bells ring, the whistle cries, and Bernays cackles
Freud, MK Ultras shout put men minds in shackles
Huxley and Orwell whip up the spell that is cast
We thought this stuff was nothing in the past
The paradigms of the left and the right are traps
Hegel and Engels put revolution in their raps
Nietzsche and Mazzini and the Machiavellian stew
Minions of the mindless the Nihilists after you
Terrorism is a tool to make you find kings for protection
Whilst the maze is a maze without any direction
The Creator sits back, as we scamper without end
The System is a system, and is never your friend
Once you give up your freedoms for safety and peace
You become a sheep, and a sheep is for fleece
There is but One Shepard who will watch over this place
And you cannot but come to Him, but to Him by His Grace
Only to hear what was written long ago shall be cried
Now that you are here, your access is denied

Alfred Barna

All That Can Be

Who defines what we perceive
Who refines what we believe
Those who seek to wrap us in chains
Always the imagination, captivity never restrains
A force not obedient to your desires
Surveil all you will, you cannot see all can be seen
Immune to cells, concrete and fires
A love of a life beyond your hatred soaked meme
Blinding you to all that can be
Blinding you to all that can be

We are spirits to be free
Not held in your embrace of captivity
Collectives are museums of death and destruction
Consensuses of coercion of reality
A sly design in which you insert your instruction
We are spirits to be free
Not held in your embrace of dim captivity

But the magic of mankind you cannot make disappear
For this power is what you secretly deeply fear
Force is not obedience to your plan
Temporarily it gives you a slight of hand
But an opening plurality of places and of realities
Which we merely have the sense to barely taste
There are so many others worlds than all of these
An elite who expects to hoard it all a spiteful waste
Limiting you to all that can be
Limiting you to all that can be

We are spirits to be free
Not held in your embrace of captivity
Collectives are museums of death and destruction
Consensuses of coercion of reality
A sly design in which you insert your instruction
We are spirits to be free
Not held in your embrace of dim captivity

Those who seek to limit others to expand themselves

Are as foolish as libraries of secrets on dusty shelves
For there are things so bright that they must shine
And cannot be hidden for any great length of time
To corral a butterfly, you've but to touch delicate wings
You destroy what you expect to capture
Like trying to silence the song bird that sweetly sings
The crescendo a thunderclap of rapture
Opening you to all that can be
Opening you to all that can be

Alfred Barna

Altar Reality

The terrible temple of wealth
Creating an alter reality of tenable fiction
Spells of cunning and slow stealth
The ultimate opiate of insured addiction
Jailing the righteous for they cannot pay the fines
Only the poor and humble know of the affliction
Of those who hold the reins of whip upon their spines
And offer lotteries and offer scant benediction
Coveting this leads to murder, to scheme and plan
Often to the detriment of his fellow man

Imagine the entire world sold for ink and paper
While things of value were taken into their vaults
In all of human history, can you imagine such a caper?
For the ultimate magic trick is of all our faults
Just like Jack, who sold his cow for magic beans, we are blind
The lie and swindle was greater than the fairy tale
For a gigantic hoax we perpetrated upon all mankind
For we allowed our very futures to be set up for sale
Our very governments were controlled by their puppet strings
For the very tune they called, and we hear the siren sings

We laughed of playwrights of a kingdom for but a horse
While we worked and slaved for dollars, whose very worth they stole
Our educators sold out to, just as a matter of course
Now even our very minds and children are under their control
The religious sold out for their two pence and a golden crown
Now we pray to a god of golden calves and horns evil and disked
And we wonder why deep inside we feel the millstone taking us down
Even the media is owned by corporate arms and truth is now frisked
The virtual reality is now real, and what was real is but a dream
When will we awaken to shattered fits and one great scream

Alfred Barna

Am I Free?

Politicians and media proclaim I am free
Never mind the prison walls all around me
Right wing, left wing flying upon all our backs
Thieving private bankers cover up their tracks
How can depriving me of all of my rights
Protect me from the evils of all the world's plights
How can saying some are too big to fail
Yet some are too small, and allowed to flail
Unless we realize that politicians cannot save us
For all control systems want nothing but enslave us

Media is but the mouthpieces of corporations
While Monsanto & FDA kills us via food and inoculations
They would not eat what they expect you to sow
As long as you pay for license whatever you grow
Pyramids are wonders for the elite to adore
But not for the backs of the builders and the poor
To prison a desperate man robbing to feed a hungry child
Yet Wall Street robs trillions, and punishment is mild
IMF sternly warns austerity and taxes for big and for small
Yet somehow they themselves pay no income taxes at all

We would not need protections from terrorist's bombs
If all the injustices were dealt with, instead of force of arms
We think nothing of more agencies to kill and surveil, and remove our guns
Instead of just allowing people to protect themselves and loved ones
Magna Carta and Constitution were responses to bad kings and those of evil bend
Rights are like gardens, to keep them green you always must tend
Wars make bankers richer, for the both sides they fund in the build
And after the horrors, finance the rebuild and the caskets for those killed
Man may subjugate man, but one thing he shall never win in a war
The battle over his greed and ambition or the needs of the lowly and poor

Alfred Barna

As If You Had To Ask

As if you had to ask "What's happening? "

(Fear, fear, fear, fear)

As if you had to bother to be offering

(Love, love, love, love)

People have become despots

Hoping to rule and unruly lot

People don't bother to care about care

Watching it all disappear

Remember, Mom used to talk about this one

We just used to laugh and say "No"

Now they are rounding up reporters

And outspoken with arms "Time to go"

Now they openly speak of torture

Drones and other flying entities

We speak of our superior culture

Yet we are only creating, future enemies

We used to believe, we could say anything

We'd be free of chains, and of bombs

Who could have conceived, now what is happening

Droning brothers, sisters, dads and moms

Star chambers deciding who may live or die

Lists being made who may travel or stay

Senators telling us what we can read, and spy

Now we know, it's all gone away

Smedley Butler knew he was a racketeer

Ordered to be an enforcer for an international mob

Nye Commission knew armaments created billionaires

Who never care for all the lives that they rob

Over Wilson, House, Roosevelt and Stimson they ruled

Insuring that things will go inching their way

Putting in Lenin, Trotsky, and then later Mao we were fooled

Right down to killing King and JFK

As if you had to ask "What's happening? "

(Fear, fear, fear, fear)

As if you had to bother to be offering

(Love, love, love, love)
People have become despots
Hoping to rule and unruly lot
People don't bother to care about care
Watching it all disappear

Alfred Barna

Battle Of Mind, Won By The Heart

They rule us by proxy believers
Divide and conquer their only notion
They twist and turn us by our emotion
As they whisper to any who are receivers
Our blood becomes their water
Flooding the world with their glasses
Smiling as they toast to all the masses
Winking, how they love chaos out of their order
Don't become enflamed by all the lies
They produce enemies as magicians
Making use of genius slaves as their technicians
Which they adeptly compartmentalize

Battle of mind, can only be won by the heart

But we can only blame us for our own sadness
Because we slowly dance to their tunes
Because our faith lies broken in ruins
So instead we have worshipped and prayed to their madness
As they wreak havoc upon the entire earth
By making synthetic fears and hollow promise
If we resist, they overtly strafe and bomb us
Shocking and mesmerizing us from our birth
Tied religiously to cell towers and waves
And electronic roving ears and eyes; day and night
Deep down within our thought, we know it's not right
For we know truly we have become less than slaves

Battle of mind, can only be won by the heart

Well we all have our inner voices
Don't let them coerce you into dumb silence
They will bully you by crying you are dangerous defiance
And only they can decide; what are your choices
But they can only truly rule you
By your consent and by your decree
Don't give up and back down to them and agree
And let them continue to fool you
This is a battle that can't be won by bullets or steel

For they have purchased many men to abide
And we can only hurt ourselves in nuclear suicide
We have to open our hearts to what this world is for real

Battle of mind, can only be won by the heart

They have one religion, that is death and to kill
And the altar they worship at is all control
As they weep, to somehow fill their empty hole
That nothing in this universe could hope to fill
The only true enemies are they who blow the horn
And want all the others to go on the attack
While stealthily they slowly fade on back
And laugh at all us with hatred and scorn
Don't let anyone else be your mouthpiece
Whether state or religion that abound
We need to stand on our own ground
And perhaps somehow their insanity will cease

Alfred Barna

Before I Knew The World

Before I knew of the world
The world knew all about me
Before I grew into the world
The world grew all about me
The world knew I liked the sun
And all about it, it made me run
The world knew I liked the rain
Stomping puddles, streaming down the pane
How the world knew I liked to laugh
Preferring to reside upon the better half

Now I know the world
It seems a little darker in the night
Now I know the world
There are times it doesn't seem quite right
I see all these people and I think
Doesn't the world know; we stare over the brink?
A fresh breeze to fill up their soul
Has the world lost control?
Or perhaps we don't know the world as well
As the world knew us, before we broke the spell

So many people unhappy and so sad
So many sick and going mad
What if we treated the world like we were young?
As if the world and we were really one
She cries out now, waiting for you to hear
Waiting for you to care
She's getting angry, because you won't listen
There's a message, but you just keep on missing
As much as I am a man, the earth is my lover
When we work together there is much to discover
If I mistreat her, then she will run from my every touch
If I think I exult over her, then desert sands I shall clutch
For then she will become barren and dry
In other places floods when she must cry
Yet if I embrace her and nestle gently her earth
She shall rejoice and bring forth, new birth

Before The Bullets

Without an enemy on which to dwell
We focus within ourselves and as to why
So specters are created by those who quell
Our questions and decent that expose the lie
Peace was ever the enemy of those who control
Cooperation amongst people is never their intent
They are enraptured by chaos that takes hold
As their crooked dealings become crime well spent
As we are mired in addiction to ease the soul
They profit from our weakness that comes from need
They keep from us the parts that would make one whole
Which emboldens them more, and expands their greed

War is the racket, like none other run by man
It makes profit from fear, from protection, and counter attack
Any opposition can be checked, to keep with the plan
And treasures of poor are drained; the armorer's accounts grow in stack
The bodies are piled high all in the name of victory
Afterwards memorials built for mothers to visit and to weep
Saying we learned our lessons, and how this will never be
Yet the powerful grow more so; the poor's debt grows ever steep
Peace shall never come, for we are imprisoned in our mind
We must always ask the questions, and seek to answers in our hearts
Always we must look for the evils that are always lurking not far behind
Point to them with truth as a spotlight before things begin their cruel starts

We must ever be alert, looking for clues as detectives
Looking for the fuses that lead on to the powder kegs of war
Hold ever accountable to those we vote in as electives
Examining thoroughly, the reasons, and the sources of the sore
Realizing in the end, there are no politicians who have the answer
The solution lies within each of us, not in those whose words we hear
For truth is often never heard, for it has no forlorn romancer
Our media is polluted and we cannot expect for our vision to be clear
But often it is the lowly, that must go and sacrifice for those on high
They are the trumpet, yet it is the very air we breathe behind the sound
But now, it must be before the bullets, when it is, that we ask the why
When the earth is at level, and we stand upon solid ground

Behold, A Golden Ring

Oh, behold a golden ring
Do you admire such a thing?
Those who sweat out to mine the ore
Remain so gritty, meek, and poor
Those who smelted the precious metal
Get burned from the hot and flaming kettle
Those who fashioned the circle fine
Bewilder those who wait in the line
Those who toiled the least in finance
Get to jig with it as they dance
Taking the gift home to the royal queen
Festooned with all the trinkets you have ever seen
Hoping to buy the affection of a royal hive
Where the greedier will learn to survive.
Was not the gold more beautiful in the hills?
Where clean streams ran serene before the mills
When man walked above the ground in sunlight valleys
When men lived in cottages rather than darkened alleys
Now we have monuments to chase the gold
Where we chained slaves must do as they are told
Trading our lives for a spec or two
Learning to screw onto others before they onto you
We who look upon jungles as uncivilized
When jungles look upon us, and cannot believe their eyes
For everything is stamped and ready for sale
Even the very man who tells this tale

Alfred Barna

Beware The Men

Beware the men, who wish to create a world
Whilst the world has already been created
Beware the men who wish to perfect creation
And relate that which is truly unrelated
Beware the men, who wish to paint your dreams
Whilst their visions are quite unlike your own
Beware the men, who wish to control all things
For it is into a prison cell, they put you; for their throne

Alfred Barna

Blessed Are The Peacemakers

We withdraw our hand
Grimace, the bitterness of man
Some wish to make of it a game
But games are for spoiled sociopaths to play
With rules, which seldom are sane
Inviolable for you and I, but for them, they get in the way
The vast sea of us can live easily at peace
Wishing nothing more, than to enjoy our families
But there are men who never cease
To insure a perpetual unease
Creating shadows, promoting every fear
Creating monsters for a child, underneath our bed
But if we stop, and let our minds grow clear
Suddenly we see their moves, focus upon them instead
Their thin veneer is eroding for all to see
Lawless trolls who seek to dominate under every bridge
We can traverse the chasms between you and me
Together we can get beyond their control over the ridge
Blessed are the peacemakers who broker the pause
Between times of war, and men who truly are their cause

Alfred Barna

Blinded We Are

Blinded we are by madness
For madmen will use every scheme to enslave
Surrounded we are by sadness
For worry, work, and willfully we are lead to the grave
For every advantage we seek
Over our neighbor, foreigner, and remote men unseen
Our hearts are no longer meek
For greed, lust, envy, and strife have a shiny gleam
We want the road paved with riches and fame
While we expect others to travail the course and broken roads
We want the laurels and pedestals of name
Undeterred of the multitudes who have unheralded the hefty loads
Freemen roam still, without earthly king
They are the wizened, who bow only to the Creator of this earth
It is they who through their labors sing
Knowing full well, that they have been given treasures by birth
Which no one can snatch from their hands
The common man wishes to be a peace with all who breathe
Whether near or living in foreign lands
But bide the money lenders who find the chance to deceive
Poking a hornets nest at every turn for profit sake
For they make the guns for wars, the heroin to soothe, or lucre for their laws
Which turn their coffers full, and our pennies they take
Yet we are blinded still, and we never truly find their cause

Alfred Barna

Blinding Light

How can one so jealously invoke
Protections denied to others within the same breath
How can one so righteously bespoke
Yet judge that some others deserved of death
To claim that any land is given by God
For we are the chosen one upon this earth
Yet, all others, must be dealt with cold and hard
For they were not so fortunate at their birth
Did not others before you claim of a master race?
And corralled people into squalor and burdensome camps
Yet still stand before God to look upon you face
As you done so onto others, now that you yourselves are champs
In your hearts you proclaim Palestine, Palestine you shall be mine
Damnation to all who shall not accept this scepter and drink of this wine

Did not slave masters make themselves motives ulterior?
Amongst the Negro solemnly picking his fields
That is was his burden, because he was inferior
He must toil endlessly; give way, and to share yet his yields
Oh of any conscience that remains that we need so sorely
Injustices cannot be smoothed over seamlessly in this strife
If truly you are God's chosen people, He has chosen poorly
You cannot forever destroy free will with force of arms in this life
We are all God's chosen, for in our lives we must make a choice
That to stand with the Creator, or to follow the teachings of liars
Everyone must stand and attest to his actions in the Last Day in his own voice
I must humbly stand like everyone facing salvation or fires
It will matter not, whether I was Muslim, Christian, Jew, Black or White
For those things shall not save me from His blinding Light

Alfred Barna

Burned By What We Desire

Everywhere, it seems someone has something to tell you
And at every turn, there is someone with something to sell you
But we all go; down our own roads
The truth is a journey through the lies
And we all bear our own loads
Within ourselves we all come to realize
No one has the answers
The questions are mostly the same
No one has the wherewithal
To keep to the travels without the name
Sticking to, what we find
Without closing our hearts to what we must learn
Leaving all of our doubts behind
Before they stop us and drown us in what we yearn
What we need, and what we want
Are usually two lessons of our inner desire
It's like every town has the ghosts that haunt
All those things they've tried to pull from the fire
But you'll always get burned; singed by what we desire
You will always get burned; burned by what we desire

Pulling hard, pulling fast, there's no way to stake your claim
Crying out, getting mad, it's like one tear in the rain
But we all go; up on a great trial
For which the judge and jury awaits for our defense
But deep inside we know all the while
That we fall far from the side of innocence
You can't ask the way for directions
Because the compasses are all rusted inside
You meet up with your walls of protections
But from deep with ourselves there's no where to hide
Sticking to, what we know is real
Is hard to shake from the easy and the fantasy
And always truth, our mirages conceal
Cause that's the way our hearts wish things could be
What we need, and what we want
Are usually two lessons of our inner desire
It's like every town has the ghosts that haunt
All those things they've tried to pull from the fire

