

Poems by Phil Brennán

1994

January 1994

Down on Your Luck

When you're down on your luck
And you're feeling blue
When you've messed it all up
And she's walking out on you

Just step back a little bit
And let it pass you by
For it doesn't really matter
Just as long as you don't
Say goodbye

© Phil Brennán 16th January 1994

The Parable of the Fallen

People say that I'm a fool
And I laugh at their folly
For they know not what motivates me
They cannot see my wisdom
Yet I care not for things of this world
And earthly pleasures are sour tasting to my
mouth
I prefer to listen to the Spirit
And let him guide me in my ways

For I seek after the truth
I despise man's wisdom for the illusion that it is
As it is lacking in soul
It is the chains that bind men who stumble
It causes them to fall
That they might not get up
I see the 'New Religion' for what it is
And it causes me to shudder

I see it for the lie that it is
As Adam ate of the forbidden fruit
Ruddy-tinted-carnage became our lot
To live once and to die once
Then we are to be judged
With our own iniquities we are found guilty
We are condemned with our own lies
And yet we still plea for pardon

In the end times there will be much crying
Many will be left outside
Gnashing their teeth
Cursing God for their own mistakes
But the Lord answers back
“Why did you not listen when I called to you?
Where were you when I died on the tree
And I showed you the way home?”

“And did I not send messengers to find you
To tell you of what I have done?
Yet you did not listen
And you hardened your hearts against me
In your own rebellion you have died
Not to the world, but to me
You have stretched my mercy beyond it's limits
And cut yourselves off from my love”

“You deafened yourselves to my calls
And now you curse me for what has befallen
you
Yet still I called
And like sluggards you slept
Whenever I touched you
You stepped back and turned away from me
Now you say it is not fair that I have banished
you
But I am just, not fair”

Then the people replied
“Where were your messengers?
And when did you walk upon this earth?
Surely we would have seen you?”

But the Lord turned his face away and wept
A myriad of tears cascaded down his face
One for each soul lost
And then he answered
“I came down as a babe
And died as a man
There was no fault in me
Yet I was condemned
By your hands I was tried
Without a trace of remorse you found me guilty
Your hands wounded my body
And your mouths spat at me
You called me 'The King of the Jews'
And crowned me with thorns
Amongst thieves I left this earth
Soldiers seized my few belongings
And they gambled for them”

“Yet death had no power over me
Not eve Satan could stand against me
Nor could any demons keep me there
And on the third day I shot out of the earth
I returned so that the earth may see me
Thousands gave testimony to my living
Yet you would not hear
In your folly you persecuted them”

Then the Lord wept once more
And he walked away

© Phil Brennán 21st January 1994

A Word of Wisdom

I am a man who knows his own mind
I know my own heritage
It is who I am
I know where I'm coming from
And where I'm going to
I know what I can change
And what I cannot

I know my own heart
And where I side
But I did not know these things
Until I looked
The doors were closed
Until I opened them
I was not privy to secrets
Until they were revealed to me

This is my wisdom
And all who listen are wise
But the fool closes his ears
They are sealed with wax

For those who have knowledge
Shall find wisdom
And those that know wisdom
Shall find God

© Phil Brennán 21st January 1994

Hello

Hello, you don't know me
I'll tell you who I am
I'm the one who lives down your road
The one you've never met

Don't look at me as if I'm mad
I'm saner than you think
I may be the odd one out
But what's so wrong with that?

Let me tell you about myself
It shouldn't take too long
And if you'd really like to
I'd let you share my song

So watch very carefully
To what I say and do
You can like it or hate it
Does it matter anyway?

© Phil Brennán 22nd January 1994

My Room

I've got the Mona Lisa smoking a fat blunt
I've got four guitars I never play
I've got a packet of Mayfair
Calling my name out

I've got a radiator with my socks on
And my underpants too
I've got Salvador Dali
Shooting up my Seurats

This is my room
This is where I sleep
It's kinda cosy if
You can't smell my feet
It's got a black and white décor
And naff grey doors
But this my friend
Is where I call home

© Phil Brennán 22nd January 1994

The Warning

Let me show you something
And when I have finished
You may pass your judgement
But keep it short
As I haven't the time
To listen

I see the world as a bright speck
Floating on a sea of consciousness
Surrounded by other psychic stars
Evenly spaced

And I see a bright patch
Unguarded and uncaring
A singled out mind
On a sea of dreams

I fly on wings of pseudo insanity
As I home in on this psychic beacon
I enter a world of delicacy
Paisley patterns are all I see

Shifting colours mesmerise
On an alternative reality plane
Fractal skies act as a backdrop
To plasmid fields of unsure matter

And I ponder upon this revelation
I see all the psychedelic dreams
Then I looked beyond the illusion
And I shuddered at what I beheld

I saw gnarled hands clawing inside
Their undefended minds
I heard demons cackle in glee
As they tear at the soul of mankind
Their masks were beautiful façades
Hiding the wyrms that they were
A masquerade of maliciousness
In a deception of divinity

And I screamed at what I saw
Screamed at the dead in order to awaken them
From their pitiful slumbers
But the demons laughed at me
As they dragged their victims
Screaming into hell

© Phil Brennán 26th January 1994

Children of Vision

See me standing there
All alone
With the wind rushing through my hair

And I see other people walking by
Living in their own worlds
As if there was nothing else to see

I shadow their ways
Mimicking the folly of their existences
I'm a stranger in a foreign land
A Jew amongst Gentiles

For I have seen the decay of man
The sickness of society
And the miasmas of madness

They wander in cotton wool
Ignoring what is apparent
I scream at them to wake up
But nobody listens

I try to batter down their walls
And I'm met with resistance
Their minds are closed
They're blind to the obvious

We are the ones with vision
And we who are Christians must persevere
To show new ways
And to show the truth

© Phil Brennán 26th January 1994

Gregorian Knot

Sometimes it feels like my head would explode
With all the junk I have gathered there
The hurts and the pains over many years
Have constricted my pia mater into a knot

And I'm so full of shit
I have to step back
To retreat from this world
If only I could for a second

And this Gregorian Knot looks back at me
It laughs its head off and says
“Ha! Bet you can't untie this one!”
So I take up the shining sword
And cut through this Wurm

But it's tougher than you think
When all the hurt
Have gathered over many years
And are now taking their toll

© Phil Brennán 29th January 1994

February 1994

Time to Leave

Time to leave
Time to leave
Time to forget your name
Time to digress
Too late, too late
I can't seem to get you
Off my mind

Time to fall
Time to fall
Time to forget your face
Time to repress it
From my mind
I can't seem to get you
Out of my face

Time to fly
Time to fly
Time to reach out
And touch the sky
If only I could
Get your name
Off my mind

© Phil Brennán 1st February 1994

A Little Better

It doesn't seem that easy
When you're feeling blue
To see past today
And forget yesterday

So I go out into a field
Far away from here
To let out the Primal Scream
And make myself feel
A little better

© Phil Brennán 1st February 1994

Paranoia [Reprise]

If I screamed
Everyone would wonder why
But if I didn't
I think that I would cry

© Phil Brennán 1st February 1994

The Poet #1

I weave my words
Into fine linen
To make a point
And to reach the soul

© Phil Brennán 1st February 1994

The Poet #2

Staring at a blank page
Not wanting to write today
The words to describe
Are frozen inside my mind

Sometimes I write with conviction
But mainly it's from the heart
I write with an eloquent flow
To react with emotion

Sometimes I let the demons out to play
Then I talk of angels
But sometimes silence falls
And my pen becomes still

© Phil Brennán 3rd February 1994

Whatever Happened?

Whatever happened to music
That edifies the soul?
The words had meaning
To make you think

Songs that made you sad
Or angry, or joyful
Ballads that spoke of love
In their melancholic style

Whatever happened?

© Phil Brennán 3rd February 1994

My Name

I see the world through hollow eyes
As if I wasn't there
It's like being a piece
In the wrong puzzle
A loner's curse is upon me
No friends to laugh with
They've gone and left me
Feeling blue

So I'm sitting here writing
As it is far better
If other people reading this
Would slit their own fucking wrists
Instead of it having to be me
But don't worry about me dying
I ain't planning to do that
For a long time yet

Anyhow it's not like that
Coz when the truth is to be had
It's not so hard as I say
Things I said ain't that bad
As long as I may write
I'd know that I'm still living
Even though I'm dead to the rest of the world
That's just the way it is

Acid don't do it for me
I found my mind four months later
And you can keep your Philly Blunts
As they don't seem to work for me
Sex holds no sin over me
As I'm happy with my hand
Unlike a woman
It won't answer me back

Anyway it doesn't matter at all
Nothing seems to reach me any more
People say that I am sad
Coz I've forgotten how to smile
I'd deny it if I could
But I could never lie
That's just the way I am
Melancholy is my name

© Phil Brennán 3rd February 1994

Vindication

I see the charges laid out before me
Of a girl in righteous fear of her parents
Placed them before me
Causing me to fall

But there's no time for revenge
In this short life of ours
We just have to take it day by day
To make the best of what we've got
Yet there's time to forgive
Even when it hurts the most
People at your back call you names
And sometimes to your face

It's not too easy yet it's not that hard
Even when your friends walk out
Someday the record will be straightened
And I shall be vindicated

© Phil Brennán 5th February 1994

Change the World

It's like a dream to see a smile like yours
Even when I feel that your smile is wasted on
me

Coz it's time I had a chance for release
From the prison of my past

Personal demons they do smile
And sit there laughing for awhile
Makes you feel like a snail
That's been squashed and sent to jail
Cyanide has gassed your heart
Formaldehyde will play its part
But reasons don't seem to answer much
For all those men that act so butch
As if in life there's nothing more
That a wife who's a cook and a whore
Two kids to drain your cash
And to feed the government's stash
While we grow old and lame
To fizzle out in life's games
To feed a tree and bio-degrade
But some of us are renegades

Open your eyes all ye blind
And listen to my mind
See your world crumble to shale
Hunt it down like a killer whale
Change it all for the best
Don't be a sheep like the rest
But you're comfy in your chair
So you just stand and stare
While us outside go to the wall
Just because we fight it all
And you really think you're it
Even though you're full of shit
And you don't care if we die
It's just one less bleeding heart to cry

Yet it's not that hard to change the world
Even as the story's told
To see our children grow up
Without seeing them get fucked up

© Phil Brennán 10th February 1994

Shadow Play

Shadows play and shadows fall
Playing the symphonies across the wall
See the dreams they fade away
Not wanting to return another day
Too many epitaphs I have written
Time to think of something new
But it's hard when you wear your heart on your
sleeve
For the rest of the world to see

Playing games that hide inside
Playing games of cyanide
Some you win some you lose
Some you care not to choose

Games are sometimes not needed
The time to stop playing isn't heeded
So I play these games to satisfy
A curiosity that wouldn't die

The relevance is lost in time
A masquerade become sublime
World view ticking out of time
Playing with this heart is genocide

Emotions fractured by false charms
Setting off their heart alarms
Feelings always come to harm
Seems like it's time to disarm

© Phil Brennán 11th February 1994

Skull Dice

Get stoned slit wrists
Acting like a pessimist
Don't care to get pissed
Off with the anarchist

Don't know don't care
Ain't seen him anywhere
Him with the purple hair
He who's never there

Hey you don't be flash
It is not a gas
Pink skin red slash
Where's your brain stashed?