But you'll always get burned; hurt by what we desire
You will always get burned; burned by what we desire

Alfred Barna

Burning Of Rome

Let there be no mistake
It was a terrible site
As the flames did take
Tinged amber in the night
A sword taking heartfelt revenge
Over the past cruelty of her reign
All of the haughty edicts to avenge
From rulers vindictive and insane
Her disbelieving denizens mourned
As barbarian plundered with glee
Her pride had now been so scorned
That most had no choice but to flee
Eternal City some showed their contempt
Others who lived by her wealth now poor
Their fine robes now filthy and unkempt
Just stood silent with mouths agape in awe

Our lust for control burns on
To the detriment of our fellow man
Our desire to build One world
Babel they say is still our Plan

She was civilization some said
Now ignorant hoards will lead the way
Once mighty rulers now bled
And her marbled pride slowly decay
Iron was no match for those enslaved
For their shackles made many bitter
As their families against her engraved
They were not bedazzled by her glitter
Her arts and science reached so high
But her malice and corruption went so low
For the height and breath, earth and sky
Always a reckoning bringing men to tow
Ego was the first temptation whispered dear
And a yearning to rule was awakened
Yea shall be as gods as the serpent said clear
As long as this paradise you should forsaken

Our lust for control burns on
To the detriment of our fellow man
Our desire to build One world
Babel they say is still our Plan

Alfred Barna

Cinema Noir

I don't care about the third world dregs
I just want to empty frat party kegs
I don't want to have to go outside
I have my X-box to entertain my brain
Graphic violence and suicide
But there's always a life to regain
Through the PC they deliver to my door
After all that's what the hired help is for
I make the millions by trawling cyberspace
Looking for your secret fantasies
I don't have to know you, can't see your face
But I can create your realities
We're all content ya ya ya
Cinema noir

Killing, thrilling, chilling, oh who out there is truly unwilling
Bashing, crashing, flashing, Ah, so much for the cashing
Selling, telling, felon, Oh those taboo orchids we're smelling
Dragging us under
Dragging us down
It's no wonder
No one's around
Bite the hand that is so eager to feed you
You know the one that is delighted to bleed you
We're all laughing Ha Ha Ha
Cinema noir

Here I go into another world
The restless velvet mistress with the satin pearl
Dancing on the level with the devil
The pitter-patter of rancid rain
Oh those dirty deeds within which we revel
All slowly driving us insane
No need to socialize I have friends on-line
They are talking to me in double time
With Bells and whistles, and smiley faces
Why should I feel unhappy inside?
Can't you see that I'm going places?
I've strung the rope for suicide

We're all happy la la la
Cinema noir

Alfred Barna

Classes: Ruling, Fooling, And Drooling

Broken dreams, broken bones
Broken schemes, and broken homes
Trying hard to keep us laughing
When we should be crying
Trying hard to pretend this is living
When we should be dying
Soma for the subliminal masses
While the upper echelons get the passes
Teaching evermore, to inside the classes
The ruling, the fooling, and the drooling
Interconnected in an electronic brain
How can it all make sense, when it's all insane?

Huxley, was a huckster, not feeling all fare Wells
Making the conjure for the societal strata sells
Bailey made it clear to extend the hierarchy out
Initiations for the little men, just like you and me
That's what 9-11 and boogey men are all about
So they can spread contagion worldwide you see
Thuggery in culture, in the last days, fierce as foretold
They hail the burning man burning, yet we grow cold
Elliot spoke of the hollow men who have lost control
The ruling, the fooling, and the drooling
Interconnected in an electronic brain
How can it all make sense, when it's all insane?

We are as lost, as a wanderer can ever be
Paradox and parallel as information is all around me
Yet language itself gets evermore scarcer to define
Monosyllabic morons, texting into the dark of night
We are the men of lesser gods, no treasures in the mine
How can we even begin to stop this, to begin to fight?
We can ever remember what has brought us to this place
Our forefathers may have well been from outer space
We are defective detectives who have lost our case
The ruling, the fooling, and the drooling
Interconnected in an electronic brain
How can it all make sense, when it's all insane?

Credo Of Tyrants, Elites, And Despots

Conflict is for the masses, as our ends are always won
The decisions have been made
All that remains is for the people to see it spun
The grand arena was the world's first open spell
As your blood was upon the blade
Our stature grew and our treasuries did swell
Distract and discords are tales that we weave
To meld your minds into service
As we laughed and joked on what you believe
Cults of personality was the coup de gras you see
As we said you don't deserve us
As the people humbled themselves down on one knee
Though at times the commoners rebel and wizen
These things pass, as apathy slowly regains hold
For we always look deep into the far horizon
Eventually, the commoners have their fill
And inch by inch retreat, then as we grow bold
And they are ready to bend once again to our will

Alfred Barna

Dance Of The Sugar Plum Elite

The entire World is Crispy Crème
So many desperate serfs need our vaccine
GMO's are planted within your mind
Make you sick and make you blind
We need to control every single seed
To insure you won't grow an evil weed
Aspartame and sucralose will drive you mad
But that's ok; SSRI's will take you all to Glad
Except for the occasional ideation of a leap to nowhere
You never go where; we don't want you to go there
We have the Corporate News to make it go away
That is how we play the games we like to play
Now say, vote for the dope we tell you too
Or we'll make you mad and make you blue
You are too dumb to realize we rule the show
We only want you to learn, what we want you to know
Two plus two has always equaled five
Play along you can stay alive
If you are too intelligent to speak out loud it is four
We'll come a knocking at your door
You keep yourselves arguing about the left and right
We are your saviors you just have to see the light
You can't solve your problems of your mess
So we promise you the world, and give you less
Once you wake up to our grandest scam
We'll have it all, so we don't give a damn

Alfred Barna

Dancing In The Twilight

Just like the wounded love of a battered child
Is twisted to accept the trauma of evil fare
The elites have tortured us, yet still they cruelly smile
Proclaiming their motherly need to take us in their care
As their foisted wars rip through our flesh and bone
They whisper their love for humanity with noble prizes
Their minion bankers calmly announce funding in fatherly tone
While behind the scenes prepare chaotic economic surprises
Prospering in the build of armies, whose clash widens disparity
Prospering all the more in clearing the rubble of dreams destroyed
How is it we still accept the treacherous news with attuned clarity
That it is the common man with which they have long toyed
Dancing in the twilight tonight...darling dear, hold me tight

Now with technologies, they brood to tamper
With properties of man and animal, and the biology of our passion
Hoping to achieve godhood, and for us like bugs to scamper
With drones they hope to remove all remorse and compassion
Will the capacity of all of man's recklessness and hate
Now exceed the volume of our love, our charity, and our faith
Do we become a cyber-alter-ego opening a genetic gate?
For which will emerge something akin to a wretched wraith
Should we not work, with what we truly are?
Imperfect, yet able to be aware, of what is honest and just
Inherently know, that somehow, we have gone too far
And know when to make amends, becomes a must
Mind of a self-indulgent child, playing with tools of god
To see a disaster in the future isn't hard
Dancing in the twilight tonight...darling dear, hold me tight

They say the past ways of family are dysfunctional relics, now sour
Promoting what was once evil, as good, what was good is now bad
To be cheating and cruel is the way to the upper echelons of power
And the mindset permeates all with scorn and apathy to be had
Celebration of a new age, where there is self-centered greed
To do unto others, is to do, and never let them get back receive
What's to become of us, when we have sown a world with this seed?
A harvest with which there is no reaping, for emptiness is what you retrieve
We must bring in the things for which has made the world bloom

Bring again a spring from which quenches a thirst we have in our soul
Otherwise we send the clarion call for the bringer of world doom
We must reject the forces who seek to foment discontent, and gain control
Dancing in the twilight tonight...darling dear, hold me tight

Alfred Barna

Dark Tower

How easily we justify cruel treatment
Of one another, I find haunting
Where one stands on a dark imaginary
Pyramid can be sadly daunting
Engrained increasingly into our heart
From the inception day we are from the womb
Ego massaged and tempted from the start
Inexorably leading us right to our doom

Propagandized pride leading to arrogance
Which we use to justify our later deceit
Because we now have our circumstance
Our inhumane treatment is now complete
Now we can subjugate with clean conscience to control
As if we destroy others somehow for their own good
Our diseased minds hunt down others to bring them into the fold
Then have the hubris to say our Creator is misunderstood
Suffering from leprosy in our soul and in our mind
Perhaps, we have so disgusted our Lord, his back has now been turned
Hoping that someday our eyes would open from being blind
You would think after all these centuries we would have lessons learned

How easily we justify the misery we create
By our wealth, DNA, color tone, religion, or social grace
Inside we are wounded children who commiserate
And yet the outside masses are from outer space
Yet even the power you think you gain by killing innocence
Don't you know that blackness will never turn into white
Any power you receive will quickly burn you with recompense
What you have planned for us can never be justified as right

All your friends say come with us to the dark tower
We can make you special enough to worship the world
How can you believe that you could hold the power
To wield over the fate of every boy and every girl
Satan whispers to those who crave to even the score
For we are all hurt by one another in this game of thrones
For we have fought so long, no one knows what the blood is for
How can we carry these sacrifices until we are a heap of bones

Now we can stand aside and look at ourselves in the mirror
We are no better and no worse than one another on this earth
Wipe off the fog, open your eyes and you will see clearer
Stop being led astray, for we have all been lied to since our birth

Alfred Barna

Death

Death is the anchor, by which our sins are tied
It is the executor of our foolish pride
It is only by realization of our mortal senses
We stop bickering with walls, fighting with fences
This failing flesh is but on loan with no guarantee
That our moment is over, for a moment are we
We believe we can reach to the glory of everlasting above
If only we renounce our guilt and hate, and profess only love
But who is willing to shed comfortable armor
To stand naked before the eyes of the world to see?
Who is willing to parade as emperor?
Trampled on like the peasantry, no loftiness for me
For if I should rise to great heights, the sooner should fall
Take away the magnifying glass, we are but so small
For the greatest gift we can give to ourselves, is to keep perspective
Everything has worth, there is nothing in existence that is rejected

Alfred Barna

Desire To Break Free

Man is not machine
Dismiss Shelley and Godwin verses
We are innate extreme
Wickedness cannot be chaste by mortal curses
Attesting to nature dark
Within external evil that wants all control
Denying Adonaic spark
With cellular memory through the soul

You have the desire to break free
From a wretched cell, beckoning me
Into a real sunshine
Placed in a virtual Eden, looking so real
Locked in a grid that makes your skin peel
Leave it all behind

Flesh is not iron and steel
Schller and Freud manifestoes are sublime
They want to package what we feel
And turn it into meters, in which they can dime
What you're feeling in your heart
Cannot be cured with Prozac or Madison Ave
What you sense is sickness from evil art
Their tapestry is you and all they make you desire to have

You have the desire to break free
From a wretched cell, beckoning me
Into a real sunshine
Placed in a virtual Eden, looking so real
Locked in a grid that makes your skin peel
Leave it all behind

Your body will reject
Your soul will tell you all
Things that to it; must not connect
Come out of Her before I fall
Microsoft is certainly not the pearly Gates
Their esoterics have made them god
You must leave them to their fates

They will fall down and fall hard

Alfred Barna

Disasters From Puppet Masters

You can see the plans for distraction
You can see the moves to split us apart
Eventually, we are paralyzed into inaction
So called masterminds knew that from the start
We root for the teams of which we identify
But our identity, not our own, planned from a fable
We need to sit back, and start to ask ourselves "Why?";
Every time we feel the strings pull, when we are able
Otherwise we will kill, maim, and destroy in games
Of which the outcome, the chess masers care not
For control is all that they pursue in our shames
Their hands dry from blood and sweat, they fear not

Puppet masters are only masters
When you dance on the end of the strings
They create the coming disasters
Because, they know of what their future brings
But we need to deny them of the cords they tie
Around the tomorrows of which they wish to control
We need to confront them of their own lie
Engels and Levi are not the solution, nor our goal
We have been children whose surrogate parents tortured
But wounded minds still see them as saviors
Displayed through media, art, and into all cultured
We have not yet healed our behaviors

We can receive the message of greater heart
This was passed down to us throughout the ages
We must confront those who have played their part
And we must take our children from twisted sages
Those who have place themselves as our kings
Have not enthroned themselves to free us from their pain
They want to create a hollow world of things
And to forever perpetuate their demented reign
Man and machine are like iron and clay that shall not cleave
The futurists dream of entanglement of pseudo and real
And of altered states and minds of we cannot believe
Taking the humanity out of everything we think and feel

Doctoring

You have stripped life of all meaning
DNA you put on patents to sell and inure
Your pharmaceuticals are intervening
With the very souls of those who seek cure
As long as they are repeating customers, as addicts will
Come scrambling along, empty pockets for your pill
You would make band aids that fester and prolong
If you could just get the doctors to play along
Everyone is a potential cash cow ready to milk
As long as your boardroom is fill with your ilk

You have taken an ancient oath of do no harm
And places a proviso to insure no competition
You are no better than a witch doctor with charm
As long as they come to you in repetition
You are the leech which seeks a host to prey
And tell them their faint headiness is all in mind
When they are penniless and finally pass away
You eagerly search for other veins upon which to bind
BPA, heavy metals, fluorides, and carcinogen abound
Guaranteeing you a steadily modern lifestyle supply
If it is not produced by corporation you have found
You tell your minions these foods do not apply

Bovine growth hormones, BtE in tow
Neurotoxic sweeteners all make you blush
They make those profits like tumor grow
And another summer home to make you gush
How do you claim a genome to be your own?
You want fees from what you have not grown
When you are not the author of its creation
You seek to reap fortunes from man's annihilation
A snake can eat its own tail and claim a sire
As Prometheus lit your way with hell's fire

You system is not new, caduceus from old
You are the carrier of death and destruction
You believe you are the Midas turning to gold
But everything you touch leads to obstruction

Your karma can only pave to calamity
A barren wasteland is what you bring to fruition
You shall reap nothing but enmity
When hearts and bodies beg for proper nutrition
Science itself has become a religion I say
Preach otherwise and a heretic you shall become
Laud not to mere men, who demand that you pray
And all must pretend that they are dumb

Alfred Barna

Dream Better

Oh you imams, rabbis, preachers and priests
Who rail that my God is great, but men must go and kill
As these goblins sit down at their banquets and feasts
Pretending that they alone know of the Creators will
What omnipotent being needs us to destroy those who believe
Differently from what we believe, because only we are right
I tell you it is Satan who whispers into our ears to deceive
And have us kill one another because we have been blinded by might
Even the humanists are just as sickly and inhumane
As they place men upon pedestals in which they rule
Where only power and coercion they wish to obtain
Their high place on a hierarchy, and to all others the fool

I do very much believe in a Creator of all we observe
But have little faith in the men who lust for control
Delusions of grandeur, is a psychopathy we deserve
When we allow men to usurp our freedoms into their fold
However, even Satan needs only man and his desires
Man destroys himself in a puff of smoke of his making
For his passions are merely stirred to rise up the fires
All evil has to do is to watch us; as to our own kind is set baking
Yet, merely look at the men who serve sun, the stars and the moon
Dressed in their robes of wizards in the dark of the night
Laughing at the fools who do their bidding, to mock the buffoon
How they are the ones to decide what is wrong, what is right

Oh there is evil to be sure, and certainly there is good
But what is involved in discerning, what direction we move
Do unto others was a rule, and so sorely understood
If you should harm yourself or neighbor, what else is to prove
What happened to the days, where men would dream better
A world in which men were free, and the future was bright
We would hold laws to the high and low, laws were a fetter
The rich and powerful could not payoff and make punishment slight
Oh the days, where the future was a place for our children to want
Not to cringe in fear, because of darkness of our hand
What is it within us, is there no true conscience in us to haunt
The true shame is upon all of us, that we have no better plan

Enemy Makers

The true foes that we face
Are the Enemy Makers
The true thieves which case
Our children; thought takers
Stealing innocence for their old plans
Defining every word, crafting knives
Making us aliens upon our own lands
Beware the darkness, which connives