Skunk weed LSD
Squidgy black ecstasy
Hot rock white lady
Magic mushrooms a-plenty

Paisley patterns
Le Morté's patent
Ash and fag burns
You will never learn

Screwed up fucked up
You never grew up
Messed up drugged up
Now I'm gonna dig you up

Cyanide formaldehyde
Now you wish you never died
Even at your grave side
You would've still lied

Seems to me like
Instead of every vice
You never took advice
Now roll the skull dice

Anne

I see a girl alone, crying
And I take a closer look
Her head is in her hands
Her hair in ragged strands

I sit down beside her
Not too close
And I ask her name
Not expecting a reply

Then she opens up
A torrent of tears shroud her words
As she tells her story
And I shudder in fear

She asks for a fag
And I open up a pack
Her hands were shaking badly
So I light it up for her

Her name was Anne
Or that's what she said
She ran away from home
To find a better life

But she fell in with a crowd
Who made money with their bodies
So she joined on the game
And earned herself a reputation

Then a pimp came along
And her fun was over
He often left her bruised
But she still loved him

No matter how she tried
She could not escape him
Then she took something
To escape from herself

Yet she couldn't leave
As she was threatened with her life
She had to get away
But where could she run?

When she finished her story
I gave her a number
It was a safe house
And I told her I'd be there
Then she got up and walked off
More peaceful for the meeting
I bowed my head in prayer
And praised the Lamb.

© Phil Brennán 16th February 1994

A Pattern of Wisdom

Questions asked are dangerous toys
They open the mind to confusion
And confusion is a form of self doubt
This can lead to a conflict of faith

But blind acceptance is a bigot
It binds you to a set pattern
Where your faith outweighs your logic
And opens the way to heresy

A balance must be obtained
Where you know when to question
To put things to the test
But also when to accept
Even when understanding is not forthcoming
For all shall be revealed
When the timing is right
And by this pattern you shall find wisdom

© Phil Brennán 16th February 1994

A Time

A time of writing words
A time for saying them
A time for silence
For the pen to be still

© Phil Brennán 16th February 1994

Emotion

Words cannot convey my feelings
As nothing is writeable in this tongue
Pictures are shadowy representations
That wait on the edge of consciousness

For emotion takes no form
That can be written or drawn
It is an entity that is felt
Through reactions unpredictable

© Phil Brennán 16th February 1994

Calling

I see you sitting over there
All alone with nobody to say hello
Walking through life awake in your dream
Not knowing how to show

Seems to me like you're calling
Out for someone to touch you
If only they would
If only you could
Turn this dream to reality

I don't care if you're not Madonna
Just as long as you don't want me to be
It doesn't matter as long as you take me
Just the way that I am

Seems to me like you're calling
Out for someone to touch you
If only they would
If only you could
Turn this dream to reality

I may not be so easy going
As you would like me to be
I find it hard to find the words
To explain the real me

Seems to me like you're calling
Out for someone to touch you
If only they would
If only you could
Turn this dream to reality

So before you turn your head away
Take a good look at me
I'm not so hard to understand
If only you'd try to see

© Phil Brennán 19th February 1994

The Less it Shows

Strange how it seems to be like this
Looking at everything I have achieved
Holding it all on the nail of my thumb
Staring at a grain of sand
That would blow away if only I'd let it
Yet there is so much more to this sand grain
Than at first meets the eye
And reveals more the less it shows

© Phil Brennán 20th February 1994

And it all goes Darker

Things are never as simple as I would like them
to be

Complications are always surrounding me
The more I try the more they fall
And the more I see the writing on the wall

Reading in between the lies that are so profuse
Looking at the wall as my refuge
Trying to see over the top of it
Trying to get the gist of it

Figures of speech lost without reason
Fugitives hiding from acts of treason
So sad to see me hidden away
Not wanting to shine out today

I have prostituted my wisdom for a few silver
coins
To earn a small wage to feed the lions
So you go to make it darker
And it all goes darker

© Phil Brennán 20th February 1994

Bleeding Heart

Bury me in your eyes
Don't want you to see me cry
Bury me deep and don't let go
Don't let my tears show

See me standing here alone
Wanting to go home
Close your eyes close your ears
I won't let your bleeding heart hear

© Phil Brennán 20th February 1994

LSD

LSD ain't me
Sorcery heresy
Too long too late
To procrastinate

© Phil Brennán 20th February 1994

Touch Me

Touch me and feel the wounds I savour
Feel the scars that I favour
Nail scratches down my back
Turning septic, turning black

Look at me and see the façade
Try to find it not too hard
Understand that you're too late
To heal this hurting, heal this hate

© Phil Brennán 20th February 1994

A Better Place

Sometimes it's hard to do what is right
When the rest of the world is saying that you're
wrong
But you'll just have to manage the best that you
can
To make this world a better place

© Phil Brennán 20th February 1994

New Foundations

See me here alone with my thoughts
Churning them over changing their paths

See my dreams they fade away
Not wanting to know what they mean

See my eyes well up inside
To release a tear for the rest of the world

See all this and more to come
New foundations for the young

© Phil Brennán 20th February 1994

The World Outside

Easy to hear when you're not so deaf
Easy to see when you're not so blind
But it's hard to respond when you're comfy
In your church with the world outside

© Phil Brennán 20th February 1994

Return

Ain't got the time or the inclination to see this
through
To tell you the truth it's not that easy to tell the
few

Questions unanswered confuse the issues to
where I'm gone
Doesn't matter much to compare to where I've
been

So I'm sitting here writing the reasons
To why I've been away for a very long time
And it seems to me like a long term illusion
That doesn't seem to change a thing at all
As if it could though it doesn't matter much
So why I'm walking back I haven't a clue
To see you sitting here as if you knew all along
That someday I would stray and then return

© Phil Brennán 21st February 1994

Without Words / Worlds Apart

It feels like candy skies
To see you here again
Feels so strange for me to tell
If you're really here

I'd like to say before I fall
That I've known you for years
See your eyes they smile at me
As if you already knew

Don't look too smart or so they say
When I'm out on a limb
Playing games without endings
Just to hear your name

Haven't much to say at this point
As if it needed to be said
So I leave it up to you to say those words
That I wanted to hear from you

Shadows from the past surround me
Yes they haunt me still
Yet when you smile they disappear
As I knew they would

To see you again is something to be treasured
But not for long
As I know I wander far too far
I won't stay still

Your eyes look away from me
But I did you no wrong
Just realised you've got no place
Where I could belong

Without words you've said it all
That could be said
Now you have at last realised
That we're worlds apart

© Phil Brennán 21st February 1994

Naked

If someone asked me to write
About myself with an air of truth
To reveal what makes me tick
For understanding beyond
I'd ask them to read my poems
To suss me out
To see my past all naked
Laid out before you like a plate of meat

See me nailed to my tree
Bleeding myself to change
What is inherent of mankind
The sickness I'd like to change
Make it hard it makes no difference
Bloody minded as I may be
Us bleeding hearts and artists
Will make the change you see

© Phil Brennán 23rd February 1994

Mind Machine

Like to see you as mad as me
To rage against the mind machine
Fight all you like and a little more
Against the Wurm against the Whore

Babylon has fallen we're not far behind
Sodom and Gomorrah sanctified
Enoch is buried Babel has crashed
Rome is burning Pompei is trashed

Makes you think but not for long
Society is either right or wrong
Just the way it's always been
To call ourselves humane is obscene

© Phil Brennán 23rd February 1994

No Time to Cry

Takes too long to make the change
Make it better or make it lame
Mind's exploding from the dark
Want to howl want to bark

I won't lie down
Roll over and die
Too much fight
No time to cry

War's a game that's played sublime
Out of sink out of time
Time for release primaeval growl
Want to scream want to howl

I won't lie down
Roll over and die
In this war
No time to cry

© Phil Brennán 24th February 1994

Pictures

Make the change see for yourself
To realise your sense of self
Screw it up and throw it away
Make the dreams go away

Sister hold me before I break
Brother please attend my wake
Take it easy but make it last
Make it hard and make it fast

Funny pictures upon the wall
Make them crumble and make them fall
Take a dream float it off into space
Seems to me like it's out of trace

Flowers cotton flowers silk
Powder pink colours pastel sublime
Ashen grey and ashen bright
Strobe light flickering out of sight

© Phil Brennán 24th February 1994

Give Way

And sometimes I sit back and watch
As you show me what to do
To step back a pace
And let me show you

It doesn't matter if I'm right or wrong
It's the same either way
This foolish heart and stubborn mind
Has to give way

© Phil Brennán 25th February 1994

Systematic Rejection

Red rays run out of sink
Causes an almighty stink
Poetic blood pours down the sink
While politicians' hookers dress up in mink
With blood on their hands they scoff some more
Seems to me they play the whore
And I shall always be at war
With ungodly men and so much more

But honesty has finally died
At its funeral no one cried
Those in power have always lied
No change in sight but never mind
A hope in hell for mankind
Bigots play fiddle in sublime
While the world sings arpeggio time
System's running away with mine

Bang your heart mad buggers wall
Makes me feel very small
Stumbling blocks are made to fall
Time to say "Off the wall"
But never say "Fuck it all"
Coz it don't look so very tall
Eyes like fire scan the ball
Try not to make it big or small

Mark my words don't take them to heart
Doesn't matter to play your part
With a wife and kids you boring fart
Don't slink off with some tart
Take the gun eat some dirt
Making out as if I'd flirt
But really getting very hurt
And acting on like I'm curt

Yet genocide is not my style
Want to rest a little while
You always seem to run a mile
When at you I like to smile
Take my hand I will not bite
No matter if I'm wrong or right
Peace no thanks I'd rather fight
Even without a sense of might

Play the games on the table
Play some more when I'm able
Repeats itself like Cain and Abel
Seams are no longer very stable
Rack and pinion steering snapped
Pia mater cash flow strapped
Face ache lover reddened slapped
Makes the change head on napped

Irrelevance kindled like a fire
No more cyanide I'll acquire
John Major blue faced liar
Labour seems to get no higher
BNP fascists neo Nazis
Lib Dems got piss artists
ANL social anarchists
Green Party global pessimists

Apart from that mustn't grumble
Silence no more time to rumble
Even if for cause to stumble
Make the shout not to mumble
Rage on until you're dead
Old age or bullet in the head
Made it yourself lie in bed
Or hide in a hole instead

© Phil Brennán 26th February 1994

Lite My Fire

Hold my hand it's got four fingers
Hold it tight and make it linger
Sensual touch blood boils higher
Come on baby lite my fire

© Phil Brennan 26th February 1994

Two Bricks Short

Open your heart open your mind
Let us see what we can find
Oh dear, not much at all
Two bricks short of a wall

© Phil Brennán 26th February 1994

Soft as Fur

Is there anybody at home today
My pia mater has gone away
Left me here feeling down
Don't seem to want to play the clown