They conjure, what we are to believe
Hoping to mesmerize us into their twisted heart
They take the real, and plastic we receive
Saying we should be grateful to take the part
Their minions, making the people feel so small
As to raise their lowly souls above us all
But they are from fathoms we cannot reach
For anyone with a lively heart, and lively mind
Which is why their lessons to me, they cannot teach
They are befuddled there are some, they cannot bind

Freedom we must realize is for ill or for good
So take it to memory that it comes at great cost
To stand and decide for oneself to be understood
It can be left to none but us, or it will be lost
You cannot entrust a gift of gold to be entrusted
By those who lust for nothing but all the power
For iron is strong, but eventually it can be rusted
And patience is long for those who seek to devour

They even tell you what it is that you dream
But desires are not always things to pursue
For they wait at the point you cross into the stream
To release the deluge; this shall overtake you
Then they chuckle amongst their brothers in jest
Showing the plans they laid before you began your quest
There are things a man needs, and some which are nice
But some, men can do without; we must discern which it is
But always things in which we must pay with a price
It is with our souls we must put the latter to a quiz

Alfred Barna

Enemy Of My Own Creation

Enemy of my own creation
Giving me complete control of a nation
If you denounce my power, ever growing
It's obvious whose sympathies you are showing (shot rings out)
Ruling with force much easier with greater fear
No one questions (shot rings out) , or they might be next
I am the master with an ever reaching ear
And ever watching eyes, down to your every text
The enemy is the smirk behind my back
Yet everything I do is kept behind the cloak
I have think tanks on the offensive to attack
Steering committees obscured behind media smoke
Enemy of my own creation
Instilling a primal fear, for security of my elation
Yet as I stand with the sheep bleating for peace
I hold your paper signed in blood, as part of our lease
To be sure some get caught up in my plans
Joining my made cause, dance with Frankenstein
Helping to further the means into my hands
Adding entertainment as my brand is on the line
I make, I buy the bullets and sell them just the same
In the media I can do no wrong, they just sing my song
Anyone who prints or says otherwise, they are insane
Nutty truth seekers, the lie is safely where you all belong
Enemy of my own creation

Alfred Barna

Enemy Within

We spend more time and effort to destroy
Than we exert upon justice and peace
Lie in wait for advantage, with troops to deploy
Yet ineffective in aid, should bullets cease
We can't defend lies and thieves with force
Any more than men win upon smashing a mirror
We look at a reflection, stoic, claiming we are boss
As our plans over ourselves are made clearer
Philanthropic we are, when we horde far too much gold
Yet see dregs and rebels, when poor stand upon only principle
We connive to protect the assets we stole
Not to save laws and ideals that are invincible
Man treasures least what he cannot grab
Valuing well-dressed demons, than peasants plain
Whose daggers remain sharp and ready to stab
Any who would challenge their earthly domain
But your paradise you see is hell for those who remain
Within your prisons, whose walls shall one day enclose you
For paranoia works its spell, no one to trust to the insane
Enemies are everywhere seeking to depose you
No amount of money can keep one secure from an enemy within
For sleep must come to all, who weave and worry
Look again into the looking glass; he stares at you with a grin
And you cannot turn from Him, or His fury

Alfred Barna

Entertain Me, While I Slowly Die

Entertain me, while I slowly die

Distract me, from even asking the question "Why"

Video commanders in roles of no return

Take me from reality, while everything begins to burn

Take my rights, take my body, and take my mind

Inject me with poisons, at airports search my behind

Entertain me, while I slowly die

I turned in my neighbor, for a loaf of bread

See something, say something to keep fed

I watch all the daily shows, to keep me blind

I'm unemployed, and there are no jobs to find

I watch Survivor, so I know how to fool them all

When I have my back placed against the wall

Entertain me, while I slowly die

Distract me, from even asking the question "Why"

The buxom woman with gleaming smile

Fomenting division with the world in grandest style

Left against the right, and right against the left

While the corps and bankers make away with their theft

Entertain me, while I slowly die

Monsanto gives us cancer to destroy the dandelions

GMOs are great, just not on labels or in the headlines

Lobbyists are financing Congress and Presidents to rule

Endless pockets from the corporate and pharma pool

Soros plays with the Ukraine and world protests like we are toys

DynCorp contracts with our government and little boys

Entertain me, while I slowly die

Distract me, from even asking the question "Why"

Global push to inflame the world for WWIII

Then just sit back, no need to ask yourself how this can be

Divide and conquer makes the world a smaller place

Easier to control, and those not "in the club" easier to erase

Entertain me, while I slowly die

Alfred Barna

Eschelarkey

How can I fix the world, when I cannot fix myself
Like shards of a broken potters vase stranded on a shelf
Broken
That's what is in our minds and hearts
Unspoken
When will we gather the broken parts
Looking at one another via telescopes as if we are distant spheres
Yet truly we only at arm's length separated by our fears
Alone
Because there's safety from the sun
Without a home
Because we have yet to find someone
Ravenous is a controlling mind consuming data analyzers
A soulless cybernetic super state of evil advisors
Hierarchy
Yet within a system in which nothing can fill their void
A load of malarkey
Hoping to spread their disease and become paranoid
If like L Ron, they create a myth they believe just for lust and greed
For their idea of sacrifice is to sit on high and watch us bleed
We can communicate in this space, but it is up to us to be the override
We must join together to destroy their plans, and to end their pride
Until we gather we are broken, by their conquering by our division
Yet only we can take the road to the choice; it is all our decision

Alfred Barna

Even Cattle Must Be Heard

Son, what do you see?

Partying, dancing, sports, games...beautiful women, sighing
Close them...wait...now what?

People hungry, suffering, warring, dying
What's behind?

Pillars, sun and moon, black and white, crypts and stone
Now are you blind?

Opposites are the key; chaos, knowing they see us to own

Be not afraid of their cavalcade
They do not care, they do not share
They do not show, all the things that you should know
They want those who have sight to disappear
They want only those who take the line and tow
In their sick minds the only reason for you to be
Is to be their servants for eternity

Why do you all choose to stay numb?
While the world is set aflame
It would be kind to say that you are dumb
But ignorance doesn't leave you out of their game
You have to play whether or not you wish
Because the players are behind the pawn
And the world's troubles to them are a school of fish
They had you marked the day you were born
They think you are chattel, but we must show them; how absurd
Raise your voice and raise your arms, even cattle must be heard

Don't be enslaved by your desires
You must not take the solutions that they sell
Their plans saturated with hateful spires
Once you take them in, you will not leave from their hell
Then they shall steal, everything that you are
And you'll become an empty shell in the game to be used
Blocking the lights from you, near and far
A soul lost, is easier to be dominated and abused
They think you are chattel, but we must show them; how absurd
Raise your voice and raise your arms, even cattle must be heard

You must do what right is right
For to play the game they play, your soul cannot win
Don't go out and fight their fight
Deny them your flesh and heart that you live in
They need plenty of drones to lead their cause
So be a thinking man, and think for yourself in all things
If everyone wakes up, it will give them some pause
So be wary of enemies they create (opposites) to give their plans wings
They think you are chattel, but we must show them; how absurd
Raise your voice and raise your arms, even cattle must be heard

Alfred Barna

Full Sail

We all have an innate sense of forever
Trapped within frangible skin
The aching raw and harsh when we must sever
The loves one we shared of our lives within
A temporal bubble, fragile film
This rises in the tempest, moments from bourse
Thrown into the fires of fateful kiln
Of which makes some stronger, others worse
That we could sail upon vast seas
Endlessly carried upon the prevailing winds
We are the adventure which then frees
Demarcation of where it ends, and where it begins

Alfred Barna

Game Of Insane

Extremism only leads to evermore extreme
All in all, it just adds on to controller meme
Because no one sees when blinded men will hate
Injustice will never make things that are just
Inequalities will surly breed more and more distrust
But the moneyed-men think that all this fuss is great
Like mice set loose inside of a carefully crafted maze
There is but one outcome inside this sadistic craze
And desperate and starving head madly to the bait

The game of insane claps your hands
The game of insane, no one understands
The game of insane, tweet like a bird
Messaging to fools and no one can be heard
How long do we let those who brute force us to be ruled
How long do we allow their mouthpieces to keep us fooled?
Virtual villains, they rile us, to go about and do their killing
WWI & WWII we become accustomed so we are ready and willing
Then when all is said and done
We are but rubble, indebted, no matter who has won
The graveyards all bigger than they were before (just bulldoze them all into this patch)
And the moneyed men didn't bother to keep score (no one they know got a scratch)
Just popped the cork to their bottles of champagne
Charmed, and patting each on the back, the game of Insane

When the men of power and of endless means
Get together to increase their wealth and their dreams
They just call it business, of what the poor men call conspiracy
They carefully buy up pawns and pieces to which they lay claim
No matter how it's played, they know the ending is all the same
And we're just duped into believing that we are free
When every once in a while, some break out from their spell
Everyone else is still sleeping, so there are very few you can tell
So they guilt all the outcasts to the sirens singling soft and sweetly

The game of Insane they laugh hard so you can cry
The game of Insane makes you take the poisons that you must buy

The game of Insane post it to the book
Yet they will censor anything that will expose their crook
Botting and algorithms to watch what you say and do
For the AI crawlers to monitor everything about you
Creating a Ministry of truth, so that they can con the youth
A collective of coercion; you can play as long as you don't sleuth
Finding out the meaning, nothing is hidden, that shall not be revealed
Of the things they have kept us, for so long, they have concealed
What they have done in their crypts and in their caves
Of how they created minions and fostered slaves
They will be astounded by exposure of all they hoped to gain
They will also become familiar with the true rules of the game of Insane

Alfred Barna

Give Me The Breeze And The Bees

I watched a bee land upon a flower
I saw that he had so much more power
Than all the mightiest men in history
I heard a drop of rain fall upon the ground
And it made a melodious sweetly sound
Than the most wondrous of Mozart's symphony
I felt a seed as it sprouted forth from the earth
Sensing I was witnessing the miracle of birth
As if all the life in the universe was springing happily
I tasted the fruit that was hanging from a bough
My tongue and my body quenched from this now
And I know that this is how it's meant to be

But the men who rule this silly hill
Like to impose upon the world their will
Would not see
Would not hear
Would not feel
Would not taste
All they desire is to rule their brother
Making money from their toil and their troubles
Although the earth is truly their mother
They cared not to help one another
Scamming each other to produce a dime
Now the bees are dying from what they are spraying
Not listening to what the earth is saying
Hoping to make money even upon their destruction
Not even seeing what they do is such a crime
Just give the breeze and the bees
Just give the breeze and the bees

Give me the bees that make sweet honey
It's so much more precious than gold or money
What is history mean, if we have reached the end of time
Give me the rains that fall down from the heavens
Not more strip malls and Seven Elevens
I'd rather have fields of grapes for which to make sweet wine
Give me the seeds that aren't stamped from Monsanto's tower
Because we don't need their monopolies of power

Let the people of the world eat freely from their own vine

But the men who rule this silly hill
Like to impose upon the world their will
Would not see
Would not hear
Would not feel
Would not taste
All they desire is to rule their brother
Making money from their toil and their troubles
Although the earth is truly their mother
They cared not to help one another
Scamming each other to produce a dime
Now the bees are dying from what they are spraying
Not listening to what the earth is saying
Hoping to make money even upon their destruction
Not even seeing what they do is such a crime
Just give the breeze and the bees
Just give the breeze and the bees

Alfred Barna

Happy Birthday Father

We die in our desires
To fulfill many things we wish to do
Yet hope is in the fires
Of which drives our toils and strengthens anew
After all without dreams
Where is the drink that refreshes the soul?
Without all the scenes
Which flow through our slumber's atoll.
My Father was a dreamer
Full of wishes and plans
Though, along came the redeemer
And lead him to sleep from my hands
I Loved him, not because of what he could give me
But for the simple hope he had for us all
He gave plentiful of things you cannot buy or see
And for me, he shall always stand upright and tall
Though he considered himself lowly, and to ignore
Working hard for little, my soul he enriched with his needs
For the Day cometh the cool water He shall pour
When I come to His house, we will be quenched, and with his seeds
I will plant those hope and dreams and watch them grow
Then Our Father and my Dad will know I Loved Him so

Alfred Barna

Heaven Waits For Us Like Home

Although the sorrow has dried from my eyes
Daily your memories flow down inside
Many things you have taught me, have made me wise
Although some lessons have taken years to reach through my pride
I know that some where we will meet again
Because the longings run deep through my vein

Heaven waits for us like home
Taking us in from where we roam
Though, we get lost from time-to-time
Love and patience are what we find inside
Heaven wait for us like home

I wonder if I will match up to all the things you've done
You give more than love, though you struggled in the past
I know that this great journey we all have just begun
I hold onto your strength you had, hoping to make it last
It's not easy, like a child to walk without your hand
But we all must stand alone, for we all must make a stand

Heaven waits for us like home
Taking us in from where we roam
Though, we get lost from time-to-time
Love and patience are what we find inside
Heaven wait for us like home

Alfred Barna

Hidden Truths

You have placed your value in money
Therefore you think you have increased your worth
You have stolen from others their very honey
Now you grumble because now you must care for them from their birth
See before you an unspoiled cool pool of water
You would not hesitate to jump in for a refreshing swim
Yet the poor and destitute; you believe know not their order
Should they decide that they are thirsty also, and jump in
Yet you gladly set up shop, and whistle, you must pay me to enjoy
All the benefits of nature I own, therefore you must pay me your due
Knowing full well the widowed son is just a penniless poor boy
Yet his Dad worked hard, for the crumbs you gave to him in lieu
Your band of thieves laughed at the sight of the crowds
Who gathered round to work in your stockyards like chattel
How they streamed to suckle at your teat, as many as you would allow
And how they fought for you, like idiotic pawns in your battles
You travel on the same train, yet you travel first class
Your castles are nestled in the woods and streams of poetic vistas
You mumble as they stream from their ghettos to glimpse upon you as they pass
To keep your blood pure, you would stoop to marry your brothers and sisters
Rather than let the rabble wander through your veins and mind
You have learned much, but prefer to keep them well behind
The pathways of knowledge you kept from them and left them blind
So you could Lord over them, and keep them in bondage in kind
There is slavery of needs, and slavery of wants, and slavery of soul
Who holds your fate in hand? Well beyond all your control
Pray, you are dealt with better than all those who have bled in vain
I pity you for your madness, for truly you have gone insane

Alfred Barna

Hide And Seek (So People Forget)

As children, we commence upon a game
Yet, as we mature, it ends up as the same
Politicians and self-proclaimed leaders cry
"Not it, not it! " yet to us all laws must apply
Lawless as they are; we hide and seek
Hiding from their gavel, and the charges they reek
Snowden is a criminal for speaking truth?
Yet they are guiltless in their crimes?
Indoctrination forced upon our youth
Is the sad prophetic of our times

We hide and seek, looking for some haven
The tyrants want good drones behaving
Pyramid schemes of bankers need some blood
(So people forget)
They want wars, disease, and famines to flood
(So People forget)
Kissinger preaches for a new world order
So his parishioners slowly erase the border
(So People forget)
Commercializing each man spying upon the other
For a measly reward inside their maze
Stasi world of the future w/o brother
As they concoct dystopia and the next phase

They desperately want us to fight
So we don't awake; realize our plight
Corporations want to take your soul
All human's resources under their control
They'll guilt you; it is for the good of the earth
And mark and label you from your birth
They use our prejudices and passions
To make us dance to their sick tune
Confound us with junk and fashions
Don't like it? Here's your Prozac, you Loon!