Yesterday was so much fun
Lying down in the sun
But tomorrow's so unsure
Hope it to be as soft as fur

© Phil Brennán 26th February 1994

Play it Feral

Feral wild one plays the game
Unknown Warrior with no name
Makes the changes remains the same
Charge the owner claim to fame

Sees the future don't want to go
No mistakes and no one knows
Don't follow sheep go with flow
Seems to me too much to show

Eat me whole spit out bones
Tear my flesh chew on stones
Swallow my heart one and whole
Play the game or hide in hole

© Phil Brennán 26th February 1994

Words

Touch me where it feels most tender
Break the skin return to sender
Make it hurt remove all pain
Make it come around again

Blind as blind see no more
Human kind the greatest whore
Tend to smile breaking walls
Love lost cyanide makes to fall

Mental robots play the harp
Physical manoeuvres in the dark
Made to howl made to bark
Bay at the moon oh so stark

Silver coins dangled thread
Money lovers' gone brain dead
Words of love still unsaid
Left them out beside my bed

Seems to me I'm surrounded
Complications come dumbfounded
Words of sweetness contradicted
Sensual touch medicated

© Phil Brennán 27th February 1994

Play it Painful

Play me open play me hollow
Snakes of October do not follow
See my hand crush it powder
Make me squeal make it louder

Play it wise play it dumb
Play it painful twist my thumb
Take my name turned to mud
Silver bullet leaden slug

© Phil Brennán 27th February 1994

A Poem for Awful Poets

I wonder why I cannot rhyme
And my choice of words are out of time
My ideas run out of sink
No wonder all my poems stink

Down on my knees I've prayed to the Lord
That my readers won't get bored
Is it me, am I down on my luck?
But who could really give a...

[DAMN Can't let this one rhyme, can I?]

© Phil Brennán 27th February 1994

Words like these

Words like these written in stone
Immutable and incorruptible
Written from a pen with ink as blood
Spilt as rain upon this slab
To realise an ideal guarded through pride
A failing of emotion poured out
Formed with pain as a sort of love
Flames fanned with vitriol

A paradox unveiled to confuse
The mind most bitterly
Spoils of heartache war inside
Time to look and make them see
Masquerade pompous and all
Shadow mimic folly and fall
Words to describe lost in time
Tells of sorrow so sublime

© Phil Brennán 28th February 1994

Long as I May Remain / Take the Moral Ground

I'm calling out for someone to touch me
To hold my hand most tenderly
Scared of falling fractured soul
Blue heart poisoned by vitriol
Crimson vitae all poured out
Plasma drips hang round about
Healing process slow but sure
Vive le lis de fleur

French words are fine words
But useless in their application
Language of love aphrodisiac
Pornographic heart attack
Purity abandoned through lust
Jury's case bed or bust
Leave it out it ain't for me
Abstinence equals purity

Love it leave it somewhere in between it
Make it hollow call for me
Just as long as you don't tempt me
Take the morals make them fit
For I'll be here with you
Just as long as I may remain
But you'll just have to take me
As I am or never see me again

© Phil Brennán 28th February 1994

March 1994

An Exhortation to Seek the Lord

Listen to my words and mark them well
Meditate upon them and seek their wisdom
Bind them upon your head and seal them in
your heart
Speak of them to your loved ones, and your foes
as well

Seek the Lord your God, the God of Israel
With all your heart, all your mind and all your
strength
And all shall be well with you
Do not wait for Him to call upon you
As His patience may be shortened
And His Mercy not forthcoming

Seek Him in the darkness of the night
And He shall reveal His light to you
Seek Him during daylight
And His Glory shall overshadow even the sun
Test Him at His word
And it shall not be found wanting

Let all those who are with hearing listen
And all those with eyes see
For this is my wisdom and it is Truth
And He who is Truth shall reveal all unto you

© Phil Brennán 1st March 1994

The Truth Revealed

Words are formed in countless ways
To confuse the issues burning desire
A paradox of learning to contradict faith
False wisdom from the mouths of lions

'You are your own god, the centre of the
universe'

The lies that causes men to fall
From Adam to the New Age it has been the
same
Existentialism to global iconoclasm

Yet for all the lies the Truth remains
A man who was born was to die
And then he lived again
His name, my friends, was Jesus, Son of God

© Phil Brennán 1st March 1994

Strange Girl

Strange girl
You fall in the oddest of ways
Hoping for me to catch you

Silent one
You once spoke to me
To see if I could catch you

But you never knew
You couldn't comprehend
That my head was barely above water
And I had no strength to lend
If I caught you I surely would have drowned
Taking you down to the bottom of the sea

Strange girl
You fall in the oddest of ways
But I could never catch you

© Phil Brennán 1st March 1994

Shine on Me

Shine on me
Let me rest in your arms
Wrap me up in your love
And never let me go

Keep me warm
Safe in your strong tower
You always knew I loved you
But I'd just like to say it one more time

Jesus love of my life
Let me shine in your light
Show your face through me
That the rest of the world might see

© Phil Brennán 1st March 1994

The Battle Ahead

I will not flinch from the battle ahead
With Your love as my strength and my might
Demons flee from our swords
When we go out in Your Name to fight

Warriors of God
Righteous in Your ways
Going out to do battle
In Your Name

© Phil Brennán 1st March 1994

Shine on Me (Reprise)

Shine on me
Resting in your arms
Wrapped up in your love
Safe in your strong tower

Jesus
Love of my life
Let me shine in your light
And glow within your love

© Phil Brennán 1st March 1994

On the Chat

Hollow mind hollow eyes
Gone to sleep never mind
Fall over pick myself up
Apathy paid in kind

Lay in bed gone brain dead
On the Chat bored in head
No work today like last week
Stand in queues do not speak

Sign on Mondays every other
Look for jobs shouldn't bother
Week thirteen at the social
Proof of work drives you mental

Bored all day nought to do
Let TV patronise you
Father moans lose your rag
Get a job or pack your bag

© Phil Brennán 1st March 1994

Daft over You

Like to see you smile like this
When I make you laugh
Jokes in life they're not so few
When I act so daft

See the humour fade away
When I look at you
Then I'd just have to say
That I love you

© Phil Brennán 2nd March 1884

Hold Me

Hold me
When I'm weak and I'm falling apart
Let me cry on your shoulder
Make me strong make me bolder

Take me
Away from here as I'm feeling bored
To see new places to see new faces
Set down roots and live there awhile

Love me
I'll be true if you're true to me
With a love like this we can both be free
Paint our faces and see what we see

Watch me
Follow this if you can
It'll drive you mad but that doesn't matter
To tell you the truth we're both mad as hatters

Touch me
Where it hurts I know you can feel me
Soft as fur the love that'll heal me
The open wounds that don't belong to me

Kill me

Your jokes drive me wild fill my desire
Spinning around feeding my fire
Reach the ceiling and go much higher

Kiss me

Catch your lips like the sweetest honey
A touch like yours more precious than money
Make me wild make me funny

See me

Come on over I'll throw you a party
Lay out some food and make it arty
No other guests just you and me

© Phil Brennán 2nd March 1994

Smokers Lament

Keep it simple make it hard
Sow it up thrown out four yards
Make me shake sugar's low
Need a fag no time to show

Draw some more iron lungs
Smokers cough the nicotine song
Pack of fags had me hooked
Nazi mind police had me booked

Suicidal tendencies wrapped in paper
Nicotine stains do not savour
Legal junkie pays more tax
Another drag love life lax

© Phil Brennán 2nd March 1994

To Let You Know

Let me be the one to say I love you
Scream it shout it turns me blue
Let you know that I am true

© Phil Brennán 2nd March 1994

Remember East Timor?

Remember East Timor?
No, I bet you don't
For a small piece of land
Millions died

Indonesia annexed it
Committed genocide
The world never knew
The world never cried

Raped for oil
Sold to West
Government aid
To terrorists

© Phil Brennán 2nd March 1994

Wasted

Brush past me bowl me over
Take a glance look so sweetly
Leave me feeling kinda wasted
Make me hollow burn me out

Leave it out dry as sand
Throw it down out of hand
Burn me turn me inside out
My desire sense of doubt

Chain me flay me whips and chains
Vertical mane rack of canes
Stocks and stockings laddered
Unfair advantage be unkind

Woe of my life love you to bits
Wear it if the leather fits
Kiss my gashes healing tongue
Blood spilt desire too much fun

© Phil Brennán 4th March 1994

A Home in the Country

Take me somewhere away from here
To another place that's not too far
Somewhere special like a mountain
Sit at the top and watch it all

See the valley down below me
Surrounded by fields green as peas
A little village with a tiny church
Kids in the garden behind the pub

This is where I'd like to live
In the high street with the pub next door
Commute to town and earn my keep
Go back home and relax for awhile

© Phil Brennán 6th March 1994

Scared as You

Make it simple as you're going too fast
Let me understand to make it last
Try not to confuse me as it'll make it harder
For me to show you how I feel

The world outside is a cruel place
Out of time and out of space
But when I'm with you I'm not so fazed
As I knew I would

Time to make it out
Solve the puzzle
Get it sussed
Time to make a move
I may not own the world
But I've got you

Try to understand
I'm not putting you down
I'm just stating a fact
Try to see my view
It's not so hard
You're just going too fast

Let me be the one
To make you smile
To make you laugh
I'll tell you a secret
Promise not to tell
But I'm as scared as you

Now you've seen the way that I am
I hope you're not regretting me
As I thought you would
Try not to get me wrong
I'm not the one for running away
But we'll just have to take it day by day

© Phil Brennán 6th March 1994

Phil's Psychedelic Dream; Aged Ten

Take a dream
Tell me what it means
Don't expect me to believe
That what you say is true

A gang of kids playing war
On an embankment covered in gorse
Find a hole with no bottom
Jump in to see what's there

Falling down this bottomless pit
Looking at the sides all covered in roots
Worms dangling by their tails
As their tunnels are cut short

Dropping out the other end
Into a pink cloud in purple skies
We see men with wings
To teach us how to fly

Each one was a mighty Viking
With wings of eagles
A voice that matches their stature
And Honour beyond all measure
They direct us to a park
On the ground below
To meet a very wise man
Who would show us the way home

We meet some girls by the swings
To show us the way out
But all they ever taught us
Is what the flesh is all about

We ask the park attendant
He didn't have a clue
But he showed us a map of the forest
Where there was a wizard that he knew

He gave us the map and we said our farewells
And we left the park to go to the hill
With a forest on top and a wizard's tower
A wizard who had a lot of power

Now before the hill were lots of flats
Surrounded by six foot high walls
No matter how we blundered along
We never seemed to fall

Yet the nearer we got
The further away we were
Blind alleys barred our way
Especially when we got close

From this dream I then awoke
The meaning's only once been spoke
But interpretations are better left alone
For as misleading they might be known

© Phil Brennán 7th March 1994

Note: I actually did have a dream like this when I was ten and it was a reoccurring dream that was one of a set of about three. The other two I cannot remember these days, so don't ask. Anyway, I think I can remember watching Flash Gordon a short while before these dreams began, so perhaps this is the root of such unusual dreams...