Alfred Barna

Home

Where is home, now that home has gone?
All the sights, sounds, and smells of family are now shadow
Once we fled in our teenaged scorn
In search of the things we yearned to discover; in a hurry to grow
Now that we are older, I seek ways to find same fabled place
Where all about me, were brother, sister, and familiar face
I strive to shield my children the way I as a child 'til storm would pass
Outside the thunder boomed, and the rain would pour
But inside I was protected as we watched it from behind the glass
That sacred porch, we sat and waited for what the world was for
They say that home again, is someplace that you will never find
I say that can't be, because it sits in my heart and flows in my mind
I see it on the expressions of my sisters, and of my brothers
It hides within aunts, and uncles, and in-laws; but look close, you will see
That it is the very essence of utopia we see in all others
As we pass through our days, and we long for a reunion in eternity
Remember once, remember now, and remember that all that we hope to know
That we long to return to Our Home, and it's to there we shall all go

How do you say good-bye, when all I wish is for you to stay?
You have decided that the time has come to leave us here
The Sirens are singing and calling you to join them away
Here you leave me sad and despondent and filled with fear
I have lost a part of me from where all my life has come
I have lost the womb in which the stars have all sung
Perhaps it is hard for us to ever understand
That you rest in a place until your body and souls are anew
Although we know we all return once again to the sand
It's difficult for man to admit this is something that we must do
All our days, we search for purpose and live out our days
Until the time where our strength will no longer allow us to raise
Raising families, finding adventure, searching distant shores
We must remember the Grace of God is our greatest cause
It binds us to all things, to all creation, and to us all one another
No matter what we do, and how far away we wish to roam
We must return again to that place, our birthplace, our Mother
Where also the Father awaits always, calling us to our Home

They say you can't go back; but ahead you shall forge, until the day you wake up

and say

I have searched and searched to find that place that I remember as a child

A place of comfort, a place where I peered out first to see the world

When the world made me uneasy, I would remain here safe, yet peer out from
time to time

Until I got strong enough to go away from the place I had known all my life

To discover that to find such a place again would be the source of my strife

Oh Father, even when I was most lost and wandering, within the darkest night,
with no one in which to share

I had found myself in my heart being with you, and remembering that there is a
place there

You had it prepared all this time, but stubbornly, I said no thank you please

I forgot my pride, and humbly sank down upon the ground upon my knees

Home is another name for heaven, another name for faith, another name for
Love

Home is where everything returns to, upon which every star hangs in the
universe above

Now I am no longer a child, and the rain shall fall down upon my body, cold to
wear

But let it rain down, oh Lord, let it rain; fill my soul with your tears

I have but few souls to mourn, but oh Lord, you have many millions in which to
bear

Throughout the story of man, throughout thousands of years

I know, there comes a day, when the clouds will part and a light will appear

And a sound sweeter than spring shall be heard in all of those ears

A multitude of men will become as children again, saying I am coming home

I am coming home

And a great door will open, and we shall all step inside, and every heart will be
rend

Without the weight of our pride we are lifted into an endless joy that all
transcend

Father into your arms I rest my weary soul, Father I am coming home

I am coming home

Alfred Barna

Hope Into A Hole

Hope into a hole
Loss of all control
Madmen at the wheel
Do you know how we feel?
Virtual but in real sense
So is ignorance
Can you claim?
No one is to blame?
Close your eyes in the mirror
Because the guilty become clearer
Are you able to judge guilt or innocence?
Just what is your defense?

What is to proclaim
When your leaders are blind and vain
Bonfires are in cyberspace
Defining the human race
Didn't you say the Net, was a net
Or did you somehow just forget
Ministry of truth?
Who would fall for that one; not the youth
Lies are laid down thicker
SSRIs are prescribed quicker
Draining into rivers
Yet no one can feel the shivers

Hope into a hole
Loss of all control
Who's the dungeon Master?
Charcoal or Alabaster
Or just a parquet
That leads down the way
Expecting followers and fools
With financial and surgical tools
Earth is part of creation
Not a sublimation
Maker of all that has been made
Joins in the cavalcade

How Do You Build A Berg?

You meet in secret to rule all men
You make plans only Mammon can defend
With a finger to your lips you smile
World leaders in government and business guile
Saying little men, we've nothing but you in mind
You move further ahead, we further behind

You say that you truly care
And you only want to help us out
We're tired of your fear and our self-doubt
Lurking behind red cloaks you then leer
Changing nature, food, and even water
You're lawless, pounding your fists for order
You say you labor day and night to bring a light
But within darkness you summon death
Profiting from heroin, cocaine, and Meth
Incredulous you then feign, "Why have they lost our trust? "
Our schools, cities, and infrastructure crumbles to the dust

How do you build a berg?
You gather slaves to erect your Cheops high
You laugh, as they create your dreams, and they die
Upon your altars, palaces, and your public squares
Your cold tip we feel, but below all unawares
In crypt shadows your roots consume
Your glory and power has become our doom

Now you want to merge with machines to live
Yet in immortality you will beg for a reprieve
You ask for something you can never receive
You long for something you cannot give
Our cries have reached the highest heights
Even the lowest of men possesses his rights
You say that time is no longer, you are stronger
You may torture this corporal carcass
You merchants of death and of sadness
Because you believe you have all control
But everything in this life must take its toll

I Cry For The Butterfly

Who will cry?
For the Butterfly
Just to touch her fragile wing
Destroying everything
She never wished to be caged
Mocked by the Monarch's royal dreams
Tears flowing down in violated streams
For she had trusted those to save her from the storm
Paying no heed to her screams
Making her cold instead of keeping her warm

Trading light for a dark world
Where so-called elites carelessly sacrifice
The innocence of a girl
Yet demons think nothing of paying the price
Just to parley for select entrance into the game
Men who long for power and gold grovel to compete
For a drop of red knowledge from the flame
So they can lord over the commoners at their feet

Who will cry?
For the Butterfly
For the chrysalis contains witness to the crime
And justice will be sentenced to the end of time
And the curses that are uttered from those who harm
Will backfire upon all who partake, yet no alarm
The little you gain is but a loan with interest compounded High
And now as you rest in your calm
It shall be the only satisfaction you have as your days go by

You think you are in a universe of fools
Because you manipulate the people and the press
You see no humanity; but a store of tools
Who will build your world at your master's behest
But you are blind to the truth you are also the means
To the end that you have be used to unlock the door
And all the promises that you have hoped he beams
Were just lies, yet you have fulfilled his dirty chore

I Just Need Some Water

Why do I feel so small?
When the world's problems are so great
Why do I seem to fall?
When I try to tackle them; I'm running late
Chasms grow when we leap
Hoping to reach the other side
Promises we've tried to keep
Keep whittling at my pride
We do what we can
Least that's what we like to say
Do we really have a plan?
Or do things just work out that way

I just need some water
To cross this desert land
I just need some water
Knowledge to understand
We thirst for status and gold
Though we merely eke on by
We want someone to hold
With empty pockets; "Need not apply"
We trudge through the sand
Hoping just to reach that mirage
Life's always a reprimand
Left questioning, who is really in charge

You seem to be so composed
Yet you're empty deep inside
The bar rooms have all closed
Now there's no place left to hide
The caravans resting in the night
You wish for some near oasis
You're without purpose for all intents for right
Yet haunted by former faces
Have we hope under this sky's dark cloak
To redeem this human race
Is there any prayer that we invoke?
That'll sanctify this place

I just need some water
To cross this desert land
I just need some water
Knowledge to understand
We thirst for status and gold
Though we merely eke on by
We want someone to hold
With empty pockets; "Need not apply"
We trudge through the sand
Hoping just to reach that mirage
Life's always a reprimand
Left questioning, who is really in charge

Alfred Barna

I'm Not Happy

Put on plastic smiles
Groucho glasses and a big cigar
Drop a quarter in the gumball machine turnstiles
Chew on aged blues, hard and sweet, no matter how deep the scar
I'm not happy, not because I need a drug
The truth is, we live in world that is sad
Though some prefer and SSRI or another slug
The truth is, we live in a world that is mad
We just prefer to cut out a rug
Covering up the holes, and dance a tad
Hoping that somehow, we won't fall through
A slow soft, tinging tune for me and you

I can't make you dance and sing
So I'll just hold you close and whisper I don't know why
The craziness and haziness of everything
Is a rat trap, waiting to snap, so we just slip on by
I'm not happy, because the truth is real
You have no coat, and the temperature is dropping
Everyone tells you how we should feel
The worlds on collision but there's just no stopping
Sometime we falter and we drop the shield
The world's a mad dance that keeps on hopping
Hoping that we could just stay here and stop it
Cherish our time, a song; soon the playlist will drop it

You don't have to fake a smirk
I can see that the rain is pouring all around
I'm not just another quirky jerk
To tell you that there's just no reason to frown
I'm not happy, because the skies have all greyed
The thunder roars, and the lightning leads the chorus
It's obvious that winds of change have creaked and swayed
Everything that once had stood solid before us
Let's just reminisce as if time itself has stayed
Although we know in this game, nothing can ensure us
All we have for sure, is a moment, just to hold
You and I, dreaming, arm in arm, all enfold

Just Enough Time

We exchange our lives
Trying to pay for all the things that mean so little
Moments of fragile wings
On a butterfly so brilliant and brittle
Working to provide
For the daily cares of body and of home
Worrying all the while
'Though too soon the children old an grown
Leaving us to museum
The moments that made our family real
More precious than the Louvre
You are each breath that I feel

I know our time is brief
That old Vagabond and thief
I turn to kiss you
Sensing every star that shines above you
I know there's just enough time
To say that I Love You
Just enough time
To say I Love You

We spend hours just
Trying to purchase a second of leisure
But that instant of time
It is that, our hearts and souls measure
The day-to-day slips on by
Waiting for no one, but wind and rain
You are the harbor I seek
Through all the sorrows and the pain
I see so may empty eyes
Passing by me, down the street
It makes me feel grateful
As I sojourn through, so complete

I know our time is brief
That old Vagabond and thief
I turn to kiss you
Sensing every star that shines above you

I know there's just enough time
To say that I Love You
Just enough time
To say I Love You

Alfred Barna

Just Hold The Line

They are pushing for another world wide war
Distraction shielding the money men behind the scenes
While they steal from what they could not steal before
By fielding lies from coveted crafty memes
Steering committees fueled by drugs, energy, and their remunerations
The vies us all as cattle to be controlled
They are the source fomenting the unrest amongst the nations
Yet now for them the bell has tolled

If we just hold the line
We can let them make their noose
If we just hold the line
We can stop nukes from letting loose
They own the news, they own the jobs
So they fear little from the slobs
If we just hold the line
We can sit back and watch them squeal
If we just hold the line
Keep our cool, and they will reveal

Desire blazes within their hearts
Pretext for them to be our saviors
Yet they are subliminal shots
To all of our behaviors
Instituting humanistic drivell
They make themselves begin to drool
Whilst true humanity begins to shrivel
From their Jokers they call the tool

If we just hold the line
We can let them make their noose
If we just hold the line
We can stop nukes from letting loose
They own the news, they own the jobs
So they fear little from the slobs
If we just hold the line
We can sit back and watch them squeal
If we just hold the line
Keep our cool, and they will reveal

The bankers want to cover up their crimes
So they will spend billions to get us in the ring
Their talking heads slowly become mimes
While exposing how they try to run everything
Soros of Sorrows, Murdoch deeply in tow
Koch's kindling for their master's plans
Open up all of our eyes to the puppet show
Fear of Brzezinski now understands

Alfred Barna

Kings Are Not Kings

Kings are not kings, because they are kings
For we have given them all these things
The poor are not poor, because they are poor
They have been enslaved by those who want more
After a while those who are high, believe it is their right
And those who are lowly rise up and they fight
Laws have been written to deny the low from rising
Which is ever the more they find it surprising
They that have risen from graft and from greed
Not because they have given to those who are in need
Oh the promises they speak with such honey
In order they may reap all the more money
Yet the poor remain poor, the rich richer still
How is it after centuries we remain so at their will
If laws do not apply equally to the high and the low
This remains our condition, and so it shall be so
We fall for corporate "isms" and their plans of Atlantis
But it has ever been their aim to finally supplant us
A new world in which we have but another king
Is not the way that men shall solve anything
Each nation state should tend to their own
Be wary of those who become overgrown
In it not man's nature to wisely wield power over the many
Power spread over all, is what is fair and is plenty

Alfred Barna

Lab Rat

I have become a lab rat in a maze
The latest fad and the latest craze
Tracking me from the beginning to the end
Every step I take and around every bend
Based upon principles I cannot see
A hint or two are set before me
A titillating show of smile, a veil of breast
Leads me to where I go and where I rest
All the while I have not moved a single inch
I dare not take the test, and give a pinch
For what is real and what is virtualized
Has become a game, a hell ritualized
I am nothing but streams of data
As my life line becomes slowly flatter
As I vomit and grand mal in what was real
I am unable to grasp and gasp at what I feel
For I am told the New World has come
But I am a drooling fool truly dumb
What God once gave me, I have rejected
So Satan programs around me are erected
No matter how hard I yell, no matter how loud
All are vaporized into a singular Cloud
An eye that sees all, and cannot cry
I am appalled, yet I cannot die
Until some turns off the switch I am cyberspace
I have no worry and I have no place
Nothing matters.....nothing, you can erase

Alfred Barna

Laws Of Men

Prove men cannot judge one another
Only proof of corruption of inner soul
The laws of men
Prove men are not keepers of their brother
Only proof of covet and lack of self-control
Do not look to any "ism" to be held as your savior
For they are only plans to rob you of the ground you stand
Then they with regulations upon your behavior
They tax and spy upon us, until they get an upper hand
Their corporate bastions are spears into our hearts and minds
For our daily bread, they will make us bow and scrape
It is this toil; their spells are cast and our souls into combines
The bankers with anvils and hammers make a hideous shape
The revelations they have spawned
From France, Germany, Russia, China, and more to come
Out of the terrors they are born
Attempting to hide the tracks of what they have done

The laws of men
Deal not in right or wrong
But deal in deceiving the masses
The laws of men
Oft telling them where they belong
Paid legalese through Congress passes
Exempt are they from the decree and instruction
Whether priest, politician, or popular icon beware
They are the humanist propagandists of destruction
The keepers of Prometheus' golden hypnotic flare
They are the builders of death's terror construction
New Age they say, is not new, and is old as pride of Cain
They listen to whispers "thou shall be as gods" in their horde
But they cannot become so, until all the innocents are slain
Yet in the end, they shall not receive their reward
For you see, they were lied to, yet believed the lie
Then they too, shall be the death they gave, they too shall die

These men of Hagel, do not believe in right or wrong
Only the power of left and right
To divide and conquer all, and make us slaves that belong

Only resources to their delight
When we no long amuse them, they will cull us like cattle
As sacrifices to their gods of gold
When you no longer have the will to stand against them in battle
They will take everything that you hold
They will do it all legally, look at your signature, written in bloody pen
Patting each other on the back, such are the laws of men.

Alfred Barna

Lest I Die Before I Am Dead

Let me reach out with my heart
And say now what must be said
Each man from this very earth must part
Birth betrothed to the very soil our bodies wed
Let me breathe in the springtime's fragrant dew
And feel the hot summer sands through bare toes
Listen as the fall winds blow the colorful leaves around you
And see crystal magnificence of the winter's snows
Lest I die before I am dead
Let me not grow too old to sense the wonder of life
Let me not grow numb from toil or from the strife
Lest I die before I am dead
The devil steals our souls little by little from worry
Forgetting all that's most important through all our hurry
Let us now in this gathering, raise a glass to toast
For all the fragile things we value above all and most
And say now what must be said
I love you all, not a day passes without you in heart and mind
Never within an eternity shall more precious friends I find
The food before us, the wine, and bread
Remember the now, for soon all goes quickly past
Remember the now, in our hearts good times last
Lest I die before I am dead

Alfred Barna

Love Is Time Well Spent

Daughter of mine
Seconds seem like such a crime
Calendars have made of us paupers
For no one shall be wealthy of time
I can no more save an hour
Than I could a glimmer of grace
We mortals can't be entrusted the power
To reserve anything at all in this place
We are borrowers from our birth
Renting a small portion of the earth
Fortunate I was to receive
A day in the sun with you
Every precious moment that I breathe
Is more than some have had in lie
Life can be wasted on our worry
But we often fret for things we cannot grasp
Through all of our woe and all our hurry
Isn't just one peaceful moment all we ask

Love is the summit we can hope for
Love is the best we can achieve
Love is the all that we can hope for
Love is everything to believe
If you hold it in your heart
You will never long or thirst
For upon this seed water is poured to start
From which all blessings shall then burst
Love is time well spent
Love is time well spent

Alfred Barna

Love, Pure And Simple

One came down with the pride of adoration
Scorned, to bow down before a man of His Creation
Placed into his heart to destroy all flesh and bone
With his iniquity he put into men's hearts flames of vanity
He said unto the angels "It is I who will sit upon The Thrown."
Teaching the nations to kill one another with insanity
He slithered into their hearts, you are special and chosen
Knowing that they are easily divided and split heart
Soon he had his puppets hoodwinked, cruel and frozen
Saying with this secret knowledge you'll be set apart
Some angels fell to his dark wisdom and left their estates
And in Eves they beguiled and bore great mistakes

Blinded for with wisdom, heart is greater than mind
For a heart in shadow a wit you cannot find
As the Pied Piper he leads all of humanity down
With mysteries of which men were far from prepared
The black cubes of science set upon the ground
The elite set themselves above, wisdom not to be shared
Hoping to curry favor, they drink from the innocence
While their doomed progeny seek to cast their twisted spell
Knowing full well their reward is eternal recompense
Like a salesman laded with goods, and no one to whom which to sell
Separation; understanding of what is good and what is bad
Does not stop the pain which drives an everlasting to go mad

The say in the men of the great renown, great in name
Have come be dust in the wind all in all, just the same
Labored for many a year, for everything to come to naught
Yet how they still conspire and wreak havoc still
Hoping to conjure some entity of protection they were taught
Yet even the simplest of men smile shrill
For the purest of souls know little of their arts they learned
Yet still they understood the gift that was given free
And the geniuses thought deeply, and with it were burned
For they could not comprehend the ease of what is to be
The promises of conceit will have garnered no wealth above
Because they have no concept of the existence of Love

Make A Prayer

The spirit can be so strong
But the body is weak
We make promises all along
That we know we can't keep
But we take stock in grace
With our heart to make a amends
Headlong in this human's race
To the inevitable ends
At the end of a long day
All we really can do is pray
I know I have done my share
Don't' be ashamed to make a prayer

I've watched my babies grow
With a smile and a tear
I've watched the old folks go
Deeply missing them year by year
But then don't we like to fool ourselves
That we won't meet death face-to-face
Until we look up at those dusty shelves
And the pictures with no room to place
At the end of a long day
All we really can do is pray
I know I have done my share
Don't be afraid to make a prayer

Now that I've been blessed to be old
And I see things from a different bend
There are so many stories to be told
But the young are immune to the message you send
Life is a riddle with no punch line to see
We have to wait for the reason to be known
Just like many of the things that will be
So much of the universe remains to be shown
At the end of a long day
All we really can do is pray
I know I have done my share
Don't be too proud to make a prayer

Make Amends

I write these words, in dedication to my mother
As with most of us, a teacher like no other
Who has witnessed so much in her days
And impressed upon her children: see through the maze
There are always ways to search through your heart
To find within the paths in which to make a new start
No matter what roads and trails come to ends
Never forget to stop; be quiet, and look up above
Knowing inside there are times you have to make amends
Even in the darkest depths of the night, there's still love
While the bombs are falling, don't let them destroy you inside
Let them know, you can ruin all around
But there is still yet sacred ground
Deep within us, harbors the truth which still cannot be denied

They try to make us seem weak, yet we frighten their power
They try to make our enemies and order us to glower
Yet it is they who enslave, and probe our faults to catalog
Turning our deep hopes and dreams into empty epilogue
Promising what they never intend to deliver
With grandiose plans that would make us shiver
Last night I had a dream, in which I again visited my Mom
From the skies filled with horrors of war
There came from the hate a monstrous descending bomb
As it reached the ground, I expected a "you know what for"
My Mother reached up, and caught it softly in her arms
Suddenly, there was silence, no explosion
Everyone's expressions were frozen
It was Love, simple Love, which defeated all the bombs

I stretch these thoughts, hoping to see the planning
Of the horrors and things we keep uncanning
If we still believe the future is still as of yet unmade
Then for our children we can make them unafraid
There are always ways to search through your heart
To find within the paths in which to make a new start
No matter what roads and trails come to ends
Never forget to stop; be quiet, and look up above
Knowing inside there are times you have to make amends

Even in the darkest depths of the night, there's still love
While the bombs are falling, don't let them destroy you inside
Let them know, you can ruin all around
But there is still yet sacred ground
Deep within us, harbors the truth which still cannot be denied

Alfred Barna

Master Of Money

You can only get what you deserve
In this world, even if you're a conniver
Life is not a grade upon a curve
It's a brutal task to keep heart just to be a survivor
You can only have one master to serve
If love is the one you lost, what's the cost to be a reviver
You can't server the master of love
As well as the master of money
You can't forsake all the stars above
Pillaging, and expect to receive the one key
Everyone you meet, the one your expected to watch
You're their keeper, to aid as you can
They are not tools to use and debauch
Everyone in the world, is your fellow man
Easy to grow cold, in a world that's always raining
So many lonely empty stares who cry 'Who Cares? '
You face the day charged up, soon to find yourself draining
But alas everything kept on earth soon disappears
The master of money has a price you must pay in the end
Do you really hope that you can afford to pay the price
The master of love expects that you have nothing left to spend
Give all the love that you have, that's His only advice
Love and money, oh, love and money
Can you really be rich to have it all in your hand
Love and money, oh, love and money
Can you be poor, to love and understand

Alfred Barna

May This Christmas

May this Christmas keep you warm

When the world has grown cold

May this Christmas hold back the storm

Until you are nestled around the one you wish to hold

May this Christmas find you a smile

That you waited for all the year

May this Christmas sit back and take awhile

One day, one night, forget all your care

It's just for a moment, tomorrow comes soon enough

Then we will unwrap them slowly, and they won't seem so tough

Christmas is like a child

Let some of that special innocence in

Christmas, sweet, warm and mild

Let some of that gentleness within

Like a gift that is given

More precious, than any you received

A life that is driven

More fulfilling than anything you once believed

Sleeping softly in a manger

With a light shining of the Lord above

Keeping saint and sinner out of danger

With the greatest message of His Love

May this Christmas give you so much more

Of the little things of which make life complete

May this Christmas put a spirit down upon that sore

Let it sink deep down, all the way to your feet

May this Christmas find you among ones you need

To catch up on things, and to cherish these times

May this Christmas within your heart plant a seed

That will prosper into a trellis filled with green vines

And when your vineyard has reached its time to host

You can gather your loved ones around, and share a toast

Alfred Barna

Media Circus

Elections! Elections! ; elephants and donkeys have come to town
Barkers of slogans, whirling dancers, debates that will strike you dumb
Political theaters, drama, obedient clap, come enter now, the clown
Their masks and makeup are flawless, laughter, nose to thumb
Marionettes upon strings, which do you, propose to fancy
To speak for you, act for you, spend, does it make you antsy
You'll vote for the one with the long nose, and squeaky voice
After all, when you look at them, do you really have a true choice?

Why our obsession with leaders? Seems so bizarre
As if we expect some superhero to come to our rescue
Like a child who captures an unaware bug into a jar
Examining the hapless audience, who once flew
Expecting the leaders to free us from our quandary or mess
While leaders are amused performing for their guest
Leaders need enemies and followers in which to follow
Wars and inquisitions, once bitter, now we must swallow

Drawing your attentions now to the center ring
The crescendo of instruments are just like us; being played
While off to the left catastrophe, the tent collapsing; yet sing
The crowd yet entertained, the falling timbers cracking, yet they stayed
What is in our nature? Is the darkness within the divide
Or within the right/left paradigm and lying on either side
Make no mistake we are tinder down to our very soul
Yet when exposed to flame, we are consumed by what we don't control

When we relinquish our hopes and dreams to others
We break the bonds to our natures, and believe in fairy tales
For who watches the watchers if not our friends and our brothers
We must hold ourselves to account when our dream fails
Stop Nietzsche, creating the overman, for men's powers must be short
Within the halls of legislatures, the executives, and within even the court
Leash also the corporations, and constructs of unlimited reach
Always these lessons to our children we must forever them teach

Alfred Barna

Megalomania Blues

Sweet siren call; drawing me in
If I have to take down the world
Then I'll take the prize and win
Better for the earth to take my embrace
As I enfold the globe and squeeze
I am the savior of the entire human race
Like Midas of old, all I touch is gold
I would not settle for anything less
But utter, and complete control
My heart's desire, worldwide corporation
Not hapless independent fiefdoms
But servants bowing down; One World Nation

Easier it is to annihilate with one bomb
Than to convince you all, I rule
Can you all see that you are a fool?
I am your mother child that I will calm
I take your anger, your guns, and your rules
Sing you all lullabies so sweet and strong
I will not leave anyone out, all belong
I have the Megalomania blues

Nothing that I do, is without merit
Each step I take is for your own good
I am the Leader King, I will not share it
Listen well little one, do as you are told
I am Jupiter, Poseidon, and Jove rolled into one
I shall wear you down, until you are my fold
Trouble not your mind with cares of thought
I am teacher, seer, and consort for your soul
I will tell you everything you need be taught
I will appoint science as the new dogma all
You shall not question what we reveal
Or you shall be rehabilitated; until I call

Easier it is to annihilate with one bomb
Than to convince you all, I rule
Can you all see that you are a fool?
I am your mother child that I will calm

I take your anger, your guns, and your rules
Sing you all lullabies so sweet and strong
I will not leave anyone out, all belong
I have the Megalomania blues

Alfred Barna

Money, Money, Money, Money

I know I have the answers
I'm sure I have the cure
Immaculate cars, pretty dancers
That will thrill you right to the core
All your dreams will be fulfilled
And you'll have friends, where you go
No matter how plain or unskilled
You will be the star of the show
It'll take just a bit of money
Just like the sweetest drops of honey
Just a little bit of money
Money, money, money, money

You want some respect
You just like to feel revered
You want some loving aspect
You want to know that someone cared
You'll find plenty of sycophants
Catering to your every desire
A menagerie of madness not by chance
Beckoning you ever closer to the fire
All it takes is just a bit of money
Just like the sweetest drops of honey
Just a little bit of money
Money, money, money, money

You say you want to run this world
Puppet Master, part gambler too?
All the riches you will soon unfurl
Wall Street and banker are you
You can climb this hill so much faster
By making greater the ranks of the poor
Profiting mightily from their disaster
After all what are useless eaters for?
All it takes is just a bit of money
Just like the sweetest drops of honey
Just a little bit of money
Money, money, money, money

Alfred Barna

Necropolis Technopolis

There are men who view people as a disease
Who should be eradicated from the earth
Yet they should be allowed to do as they please
Only the common man, controlled from his birth
There are men who want the world to rule
And will crush any who oppose their ascension
They demand obedience from those they fool
Never to accept any in the least dissension
With technology they shall become intimately entwined
Clinging to machines which require no food or drink
They desire to join the Ethernet, to be of one mind
Because they wish to be as gods who then shall sync
Total information awareness, which they will use to guide
Ferret out the common man, who has not yet bowed
They shall comb the earth to find those who hide
Those who wish to be free, and will not be cowed

For them the common man is a great burden
Requiring clothing, food, resources and water
Independence from them; something they shun
For it upsets their desires of complete order
They actuary your birth, right down to your grave
Diligently they are erecting their Technopolis
Administrators of all the users; virtual slave
While behind the curtain they marvel Necropolis
Like the fiction of Logan, there is no one they will save
Bread and Circus can now be seen everywhere you look
Distraction ad infinitum, a disconnect from what is real
For if the common man, everything to bite the hook
Like a fish, there are vanities behind who conceal
People are not hives, constantly producing honey
Dancing around a queen, become just a drone
They toil just to earn their daily money
Then to return again to their own home

There must be a line drawn, lust sated
Between our rulers and what they control
Power must always be divided, and gated
Lessons of history, that evil has always taken its toll

The divining right of psychopaths must end
Whether kings, presidents, ministers or corporations
Freedom must be guarded jealously, always attend
To what is happening amongst all of the nations
We are incapable of sitting upon a grand Olympus
Without letting degeneration and corruption lead
We must insist that leadership be shared among us
And be forever weary of concentrations of graft and greed
Mankind is not an epidemic gone wild
But we have aspects that need some debating
Within us, there is still the hope of a child
Rather than become nihilists exterminating

Alfred Barna

New Tattoo

Take a look at my new Tattoo
It tells you everything that I'm about to do
How does it do so you might ask?
I tell you for sure, it is up to the task
Tied into a network of a billion eyes
Anything I do is hardly a surprise
AI now tells me where I can go, where to live
It even tells me how much of a shit to give
Oh the media giants calm my fears of thinking
(Must be something in the stuff we're drinking)
I used to fret; I used to wonder about my work
Now I get paid to lounge at home and sit and shirk
Even my poetry is childish and simple
I posted on Instagram with a smile and dimple
I no long worry about lifting a finger
As the governments allow me to breathe and linger
Media moguls expose the latest craze to follow
Now my life is no longer hollow
Welcome to the new millennium days
Where there is no life just a cannabic haze
Oh my Tattoo, is beginning to itch and ooze
I can't take it back, because I no long choose
Too...Late....

Alfred Barna

New World, Same As The Old World

Of all the things in which men have no comprehension
Of where the true nature of socialisms truly lie
What creates wars and social tension?
To lure the masses to reinstitute the truly sly
Blinding the masses in blurry attempt to use as a fool
Once again to make a privileged class of those who rule
You think of the tenets of a communist's bold plan
For no ownership of property and a central bank
Is just the same as the royals, who owned all the land
And the coin of the realm is to those who you must thank
That you are allowed to breathe the air at their behest
A worldwide class of rule in which you cannot question
Smells distinctly familiar of the rulers we have deposed in the past
Yet they know through propaganda they would regain position
For the tools men used to bring down their lofty heights
They have purchased one by one, so now they control the gates
They control the media, the book houses, and schools, and the sights
Now they control what we are to love, and to who to place hates
Now in order to live, you must bow to them for a social score
Those who fawn lower will gain points, those who ask why...
They say we have evolved, I say just look around, and you will be in awe
Those who will not go along with their world order, will soon surly die.

Alfred Barna

Nursery Rhymes Of Malthus And Hegel

Man and woman both carry the guilt
But ordinarily women carry the burden
The world's troubles mired up to the hilt
What to do, with where we are being herded
We have entered a casino of distraction
Where we gamble away all of our cares
We are handed empty boxes of dissatisfaction
Life was a wondrous gift, and we've traded our shares
We are split in our souls to the great dichotomy
Red or Blue, Christian or Muslim, Left or Right
Where the evil that rules nudges for lobotomy
But we are all part of this great living fight
There are no battles won by destroying our empathy
For we are killing, maiming, and mistreating our own
The world is billions of manifestations of humanity
Just as the universe above as the heavens have shown
When I was a child, I was taught hate; watch it fall apart
Learned to scowl and to view us all as some plague
Burning inside, hate's a cruel balm upon the heart
Promising the answers, (death) , yet cool and vague
Then staring hard enough, to see my cold reflection
My soul melted in the mirror, shocked then to see
These extra gripping arms and I had a rejection
And this disgust and I could not embrace any more of me
Lose part of the virtual world that is keeping us in
We are Humpty Dumpty to the leaders of our nations
But they have no wish to put us together again
We can find a way to remake this world of ours
But we must not force the world into some control or cage
Perhaps arm in arm we can stretch out across the stars
We must learn to let go of our mind machines and of our rage

Alfred Barna

Nuture Your Nature Instead

What is within the nature of man, external / internal bound?
Which drives him to partake of the vilest of potions?
To become as locusts and lemmings without thought found
Nihilistic devouring and leaping into the darkest of oceans
Are we possessed of faculties of our own volition?
When barbarically tread upon sand castles we have built
Furrowing fatalistic inside our intuition
When upon altars of death all morality is kilt

Nature or nurture, the men of faith shall cry
Nurture or nature the men of science shall vie
All in all the shamans dance and the leaders will lie
Opportunity for more power, for them by and by
The more men profess their altruisms, the fewer we see
The greater the lies, and authority comes to destroy
Their secret conclaves if they were so beneficent and free
Then why hide knives in shadows to wait for your ploy

The battle is unseen for it must rage deep within our heart
The world will not change for we refuse to change this fact
We cannot change things without first changing our part
We stand upon a filthy stage, yet close our eyes for our act
We must have the courage not to seek out darker leaders
For such as those will only lead us deeper into ruin
The fertile ground is within us, we must become the seeders
Once this truth grows, then we can see what we are doing

Nature or nurture, the men of faith shall cry
Nurture or nature the men of science shall vie
All in all the shamans dance and the leaders will lie
Opportunity for more power, for them by and by
The more men profess their altruisms, the fewer we see
The greater the lies, and authority comes to destroy
Their secret conclaves if they were so beneficent and free
Then why hide knives in shadows to wait for your ploy