Do You Hear Me at All?

Hello

Can you hear me call
Out for you to respond
Do you hear me at all?

Or do you close your ears
And refuse to hear
Are you frightened of what I might say
As if that would really stop me at all?

Hello

Can you hear me call
Your name your face
Do you hear me at all?

© Phil Brennán 7th March 1994

If Only I weren't so Scared

I'd like to say hello
I would like to tell you my name
Say a few words about myself
If only I weren't so scared

© Phil Brennán 7th March 1994

Let Me be Free

Let me fly
Spread out my wings
And touch the sky

Let me swim
With the other fish
But against the flow

Let me run
With the other horses
Free and unbridled

Let me be free

© Phil Brennán 7th March 1994

A Game

Mess me around
Like you always do
Push me away
Let me stew
Call out my name
Tell me to go
Where I stand
I'll never know

© Phil Brennán 8th March 1994

Le Morte D'Amour

Follow this if you can
Try not to let it get out of hand
Don't think too hard it'll drive you mad
State of affairs are not so bad

I wouldn't mind if you didn't
Cry and then I won't
Feel so bad to say goodbye
To love you is to lie

Kind of hard to swallow back
Leaves you feeling blue, feeling black
Le Morte D'Amour
I've heard it all before

© Phil Brennán 8th March 1994

Cognito Ergo Sum

Non-Objective Reality
Is always wrong
To prove my point
Cognito ergo sum

© Phil Brennán 8th March 1994

Play it Dumb, Play it Daft

Like to play around today
my seriousness has gone away
Like to joke like to laugh
Play it dumb play it daft

© Phil Brennán 8th March 1994

Lover's Tiff

Call me a fool if you like
It doesn't matter if I'm wrong or right
Even though it happens in love
I just don't wanna fight
Tempers frayed knotted tight
My face you'd like to rearrange
And feel my pain if you like
As you know I'd never change

Try as you might it's far too hard
To gain inches to gain yards
Don't want to change the way I am
Live it anyway I can
It's my life and I am me
Go if you don't agree
But if you promise to leave me as I am
Then you can stay with me

© Phil Brennán 8th March 1994

Wolven Eyes

Wolven eyes perceive the lies
Fight some more don't care to cry
Rest and peace is not for me
War against all the evil I see

And when it's time to lay down my gun
I know that I won't have to run
And hide in the hills from governments
War no more set records straight

© Phil Brennán 9th March 1994

Adam and Eve

You made your own bed now lie in it
See the situation that doesn't fit
Try it for comfort try it for size
This mess you made through your own lies

And you try to lay the blame on me
It wouldn't wash but you couldn't see
The trouble you caused the woe left behind
A curse poured out on mankind

Eve must take the blame
Adam should do the same
I may be the first serpent
But this viper's nest is yours alone

© Phil Brennán 10th March 1994

Not So Sure

I once believed in love
But now I'm not so sure
For women avoid me like the plague
They cannot suss me out

They see me sitting upon the fence
Not wanting to fall either way
Seems to me to be a waste of time
Trying to explain myself

As if I'd have to justify myself to man
It's hard enough keeping right with God
Yet I don't want to throw it all away
Just for one lousy sin yet undone

And the wolves still tear at me
At my flesh and at my soul
I still keep fighting on
To keep my hold on salvation

No matter how hard it may be
To keep me sane to keep me whole
This may offend but so what?
I'll be damned if I'm gonna lose my soul

© Phil Brennán 10th March 1994

War of Words

Look at me turn away
You have got something to say
Say it loud and get it heard
Time to speak and spread the word

Define the meaning and make it clear
If you want the world to hear
Disagree but don't bite tongue
Keep it short and not too long

Tell the truth and don't care to lie
Emotions high are made to cry
Let it out and do not mumble
War of words it's time to rumble

© Phil Brennán 10th March 1994

An Artistic Nightmare

The artist looks out of his window and sighs
Inspirational apathy holds his mind
Brushes stand up in jars
The palette dries
Flowers wilt
The mountains die

The Ladies dress
There's no work today
Sheets of cloth are put away
The exhibition is called off once more
The pencils will not draw any more

© Phil Brennán 10th March 1994

You're so Silly

You're so silly you drive me wild
Untamed humour makes me smile
Seems to me you have me trapped
I don't care if my mind has snapped

So I write it's not that hard
To make sense it's on the cards
Keep me safe and keep me warm
Your heart will not come to harm

© Phil Brennán 10th March 1994

Paper Smiles

Paper smiles they're all the same
See me out and change my name
Make it better than before
Fight the Wyrms and the Whore

Don't care much to show myself
Have to look after this fragile self
Try to preserve all that's left
From the cyanide heart ache death
But being me is like a game
Don't care to change remain the same
Making out as if I'd care
To be anywhere but here

Joke around hollow shell
Take the piss what the hell
Painted-faced Jester stumbles and falls
Masquerading Harlequin head butts wall

Screams and scream a little more
Make the shout not like before
Mess around I've heard it all
Laser eyes scan the ball

Scorched out line laser trace
Heat warps out time and space
Narcotics had me fazed
World view rearranged

Eyes like fire perceive the lies
Time to read between the lines
False prophets try to ensnare
The truth they cannot bear

As if that would change a thing at all
To have me shot against the wall
Bleed me dry crimson vitae loss
You'd blame me at your loss

© Phil Brennán 10th March 1994

Luna-Tic [The Curse of Malkav]

I creep through the night and knock at your door
Through your open window I whisper my
madness to you
Take your world and let it crumble into shale
My world view will make you insane