Alfred Barna

Of Inquisitions And Jihads

Within my heart, it is beyond explanation
Whether for state or religion to force men's will
What omnipotent being would ask me for desolation?
Or government; to then lead me on, then to kill
Subjugating men to accept anyone's ideas
Is pitiful in my eyes, if my beliefs we so full of truth
Why would I torture those who believe otherwise with fears?
And murder the innocents from aged down to their youths
Whether Red Terror of seeing something, whisper something to say
So that an apparatus must then be force feeding a mind
Or goose stepping Thuggery within the night to whisk away
Then how can we and our humanity hang by a thread not behind
There is not a single man upon this earth without sin
Yet easily we are casting the stones upon those we hate
We are so easily taken astray for agendas that evil will begin
And only after the catastrophes are done, sorrow too late
We have had two world wars, brethren why wage one more
For us to sit back and not so soon render judgment in haste
History has shown, too few with too much power; an evil door
Let us look within ourselves before laying our Earth down to waste
There is a battle always, for mind, for body, and for soul
Deluded by those, who claim to be better men, (you must agree)
And how somehow, it is they, who should subsume all control
Indeed, there are no better ones among us, other than just you and me
We should stop giving our pledges to those who deserve none
Then suddenly the wars in this world, would be slowly undone

Alfred Barna

Open Up Your Heart

There are so many things that divide us
It's hard to imagine, what brings us near
That's why we have to delve at what's inside us
And the deeper reasons why we are here
Spending so much time and energy to fight
While we search for the same things for those we love
We begin to realize even our enemies have a right
To the land, the air, and all the stars above
We all have our disagreements here
But at least on this we can all agree
But we cannot allow ourselves to fear
There's plenty of earth around us to be free

Open up your heart
Open up your head
Open up your heart
Close your mouth instead
Listen and you begin to hear
All those thoughts that we used to hide
You are controlled by fear
And by fear, we are all hurt inside

No man has a monopoly on truth
No one should direct who lives or dies
Remember the innocence we had as a youth
Until breathed into our hearts came the lies
There must be amongst the stars a Creator
Why would he direct me to go and kill someone
Amongst our lives, there's something greater
Billions of us, the sum of everyone, One
The individual is a star that shines bright
Together we all create a vast universe
Don't let an elite rise up to take your right
And tell you that it's all in reverse

Open up your heart
Open up your head
Open up your heart
Close your mouth instead

Listen and you begin to hear
All those thoughts that we used to hide
You are controlled by fear
And by fear, we are all hurt inside

Alfred Barna

Pawn Or Thorn...Up To You

What from within the depths of the nature of man
Allows ourselves to be primed for our self-destruction
Perhaps, it is not only the evils of the hidden hand
Luring us like moths to the flames of our combustion
Republican or democrat, the left or toward the right
Communist or Capitalist; choose your demise design
Stoking the cataclysm; provocateur for the fight
Becoming the oldest of stories in pantomime
We will either continue to follow orders
Or take the blame for what we do
No matter what side we reside of the chess game borders
We must decide on what we do
What we do...is up to you
What we do...is up to you

The ignorance of hyped color revolutions
As if somehow we should die in the cause of hues
The time has been called, send in substitutions
Yet the children die oblivious as to the origin of clues
What is the meaning of endless lines of graves
If we celebrate the madness of all these medieval champions
When we continue to be lead down the Coliseum as slaves
For the pleasure of the elite profiting from the fools and minions
We will either continue to follow orders
Or take the blame for what we do
No matter what side we reside of the chess game borders
We must decide on what we do
What we do...is up to you
What we do...is up to you

We are pawns to the schemes of corporations
Financial philanderers with no loyalties to anyone but gain
From dusk to dawn of the birth of the nations
Foundations form from which dark societies take their aim
Like coaches who secretly draw up the plans for the game afield
They tell the players the outlines to be carried and executed
Each player knows only their hand, not the big picture of what it will yield

Or of whether the end it to be condemned or to be saluted
We will either continue to follow orders
Or take the blame for what we do
No matter what side we reside of the chess game borders
We must decide on what we do
What we do...is up to you
What we do...is up to you

Alfred Barna

Perfection

Don't stare
Your eyes I cannot bare
You are above reproach
I am the miscreant in the mud
You are holy
I deserve the crevice filled with crud
Don't laugh
Your humor mocks my worthless and mundane
You see me
But cannot seem to remember my name
My only joy is I am the darkness and cover
The blatant fool, and the heart-torn lover
Against my blackness in which I pay my fine
I am the backdrop so your stars can shine

Alfred Barna

Sands Of Time

Pondering upon the sands of time
There lies the Sphinx
A sojourner who watches the crime
Of how the common man thinks
Relationship to rulers worshipping deaths scepter
Believing to be gods to beguiled by men as they pass by
Like Hatshepsut in the royal tombs which have kept her
The common man must now ask himself why oh why
We build monuments to elites, while they see us as dust
Pyramids now encase them safely from our eyes
In secret they ritual with magic, ordering us to trust
We are but simpletons we unfit to be wise
Yet our labors build their palaces, and serve their content
While we starve and burden since the empires of old
By their grace we grow the food on their land we do rent
Listening to voices of Oz, and how we must do as we're told
Killing their competition in lands far and near
So their empires grow steady, and our lot grows vile
Upon the bones of our sons and daughters they leer
Yet it is we, who are the true source of their Nile
All "isms" are to be shaken like Osiris, Isis, and Set
Whether priest, politician, or bureaucrat; never let take hold
We must watch the watchers always, without regret
Or as history shall show us that they will take all control
Each man should reap his sowing, let the rulers do theirs
Beware of the man who whispers sweetly of looting our shares
If something should become of nothing, then all work will cease
Never believe in the lies, and let each man have his peace

Alfred Barna

Shall We Rest In Purgatory Or Peace

Separation

Longing for belonging

Hard wired; primed for a disaster

Just a flicker of hope, one confirmation

Bring us like moths flying to the flame

Driving us to dive, down ever faster

Engulfing us, and everything we touch

Charring us to ashes

Just to be blown by the wind

Our souls, the elite cashes

And profits yet again

Instinct thrown as a bone, run left; or run right

Though neither shall bring to you peace

Drums beating, begging you to join in the fight

As the snakes wrap your mortal coil, whisper to release

Those left alive, only left with a bitter taste

As we view the battlefield strewn with all a waste

The common man is a dog chasing our tails

Laugh the royalties whom gather to toasts

For when times are bad, yell war; it never fails

As for us we just bring on ever more boasts

Riling and stirring the masses to charge

Onward to bring your king riches and slaves

For my hubris needs land in which to grow so large

And place all opposition resting silently in graves

Alfred Barna

Staring At The Stars

Staring at the stars
Who am I, but one heart beating?
In this world of ours
I am but a glimmer and fleeting
Within shrouds of darkness a light
Countless miles are between us
Radiant spark wrests with the night
One understanding bridge chasms between us
Staring at the stars
Beacons amongst the emptiness we face
Earthen prisoners behind mortal bars
Yearning with desires delving deep into space
We can taste everlasting hopes
Yet day-to-day leaving each other bitter
Are we marionettes upon divine ropes?
Or lone selfish destructive atom-splitter?
All ideologies are power scams of self elected
Black holed souls; we are stardust, each unique
We are not hives or colonies to be collected
Shed our "isms" paradigm paradox mystique
We are a universe of refulgent refugees
Free and numerous as the stars one sees

Alfred Barna

Stranded

Anyone could be wrong
But no one, has it all right
As we keep on, keeping on
Just to stay up in the fight
Sometimes you look for shadow
Just to see, where is the light
You find that faint glow to follow
To point where you lose sight

Stranded here, without a clue
Stranded here, what do I do?
Everyone is homeless, and hungry
Although, we have much, we're so empty
Anger inside, madness outside
Wherever we go no place to hide
Waiting for the next shoe to take a step out
Waiting for the surety to leave all the doubt
Unless we get together, we'll be taken apart
We must open our eyes, and open our heart

Anyone could have a key
But only one can open the door to our cell
We can agree to disagree
But within our hearts, there's so much to tell
We sit in our silent room
As technocrat, and political ranks all swell
Overshadowing even our gloom
Off in the distance we hear freedoms knell

Stranded here, without a place to go
Stranded here, without a face to know
Everyone needs to stretch out a hand
And begin now to understand
Anything that divides us; multiplies the State
Anything that attempts rile us, multiples the hate
We need a world of people, not of world of lords
A world of families, not mindless corporate boards
The answer is within us, not some council of the wise
They stoop to dirty tricks, to say we need them, but open your eyes

Alfred Barna

Terror: Fear The Fear

Terrorism, the Border Collie, nipping upon heels
Menacing the sheep into pens for slaughter
Enemies well fed, by a ruler, falsely beckoning; steals
Legitimacy, sly smiling; he only wishes simply for order
However chaos, is a tool which they remove those
Who stand in their paths toward dominations
Damning any and all who have not joined and chose
To remain afar, from their fervid machinations
Technological innovations are aiding evil as never before
For through distractions, and through blatant lying press
Everything has conspired to make enslavement an easy chore
And the suffering easily hidden and easy to repress
While an artificial utopia is displayed, hell kept in the dark
But hell we are living, and what we see is a mirage
We are knee deep in a combustible liquid, waiting for a spark
Yet torches we are hurled, and bullets for a massage
Prometheus promised knowledge not to all, but only light for the top
While ignorance is foisted upon serfs; and that will never stop

Until we open our hearts, our minds and our souls
When they cry, peace and safety from all the terrible fears
Lo the lies, and the ruthlessness of those at the controls
Don't let them force you to "make-believe"; they have our cares
For life is meant to be tended to always, never a holiday shall come
For those who entrust in others always, a surety you will be caged
For they will have you in their battles beating the drum
And you will become their amusement in their pointless wars raged
So a co-operant humanity immersed commercial living lie
As if in "group think"; we can obtain something which to make us
whole
Taunted ceaselessly, how to vote, what to eat, to wear, and to buy
Yet always we are rendered empty; and draining out our very soul
The third world now unleashed upon the bastions of the first
Witness the worldwide corporate merger, to make minions of us all
For they have made of us deserts, and now making use of our thirst
They will use our ignorance and greed, to finish their cabal
For the hierarchies have always been to those with the flame
Keepers of the secrets managers of those who made our lives their game

The Battle Between

The battle between
What's remaining,
And what we are gaining.
Tipping points of no return
Fateful lessons of which we must learn
History is all expressed
Fog of war becomes all obsessed
Hiding
Waiting for a chance to grow
Holding
Pouncing upon hopelessness to know
What's it all about
Fear and doubt
Could it be just a game?
For criminally insane

Left and right
Day and night
Good and Bad
It's all so sad
Some would just say, Evermore
I say, this is not what all the suffering was for
Nevermore
Nevermore

The battle between
What's emerging
And what we are purging
Tipping points upon a chasm's edge
Of an allegiance of which we may not have made a pledge
History looks nothing like the flowery field
They sold to us while everything was real
Lying
Waiting for a chance to seize
Clutching
Murdering that chance of hope to please
What's it all about
Secretly we have to shout
Deep within your soul

We must regain control

Alfred Barna

The Chameleons

Proclaiming they are ever for "The People";
Fervently staunch, for the Lord; over the steeple
Lustfully clenching the reins of earthly power
Never undaunted, flawless actors for an hour
Laughing, madly, as only they can understand
Applaud all (in their minds) , the chameleons in command

Tucked in dark shadows, pedophiles, on psychotic rants
Sneering, mocking; how they view us all as merely ants
Soothingly, waxing liberal, yet somehow thinly vile
How "for the good of us all"; they must somehow smile
Begrudgingly, they must bend down to us to lend a hand
Applaud all (in their minds) , the chameleons in command

Partnering with the bankers, and the corporate holder
Forming laws favorable to donors, making them ever bolder
Within secret meetings deciding how best to slice up the global pie
Whom they should allow to live, indeed, whom shall they watch die
And to cover it all up in ceremony, they strike up the band
Applaud all (in their minds) , the chameleons in command

On day they are the socialist, the next serving up democracy
On moment right, the next left, whatever maybe even theocracy
Dancing the popular meme, to waltz, and to spring into the next false poll
Whatever it takes to drink champagne and to keep it in their control
It's their proclivity to desire to be worshipped throughout the land
Applaud all (in their minds) , the chameleons in command

Alfred Barna

The Goal Is Control

In order to deny elite eye, of all humanity
Means to deny them the weapons of our enmity
Whether by religion, politics, or whatever that divides
For all of them are tools. they use for our suicides
As we destroy ourselves with their words or with their drugs
They laugh, the syndicate of our rulers; who are just thugs
Fearful of the common man with common dreams
They slowly design an alternate reality of their memes
Luring us in with the desires, said spider to fly "You'll be free";
But in truth it's a prison web of control, for you and me
The keep us dumbed down by fear; that there is an enemy
Yet they are the ones who have supplied all sides that we see
Whether the Left or Right, all puppets are in their control
For as long as they follow the plan of theirs; that's the goal
The goal is control
And with control comes their means of wealth
The goal is control
And with control comes their means of stealth
What you hear, what you see, isn't at all the truth
The want to tell us what to think from the moment of our youth
If something is being promoted as the thing to do
Chances are it's a mousetrap just waiting there for you

Monsanto and Dupont shouldn't own and tell people what they need to eat
People should be able to speak their minds, without shackles on their feet
No ministries of truth by government or cabal of corporate shills
Never should they decide what we read, see, and do against our wills
People should be able to plant and and they should be the ones to sow
Distill their own, or whatever they decide on land in which they grow
We should not be forced to buy the goods stained by blood and tears
Our vices made by our hand, and by local means by one who cares
Instead of being taxed by every breathe, every mile, and every need
Debt free money for us and children, instead of monopolies of greed
Power should always rest among the people who must bare
The laws and taxes of the systems in which they must share
Making a ruling class tends to lead to those who are above the law
Look at history, all of the misery of systems rotten to the core
The goal is control
We should decide for us and our posterity

The goal is control
We need for us and our children to be free
Are you tired of politicians telling what you should think
As they turn to their brethren and nod wryly with a wink
Even religion is corrupted to the influences of the world
We need to accept one another, freedom is the flag to unfurl

Alfred Barna

The Holocaust Museum

Man stood before man...
To the right you shall live
To the left you shall die
Who would empower men to give?
Any such to man; such a power to lie...
To be like the Most High
Delusions plague mere men "I am elite"
"I am Evolution, only I know who may eat"
"Let me decide for you which way is right"
"Where is the darkness, and where the light"
Only the Creator, has given truth for us all
He grants salvation to the great and the small
Each man must decide, he'll not force you to kneel
Willing you must go and His Grace he'll reveal
Oh stubborn men who still will not budge
Can you not see it now, who's righteous to judge?

Alfred Barna

The Monster

No matter how depressed and burdened we feel
There seems nothing can lift our deepest despair
And the pain so deep, we can no longer conceal
Yet young child's laughter peals through the air
Can make everything that daunted us disappear
Transporting us to a land, we didn't know was there
Oh the wisest of men, ponder deeply, and sourly search
And the scholarly devise ways of calculating the sum
But suddenly, like a singing bird that songs from their perch
A child's smile and giggles shall strike us all dumb
Oh greatest of gifts are not troves of treasure glittering gold
But the whispers of innocence that travel our homes
And most tender of kisses and fragile hugs that we hold
Believers of fairies and of woodland elves and garden gnomes
More precious than libraries of Congress or Alexandria of old
Littered with knowledge and dusty secrets hidden in tomes
No matter how many times I have tried to keep to the trail
Along come the grandchildren and memories of my own past
Diligently, I attempt to stay focused, but certainly to no avail
As a shining young face pops into the study, rosy and aghast
Thank the Lord for the laughter that reminds us of our young days
As we are all innocent in some aspect in some of our ways
We shall never hold the surety of know everything at all
And Thank God for that, for now the tickle monster shall chase down their gall

Alfred Barna

The Mortal Immortals

They wish to create a religion of the mind
Where they see clearly, and you are blind
Meaningless rituals to make you feel appeased
Bend down now slowly; so they can be pleased
Dominion over your thoughts, so you think you have choice
When they are the ones who guide your inner voice
What to wear, where to go
What to reap, what to sow
Yet, their creed is "Do what we will"
And if you rebel, then you they kill
Sacrifice upon their alter of greed and sorrow
Walk away from their misery, and see the morrow
Cathedrals and Churches built upon crypts and old sites
Shall never deliver again their former cosmic rites

In their minds the ten behind the golden gates
Are the ones who should decide all of our fates
They believe a flood of knowledge before, shall come after
Yet it is they, who are the seeds of all disaster
In their mad world, the end justifying the means
Yet trading a bull cow for Jack; for some ancient magic beans
Is just that, a children's story making a giant of a tale
You are just mortal men, and your grand endeavors shall fail
Hoping for their return, as if they shall become all of earth's saviors
With their bitter sciences and evil behaviors
The arts you have learned, you have gleaned from the fallen
Their hoard is not yours, and never shall they be your calling
You are like the masses that roam upon the earth
To dust you have come from, and to dust you shall return with mirth

Alfred Barna

The Old Apple Tree And Dad

Although your bloom petals are wilting
I remember their brilliant fragrant color in spring
Although your back is now hunched and tilting
Before proud and tall, within your boughs the birds would sing
I would climb upon you on summer days to reach the heavens
While your shade cooled me from life's harsh sun
Your leaves told brilliant stories when fall and school beckoned
You awaited my arrival each day that was done
You toiled to produce the fruit, which upon you grew sweet
Mom would have us all gather in your bounty
With which great pies and strudels we would all eat
And speak of good times upon which we'd all agree
Now I am older, with blooms of my own
I caught sight of the old tree, weary, haggard and falling
From the old tree strong ones have grown
But the earth was to the ancient one reaching and calling
I wept with great sadness, wondering if in long ages ago
Adam's sons and daughters recalled times, as the old tree gave way
That from this one tree, a great orchard would grow
But all orchards recall the one from which all limbs would sway
As the old branches were put to ground, a hope still raises high
All life upon earth is but temporal as is the time for our good-bye

Alfred Barna

The Price Of Love

The price of Love, is great sorrow
For these are the costs of your hearts giving
Let that not prevent you from facing tomorrow
For we cannot hide from our daily living
Never fear soaring high into the greatest heights
As well as traversing the lowest of valleys
For each battle we face within, the greatest of fights
And with each thought we launch forth sallies
On which we gain in understanding
There is no fairness, no mindfulness for mortals
As we search for ever calmer landing
For with each answer, come the question portals
Only He knows the wither-tos and why-fors
In which all will become known in good time
Though we search far and distant shores
Hoping yet still, we shall find what has been mime
Never stop loving, never stop caring
No matter the costs to your heart and your soul
For it is this small measure of our daring
That we have added forever our part to a whole
For each act of love bursts forth a certain seed
From which exists the hope of a fertile heart
It is from this will take root fruits, which shall feed
The Hungering and searching in which they may take part
For this is the greatest of mysteries we have all missed
The Tree of Life is truly Love for humanity fasting
Those who have no care, and no sorrows to have kissed
Will not be able to partake of a Love everlasting.

Alfred Barna

The Ties That Bind

Freedom now lies, but upon the tips of a tongue
Idyllic, a lip service, yet seldom is it sung
We have been swindled of dreams to the catchers
Waiting like spiders, webs abound, for the snatchers
Taking humanities precious hopes and dreams
Churning them into endless data streams
Feudal future, corporations of constant control
Furiously searching, for any sounds of the knoll
Which will release the prisoners from the cells inside?
The hijacked masses from which elite hide
Be very careful, and look not to quickly behind
For many are the ties which bind

What possesses men to coldly contemplate?
Compendiums of laws which to rule, and to bait
Yet consider themselves above their horrendous spell
They are not bound by them, feigned innocence as they sell
Curses upon those who rue from their blood stained bench
Lording over others, yet they themselves are mired in stench
Hades they have created, yet rationalize their guilty part
That somehow all those sentenced are deserved of their lot
Yet the source of their misery is plain for those who see clearer
If they themselves would step a step closer up to their mirror
Be very careful, and look not to quickly behind
For many are the ties which bind

The mighty deluded, into believing upon them remain no constraints
Corralling the wretched and poor and all their complaints
Within their tormented hearts they massage upon all that they are sore
Believing that they are innocent, for they have removed from them the law
Yet Laws dear men are universal, which no man can expunge by wit
They remain upon the soul, and every single man must abide by it
Laughable, but your elite status would quickly disappear
If you left your fellow man alone and to his intimate affairs, gave not a care
Your freedom and theirs is entwined and quite mutual as you can see
But your self-importance insists, you are most certainly enslaved as are we
Be very careful, and look not to quickly behind

For many are the ties which bind

Alfred Barna

This World Is Fire

This world is fire
This world is steel
But don't let it harden you
In everything that you feel
This world is hard
This world is cold
but don't let it freeze out
Everyone that you hold

Sometimes you have to let someone inside
Because that are places deep for hurt and pain to hide
Sometimes you have to tell everyone that you love
I've been sitting and wondering about all the stars above
There are times we look at ourselves and cry
But that's ok, it just makes a harder try
We have to measure ourselves to no one but our heart
We are all different, but yet we're so much a part
Tell those you love just how you feel
Can't be anything stranger, that this life which we deal

This world is fire
This world is steel
But don't let it harden you
In everything that you feel
This world is hard
This world is cold
but don't let it freeze out
Everyone that you hold

Sometimes you have to sit back, watch the crazy world
Just remember, kid, your always our little girl
There'll be times, you no longer, have the strength to run
Tired inside, feeling that you just haven't won
But that's ok, we fool ourselves with that win or lose
What's more important is the roads that we decide to choose
Don't put yourself in this imaginary race
We do our best, and live with our hearts; face-to-face
To yourself be true, everything that you do
With that, we couldn't be more proud of you

This world is fire
This world is steel
But don't let it harden you
In everything that you feel
This world is hard
This world is cold
but don't let it freeze out
Everyone that you hold

Alfred Barna

Thoughts

There are those staring
At an event horizon
Leering and glaring
Which is not surprising?
Preaching a hip gnosis
For the inner circle crowd
Oblivious, they are the show for this
Club, to which they are not allowed

The kingdom of the 1 %
Is not for the tools that they use
For it was never their intent
Always knowing, they would refuse
Minions initiated to imaginations
Made up for sport and to entertain
Media, music and theater; saturations
Binds, seeking to tie down, coerce, restrain
Thoughts (where are the police)
Thinking, you are all alone
Thoughts (where is the release)
Kept inside, not to roam
Thoughts

There exist, those empty
For which nothing can fulfill
They are the entropy
Dominating force of will
They burn, just for the burning
They have no true love, nor hate
They yearn, just for the yearning
But they have no hope for their fate

The kingdom of the 1 %
Is illumination of a golden age
They have no contrition, nor repent
For their dominions are for their rage
Yet, their one singularity
Shall flee from their wretched grasp
The sought for perpetuity

Warning: Be careful for what you ask
Thoughts (Eyes; that cannot truly see)
Dripping like drops into the sink
Thoughts (They will seek death that will from them flee)
Wondering, who else will start to think
Thoughts

Alfred Barna

To Not Play The Game

All revolutions seek for solutions
But the answer is not to find
To understand, we are pollutions
In which we poison by the power of the mind
Our inner vs outer environment to believe
That for man there is one heaven and one earth
But man is not immune to those who would deceive
As Ego of consciousness has very little mirth
Look around you, one man's idea of paradise
Is a certain death sentence to another as hell
One need only look and ask about for one's advice
As many as you see, as many as would tell
Complex we are, there is no basic equation
There is no unified theory of man to cease
The underpinning our restless foundations
But we decide to decide, we should live in peace.
Do not enlist dichotomies of the dialectics to rule
For they are of others design to effect outcome
For we become tools of theirs, and remain the fool
This a battle in which our souls can never be won
As long as we have home and leave the world behind
Send them home also who would conquer the land
For as you disarm them of power, then they are blind
Then they will begin to see and they will understand

Alfred Barna

Truly Refreshing

One cannot think
And blindly follow
As a horrid potion one must drink
And kindly swallow
The color of one's trust
Some say, must be red, some blue
But I say with disgust
Stand defiant and politely eschew
Walk to the well unaccompanied; crystal and clear
For thought went into those waters, for this cup I share

Alfred Barna

Truth Is The Light

All blood is red
All tears are clear
And all of our dead
Will not end it right here
We are pawns within some game
Bankers get rich, corporations rave
They wouldn't stoop to know the name
Of those they send on to their grave
A hydra of many heads plagues our lands
We must find the center they are from
We must dedicate all of our many hands
To work together for the sake of everyone

We give our lives
Not for freedom, but a cage
An evil heart survives
Until the end of this age
We see our young
Not with hope, but with fear
Yet we bite our tongue,
And carry on through despair
We must find a way to end this game
We must stop giving power
To the madness up in the tower
We know that these men have gone insane
We are not pieces on a board, we ended kings and queens
Now we must end the elite, we have the means
Truth is the light we shine upon their name
Truth is the light we shine upon their name

All hearts must beat
All children must cry
How can we defeat
Elite who never wonder why
We race to soothe, hurt and wounded flesh
Yet, some men gain power by our grief
This is how we ended up within this mess
We gave our lives and safety up to a thief
They distract us with lies with fear

And pick our pockets and pick our families
We must open up our eyes and lend an ear
We must end their destroying us by their degrees

We give our lives
Were two world wars not enough for their spell
An evil heart survives
Tell Pike and his ilk to go to hell
We see our young
Not with hope, but with fear
Yet we bite our tongue,
And carry on through despair
We must find a way to end this game
We must stop giving power
To the madness up in the tower
We know that these men have gone insane
We are not pieces on a board, we ended kings and queens
Now we must end the elite, we have the means
Truth is the light we shine upon their name
Truth is the light we shine upon their name

Alfred Barna

Turning Away

We shout in rage; payments to the poor
Dangling dependency upon a thread
Yet the bribes to/from the bankers we ignore
And enormous bonuses to them are fed
In truth they are no better than low class thugs
Like the Corporations that they support
No cure, just manageable with profitable drugs
Are the norms of the system that they purport
True open markets died in 1913
As Wilson attested to in his books and notes
Everyone who knows what I mean
If not New Freedom will supply the quotes

Turning away
From what has kept us together
Turning away
From what has lead us through the weather
Turning away
No church, no home, family, just a cold shoulder to cry on
Turning away
Virtual unsympathetic wastelands to die on

There will never be a workers paradise
It's cheese lying within a maze
Once you awaken; we think like mice
Operant conditioned for a craze
Your life, your job, your home, your breath
If only you had loved your neighbor as your own
Now committees managing, steering you to your death
If we shared humanity might have grown
We might have tasted a bit of Eden here on Earth
Had we not the greed to become as gods ourselves
Instead we have grown cold from our birth
Any other ideas we placed upon dusty shelves

Turning away
From what has kept us together
Turning away
From what has lead us through the weather

Turning away
No church, no home, family, just a cold shoulder to cry on
Turning away
Virtual unsympathetic wastelands to die on

If the art of war is but deception
Then peace must contain the truth
Like Madam B's Theo inception
They believe, we must be lied to from youth
Like stealing honey from the honest bees
Giving them GMO sugar water in return
They will do with us, just as they please
Confident we shall never learn
History is always repeating
All the old lies work to their cause
Humanity is their goal in defeating
With each phase, they have no pause

Turning away
From what has kept us together
Turning away
From what has lead us through the weather
Turning away
No church, no home, family, just a cold shoulder to cry on
Turning away
Virtual unsympathetic wastelands to die on

Alfred Barna

Vampire's Esmerelda

So sweetly, as the flower courts the honey bees with nectar
You're lifeblood beckons me close into your arms
As I screech into the night, you hear my forlorn whisper
Like the flutter of moths wings, gently coaxing the night air's embrace
I stand off in the distance and watch you
In your dealings with those who don't know how dear you are
Those who lie to you, cheat you, and indeed steal from you
Whereas I always am up-front an honest
Completely and unabashedly I stare into your soft serene gray eyes
Like the viper who has caught the field mouse in his trance
At first, the mouse is frozen still, in horror and fear
Unable to move, without words, the viper conveys his desire
His lust, long passionate thoughts of hours of unrequited dreams
Oh every thought, every breath you have breathed I have counted
Like the ghoulish and repugnant hunchback of Notre Dame, I had
Only the shadows to comfort me, as I marveled at your beauty
Oh, even the field mouse succumbs as the viper enfolds his cold kiss
As the blood slowly ejaculates down from your neck to your bosom
Our orgasm is one; you are my life
How dependent we are, it is indeed a love beyond words
I let you go back into the callous world, the harsh light, and uncaring judgment
I mesmerize you into forgetting, but oh how I wish you knew

Alfred Barna

We Can'T Disappear

I am here, you are near
How can it be, we're so far apart?
Don't let a State, make us fear
One another, it's the system that's the despot
Dividing us; to chain our minds
It makes it easier for their controlling gloom
Let us open up the blinds
Let the sun scour this darkened room
Remember Hitler, Mao, and Stalin's rein
Were initiations into their global reach
They would like to commit us all as insane
But the truth is there for us to teach

We can't disappear
Let it be the message for this Christmas year
We can't disappear
Let them know, I am here; your are near
We can't disappear
Never again, let the powers that be, set us free
We can't disappear
Don't let them take us one by one, we are brothers
What we've done to one; is done to everyone
This is all of our home until Kingdom come
We can't disappear

Let us stand against dark magic
That so-called leaders force us to endear
Humanity's situation is tragic
As magicians they try to make us disappear
Sleight of hand, now we understand
Yet, if we make their secrets exposed
We can spoil their twisted plan
Because then our eyes are no longer closed
Black, yellow, white or red
We must keep together as families; tight
Don't let them takes us to be lead
We are all humans, to stand in judgments light

We can't disappear

Let it be the message for this Christmas year
We can't disappear
Let them know, I am here; your are near
We can't disappear
Never again, let the powers that be, set us free
We can't disappear
Don't let them take us one by one, we are brothers
What we've done to one; is done to everyone
This is all of our home until Kingdom come
We can't disappear

Alfred Barna

We Must Take The World

The banks and corporations
Can't afford for the people to think
They hand out all the portions
Of aspartame to chew and drink
The cheapest workers that slave
Make the greatest profits for the global players
HFCS and fluoride digs the grave
For the military industrial complex slayers
Win or lose, matters not
Profits are greater to destroy, then to rebuild
Fortunes of the elite never rot
They always grow when many are killed

Order out of chaos is grander
When you own the media molding propaganda
Displays of shock and awe, mesmerizing
How then like cultists, they begin proselytizing - give us your freedoms and rights
We shall protect you from the wolves that prowl
Give us your sons and daughters for our fights
Or our enemies shall make us throw in the towel
Yet if we wake up and realize the enemies are in the centers of power
They want to create a clash of civilizations
The worst thieves are in the political pulpits, and the ivory tower
Hoping to fool the common people of the nations
We must take the world from men, who are mad, make it right
We must take the world from men, who are sad, make it light

In all the cities and all the nations
We have to see history, and learn from what went before
Not through myopic lenses of former stations
Who among us has reaped anything from death and war?
We cannot allow ourselves to kill over mere thoughts and ideas
Let's not kill for poets, priests, or politicians plans
We can only work together, but only if we choose to open ears
Then will the fate of the world truly be within our hands
We should be allowed to stand for what we believe
But not allowed to butcher those who also have a right to disagree

This is how we advance ourselves, so we can conceive
Not tortured inside a technological shell; virtual is not reality

There is no moral high ground in vanity
Let us stop the men who tell us, only we know humanity
Men who claim torture is good, when we torture
How then like cultist, they begin with the forfeiture - give us your freedoms and
rights
We shall protect you from the wolves that prowl
Give us your sons and daughters for our fights
Or our enemies shall make us throw in the towel
Yet if we wake up and realize the enemies are in the centers of power
They want to create a clash of civilizations
The worst thieves are in the political pulpits, and the ivory tower
Hoping to fool the common people of the nations
We must take the world from men, who are mad, make it right
We must take the world from men, who are sad, make it light

Alfred Barna

We Need Each Other

There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed
Open up the arts that you have cast concealed
What you have done and what you have made
Turning the world, and all life into a charade
Something has got to be done to your kind
We can no longer afford to leave our souls blind
This world is not yours to take from and make your own
This life of everyone is a gift, given on loan
But you are not the giver of mankind, or of our dreams
Your hate will be washed away, in conscious streams
You will be made plain, to be the assassin and the thief
You will be marked for whom you are, source of our grief
Every time you try to speak a lie, truth will fall
Because you are writing upon, humanity's wall
Just like a magician, whose trick has been exposed
No longer a viable act, now you must all be closed

We don't need another agenda
We don't need a manifesto
We don't need a tax and spender
We just need a chance to live and grow
Rights are from our birth
Not from the barrel of guns and lies
Rights are for all on earth
No just the ones who hypnotize
You have an illness, where you feel you must control
Yet you are lawless, and you truly have no soul
Great and small, Rich or poor, we don't need a mark
What we do is our own affair, you stay in the dark
Poke the eye, and let the children, run with laughter
For this is every family, wants to be free, what we are after
We should not be forced to bow to king, leader, or minister
Now we know, for sure, that this is completely sinister
We don't need another leader
We need each other
We don't need another bleeder
We need each other

Even in the grand name of order and efficiency
We are not ants, or bees, we are humans with deficiency
So be it, we are willing to let this nature be known
It may or may not be, something to be out grown
But the elites and leaders are not ever to be our gods
No more secrets agreements given with silent nods
We want a world of humans, not a land of machines
We are quite accepting, that we are all human beings
Fragile and susceptible to error, but able to forgive and understand
We don't need, some Master Race, with some master plan
You never let a crisis, go to waste for your plans
But you are not the only one, who understands
Opening up the day, where we all will have a say
Leaving behind the night, where people go away
No Kristallnacht, no Disappeared, no Nakba, no more
The world will not fight for elite's treasure, for war

Alfred Barna

Welcome My Son

Welcome my Son, to the great divide
Into this world into which we have been born
Decisions we must make, we cannot hide
Into this rose garden we muse, always a thorn
Be wary of those, who only desire to kill
Any who oppose their beliefs and ideas
Be wary of priest, politician, or person proclaiming "The Will";
To destroy many, and to stir up great fears
Arrogance of men stating only I know the way
All others who disagree, they must be destroyed
If God is omnipotent, then why does he need mere men to slay
Any infidels of which he has become annoyed

Welcome my Son, be true to whispers of heart
Never become arrogant, listen to everyone you meet
Whether men speak truth or lie, you can tell them apart
When you compare equally, and without deceit
Be wary of those who agree with all that you do
For true friends should contest when you have done wrong
Be wary of those who profess to be forever true
For time may come you must say, I no longer belong
If deep inside you feel that you must break away
For those amongst you embark down dark roads
Fear not leaving, for with conscience you stay
Or you will burden your soul with even heavier loads

Welcome my Son, we are men, and not gods
We make mistakes, don't be afraid of reproves
It is when with others we are at odds
Never believe you are too mighty, of this it behooves
Life is a great gift, never take it lightly
Even with enemies you must use fair scales
Hold dear a free mind and thought tightly
For times always test, with greatest of gales
All men feel best, when making it through a storm
Holding close to heart, to mind, and to his kin
For this life is not all ease, and this is has been the norm
No one knows the end, and to when we begin

What Will Come To Pass?

How has it been easy for us to condemn
Men who have perpetrated what we have done, as bad
Yet, have not revisited upon our actions once again
Then within my heart, we've lost any argument we had
Any law is not law, if not equally applied
Any truth is not truthful, if to ourselves we have lied
Justice is not judgement, but a farce indeed
A way to act as gate keeper for men full of greed
Fining the uninitiated with fees galore
Whilst those known, a wink, and in hell a score
What will come to pass?

How easy it is amongst strangers to spot thieves
Amongst those unfamiliar, quick enemies abound
Yet suddenly, ne'er do wells no one sees
Once among our friends we have been found
Rare is one who judges without cheating scales
One who will not stretch a law, when a friend it entails
Yet fierce and unyielding wield upon those we hate
When we would not swallow so easily, were it our fate
You cannot persuade evil to confer something that is good
This is the importance of what man has misunderstood
What will come to pass?

How careless we judge when amongst friends
Whilst those suspect are relentlessly spied
How easy our hearts and minds are to make amends
How quickly we are drawn to take this or that side
Silly it seems for men to judge or acquit
For we are all guilty in this flesh that we sit
Advantage we take, yet to quarter none given
Fast to give mercy to the dead, none to the living
History is full of enemies we call evil, ill-willed
This makes it easier for us when they are killed
What will come to pass?

Alfred Barna

Where Does The Guilt Go?

Where does the guilt go, when washed from your hands?
As the bombs and bullets fly upon foreign lands
All under pretenses of lies no one understands
Where does the guilt go, when washed from your hands?
Where do you bury the dead piled upon you heart
Do you dig a hole so deep, as if you didn't play your part?
Touching the stove plate of your soul, to find it was too hot
Where do you bury the dead piled upon your heart?
Where are the prisons for the men who like to be king?
To maintain the golden throne, they would murder anything
Using the armed poor to do their evil bidding
Where are the prisons for the men who like to be king?
Tell me, when a kingdom's king is mad, do we become madness
And when the world is sad, do we become sadness
And when elite profit is glad, do we become gladness
Tell me, when a kingdom's king is mad, do we become madness
The innocent pay the price for the guiltiest eyes to have their glint
They wink; we are blind to their lies no matter how hard we squint
And our broken hearts are shattered for which there is no splint
The innocent pay the price for the guiltiest eyes to have their glint
Where does the guilt go, when washed from your hands?
The rivers are now blood as you are in the Colosseum's stands
The cheers louder as you weep as you are sitting amongst the fans
Where does the guilt go, when washed from your hands?

Alfred Barna

Why Are Leaders Will Lead Us (But, To Where)

We must seriously question our behavior
To how we are blinded to things that are planned
We all propose to have for us a savior
And to those who disagree with us are damned
We like to believe that we are special and blessed
While our vile antagonists are no longer our neighbor
Within our hearts, we have become obsessed
With a madness that will not waiver

There are no angles amongst the nations
There are decadent forces that use the evil within us, which dwells
They finance the desensitization and run the stations
An allow the evil within our hearts to rise and to swell
Through our desires and fears, they are allowed to rule
While our passions turn the knives upon our own throat
They laugh uncontrollably as they think we are the fool
For we have allowed them to commandeer our soul and boat

Oh to those weakened minds, now so easily offended
How will you stand against the tide, which shall surely come?
The world revolutionary movement has your mind so wended
That what you call intelligence is in fact the epitome of dumb
You are lost in an abyss so dark; you think you are in light
Thinking you can imprison that which you cannot see
For in your mind they can only be wrong, so you can be right
And you believe that is the way things must always be

Oh the Watchers who have come in guises of aid
You will find your lake of fire soon enough for your disease
You have wrestled the weakest of men, the lowest have been laid
Now the blood of the hold outs will not wash off with any ease
For all is recorded, and nothing can be hidden for any length of time
For Judgement is always kept for all, for you have judged men
However, forget not, that you are complicit in all his crime
And your mercilessness will be held against you in His Court then.

Alfred Barna

Wise Dumb

When so young, when we were wise
Growing older we slowly grow numb
Finding we hadn't yet, looked with old eyes
Upon a world hidden in some surprise
To discover we were actually dumb

Hard it is when filled with youth
We define the world with innocence
The detective work to discover truth
Biting down so hard we lose the tooth
Reality itself has some defense

So I tell my children, please take care
For this life is full of many lies
Some fallacies so hard, that few may bear
The burdens which are laid buried there
That many choose to leave the disguise

Indeed the earth is a minefield
Politicians, priests, and news casters too
Everyone possesses a battle worn shield
Which stubbornly refuses ever to yield
But eventually we all succumb to what is true

Alfred Barna

Wishing, Waiting, And Wanted

Wishing, waiting, and wanted
My photograph in a dossier
Tormented apparition, I am haunted
By the things I see today
Freedom has become a fuzzy dream
When I awake it disappears
Like tired eyes that slowly stream
Reality comes, but to wipe the tears

Love of many has grown cold
Like a turtle drawn into his shell
Lack of respect for young or old
Welcoming the yawning gates hell
No trust, no love, no hope or faith
Mankind has made his bed of blood
Grinning shadows lurking like a wraith
Things just as they were before the flood

Wishing, waiting, and wanted
My photograph in a dossier
Tormented apparition, I am haunted
By the things I see today
Freedom has become a fuzzy dream
When I awake it disappears
Like tired eyes that slowly stream
Reality comes, but to wipe the tears

Fierce we are, and anger comes quick
Easily killed for the slightest of slights
Those left with conscience growing sick
Around every corner murder and fights
Oddly enough, they protest the violence
Launch drones in the dark against those who oppose
Killing children, running drugs, media silence
Plead gun control, yet the emperor has no clothes

Media grieves for the thieves
Pointing us, to hate the robbed and poor
Expecting us to wear hearts upon sleeves

Surveying, if Simon says; then we adore
Topsy turvy, laugh until you cry
Close your eyes to see the light
Don't you dare ever ask them why
FISA, NDAA, Patriot wrongs make it right

Alfred Barna

Within Without, Without Within

Within Without

Modern dilemma of dichotomy

Rules the day

Whisperings dotting in the shadows

As the light continues trying to find them

Lawlessness and lawful

Selfishness and selfless

The paradigms lurking within to bind them

Without Within

Although the vibrant tapestry

Greatest is the controversy

Material and Spiritual amalgam

Humanity has an internal cache, each can destroy

Babel and Jerusalem

Towers to men, ladders from God

We each hold potential cruelty or compassion, which shall we deploy

The greatest battles are within

For its victory matters little when without

A man may conquer the entire world

But lose what matters most for his soul

Seeking to meld the world to change

Into your vision, may be the nightmares of others

And ultimately, forever out of reach

And certainly, a realm out of our control

Alfred Barna

Wizard In Glass

Encased in your tower, which no luxury can surpass
You manipulate your ant farm and you laugh
You control the real estate, currencies, oil and gas
You sit like Ramses and you tap down your staff
What kind of man places a bird in cages for him to sing?
Wondering why, they still sing on inside the throng
He thinks it is because of his power over everything
But the bird sings because he remembers freedom's song
The bird looks out from his prison, and chirps aloud
He sees you, and knows what will come to pass
Woe, all the high and the mighty create their own cloud
The bird looks a you, just a wizard in a glass
Who is free and who is a prisoner, sometimes it's hard to tell
Is it the man who is living or the one cunning with a spell?
When is man a king and when becomes a man a slave?
Is it the man who saves everything, or the man who gave and gave?

You wryly count the swindles that you have stolen
As the board members enviously pat you upon you back
How many more members of the poor are you controlling?
They'll want forever as you place them in your satin sack
You gather the souls that Lucifer gives you to collect
A king's ransom you are paid, and this eases voices inside
How much do you owe? Are you not also a one who's in debt?
At least the poor man is honest about his needs and he has not lied
The bird looks out from his prison, and chirps aloud
He sees you, and knows what will come to pass
Woe, all the high and the mighty create their own cloud
The bird looks a you, just a wizard in a glass
When men sing of freedom, they sing beneath the self crowned elite
With their tangled webs of the wisdom of men they bleat
But even the sheep know a good Shepard and a wolf on the prowl
One knows where the air is sweet and where it has gone foul
The bird looks out from his prison, and chirps aloud
He sees you, and knows what will come to pass
Woe, all the high and the mighty create their own cloud
The bird looks a you, just a wizard in a glass

Wizards Of The World

Every nation of wealth there are men who believe
Somehow, it was their destiny that they produce
Not happenstance; and soon hubris will deceive
As they look down upon the poor; as of little use
When it was humble desperation of cheap labor
And pilfered material that gave prosperity to upper crust
The third world looking to them as their savior
Not realizing the devil, in whom that they put their trust
The first world men mine the extremities of the whole earth
Just as they assuredly harvest flesh and bone of men
Royalty, they whisper, destined from their very birth
Seeking ancient methods for all, that they merely obey them
They are the wizards of the world
They are the wizards of the world

There is no genuine compulsion with their hearts
For the equitable distribution of wealth
More for them, less for those; that is how they play their parts
For it is just another plan run in the shadows by stealth
The "isms" are but a clever cell, built (they believe) for our own good
For they hunger now for all power; using our desires as a tool
To decide, what we eat, use, breathe; to do as we should
Laughingly, they claim we are empowered, and the workers rule
In order that we go on, fighting each, and one another
Marionettes of boogeymen dance, and they blind us
So that we don't see the strings upon us, or upon our brother
They use the fear, and the threats just to remind us
They are the wizards of the world
They are the wizards of the world

In a just world, each man would reap, what one sows
Not give up his fruits for others profit, and daily bread
A small civic fee, (roads and admin) , should be all that he owes
Government's small, not overbearing, so careers must be fed
Voltaire said, if you wish to see who is truly behind any veil
Seek out yourselves, of whom you are not able to speak
Then notice steadily what means and methods of those who surveil
It is a time tested method, of which is certainly not unique
Banking should not garner undue interest, so as to own us all

Do you not doubt, and upon which you should not linger
It is government who should coin the monies, not a private cabal
The majority of evil is around you to which to point a finger
They are the wizards of the world
They are the wizards of the world

Alfred Barna

Words

Words can be ones of respect
Words can be cutting and cruel
But never can there be ones to reject
To allow sensitivities to rule
For words allow us to criticize
And also give to open insight
They can even ostracize
And they certainly can make us fight
They are the embodiment of man
For we are passionate and colorful beings
Never should it be ones plan
To deny us to express all of our seeing's
Quantify us and although we may be offended
We must not allow offense to censor
For then meanings become upended
And opening the door for an ignorance even denser
Woe to those who would punish or jail
Opinions and thoughts of any others
For even my enemies are allowed to rail
For in this freedom we are brothers

Alfred Barna

You Are My Song

So many things, I have tried to teach you
And you have taught me to love and smile
So many times, I have tried to reach you
Yet it was easier for you to cross the mile
Now is your time to fly away into the world
Just like the butterflies amongst the daisies and grass
We used to watch, when you were a little girl
Laying on our backs watching the clouds go on past
Your laughter was like spring rain
Your curiosity and how you saw the world inside
Would render my adult eyes so plain
And add to my imagination opening my heart wide
Never lose your eternal hope, that'll guide you
Through the stormy nights of finding your way
You must discover your direction deep inside you
And try best you can to make it to that day
You may slip and fall, but I know you will rise again
You may fail, but failure is only failure to learn
For each step in life is a lesson, of this I'm certain
No matter how old, we must never fail to yearn
To search the world, and to search our heart
Of everything of which we are a part
Play it well, and like singing your abc's out strong
You will sing it, for our lives are but a song

Alfred Barna

You Say

You say, you are doing all things for the greater good
And doing to others, what nobody ever should
Harvesting from the world, yet not a single sweat dropped from your brow
Yet telling toiler and sowers you own the world, and you'll tell them how
You have the means because of your minions you built with arms
And you have the ruthlessness, and you direct all the bombs
But in the end you shall see, you can't have it all, when you add up the scores
Because, you can't even see, that what you claim to own; is not yours
It belongs to the wind, the sun, and the moon, as well as all you see
And no matter how hard you try to enslave, they will still run free
The common man, you claim as chattel, you just can't understand
He's got a common view, and he has got just a simple plan
But your grandiose schemes have got him caught in your machine
You don't know where you are going; you don't know what you mean
Your technologies that you harness for your charade
Have even to your plans have been overlaid
But even you are blind, and you still cannot grasp, what you cannot feel
All that you see before you, is a virtual space, and it isn't real
So even your Samson option will only fall down, upon you
Because there is always, what remains a lie, and what remains true
And there is nothing you can do.....nothing you can do.

Politicians are great at taxing for funds, never funding solution
The coffers making the corporations richer and we get more pollution
Yet they cry and moan please it's all for the children and single moms
As they load up the arms on both sides and drop ever more bombs
Supply the intoxicants for the veins and blood for those numbing the pain
They load their offshore accounts from the misery that drives us insane
The banksters launder the monies dirty from the graves that nobody saves
Their security services cover for them, yet tell us that we are still surveillance
slaves
Yet no one monitors the thieves that steal the hope from the plundered
Still the poor starve, the abused and homeless cry; and no one has wondered
The powerful still thirst for more power, the powerless, ever without a voice
The government and institutions want to tell all, that there is no more choice
You will bow down, and accept the mark into our dark netherworld
A united amalgam of nations, faceless, mindless, neither boy, nor girl
Promoting a sad state of affairs from the powers that should never be

Still small vestiges of pockets remain where peoples still wander free
But even in the deep jungles and remote realms are being gathered into
maniacal plans
But what you say into the night will never drift into your greedy hands
And there is nothing you can do...nothing you can do

Alfred Barna