But you're already half-way there
All I need to do is give you a little push
Make you sit on a log and watch the moon rise
Fill up your lungs and let out a long wolf-howl

Loony as a Jay bird that's what you are
Deny it if you like but you won't get far
Before your madness catches up with you
Causing you to fall into the pit of insanity

© Phil Brennán 11th March 1994

In the Precinct

In the precinct walking around
Seeing the world awaken once more
To another day with a new beginning
A chance to make things better
Than the way they were before

Few others are awake at this hour
And those who are spend their time working
Seeing that everything goes to plan
To make the day run more smoothly

© Phil Brennán 12th March 1994

Role-play Freak

Roll a dice and take a chance
People say it's the devil's dance
Vampire freak he plays the games
Children dress up it's all the same
D&D fans are always put down
By the EA who always frown
Upon the so-called devil worship of today
And still they let their children role-play

Doctors and Nurses children's games
To me it is all the same
Gaming youth looks with scorn
At false morals over worn
Religious fanaticism slugs him off
While Satan laughs and scoffs

Jesus never came down to condemn
Anyone, not us or them
But like the Pharisee we say
Condemn all those who role-play

© Phil Brennán 14th March 1994

Tongues of Pharisee

A voyeur of life looks with scorn
At man made morals over worn
To judge all else except themselves
Verbal masturbation put up on shelves
False gods of pride hide inside
Tongues of Pharisee drip cyanide
Poison pen puts to death
All those who sin with breath
And all outside criticise
While them with power rationalise
Liberties coveted for the free
Even though it's not to be
Yet people stumble and fall
Executions shot against walls
To make with destiny race or age

And when it's finally time to rage
Few listen and heed the call
To stand up against it all
The fear of being out of line
Makes the silence seem sublime

© Phil Brennán 15th March 1994

Tied Hands

Reasoning the questions bark
Always hidden in the dark
A time for peace and a time for war
Against the Beast against the Whore

Make believe that nothing is wrong
With the words or the song
A game to be played and cast away
Like the dreams of yesterday

And I scream at the sky it does no good
Not for any man nor for God
Howl at the moon let out your rage
At the coming of the age

Mankind's sickness seen by all
Causes morals to stumble and fall
But who would rage when the end is near
And the truth is very clear?

Roll over and die is our creed
Fuelled by apathy and of greed
Like to see you get off your butt
But you just sit there and rot

As if it is not your place
To try to change the human race
While daemons laugh and cackle with glee
At the blind who cannot see

That all their lives are not used well
While they die and go straight to hell
And the hands of hearts are always tied
By the stupidity of mankind

To make the change they clearly need
Reverse the changes made to seed
That binds men's hearts to a pattern
When will the foolish ever learn?

© Phil Brennán 15th March 1994

On the Shelf

Found it hard to make the change
Tried too hard and took the blame
Fallen once and fallen twice
I've fallen where it's not too nice
Been to hell and back again
Seen the truth and changed the game
Unresolved feelings leave a bitter taste
Another day has gone to waste

See the Bible on the shelf
All the time closed and still unread
The truth that should be in my heart
Is stuck somewhere inside my head

Off the shelf written on walls
Make the time not to fall
See my life rearranged
Got a hold and made the change

© Phil Brennán 16th March 1994

Trials of Life

Trials of life hard to swallow
Poetic justice does not follow
Stand up and be heard raise a voice
Even if you have no choice

Things are getting out of line
Have to stand back and take the time
To take a rest and forget it all
Before it causes me to fall

© Phil Brennán 20th March 1994

Cleansing Fire

Let it be tomorrow's dream
As I change once more
An ordeal to be conquered
Make it better than before

A time to reflect
Before the memory's spoken
Testimony revealed
Only a token

Cleansing fire
Dragged through it backwards
No time to hold back
As if I'd want to

Pain inside
Surfaced once more
Man's claim to Humanitas
The blackened whore

Cancer spread
Tear it out
Heal the wounds
No time to doubt

© Phil Brennán 21st March 1994

Epitaph

Look at me as if it would be the last time
As I want you to find out the real me
It could scare you out of your mind
But it makes no difference to me

Strange to think we were once so close
We drifted apart there was nothing I could do
It wouldn't change a thing at all
You could never say those words
"I love you"

© Phil Brennán 21st March 1994

April 1994

Day By Day

I've done with all my crying
This time is at an end
No more shall I be sighing
I've found some strength to lend

Tore down walls around myself
When at last I found the key
To the door that opens my heart
And set this captive free

I see a new dawn replace the old
The things that have passed away
And the game of life is not so hard
If you take it day by day

© Phil Brennán 2nd April 1994

Sharing

Sitting here in a strange church
With strangers here as friends
None may condemn and none may judge
But just leaving their strength to lend

A fellow warrior armour refined
Strong in faith and not of pride
A sword of truth in his hand
And a bleeding heart for mankind

Talking things over sharing testimonies
Preaching the word wherever it's lacking
Living for God and not for himself
Sharing the truth so all may hear

© Phil Brennán 5th April 1994

No Place to Run

Time to make a choice
One way or the other it's gonna effect you
See the world through different eyes
And get yourself a view of the big picture

But it makes no difference to me
I've played my part and showed you the score
Out in the light so all can see
There's decisions to be made but it's up to you

There's no place to run
You're in the corner with the truth facing you
Tearing down walls to let itself in
Faster than you can build them up again

So what are you gonna do about it –
Stand on the edge or jump right in?
Run all you like it won't change a thing
Take the chance before it goes away once more

© Phil Brennán 5th April 1994

Divination Lament

Drive me wild
See you taking that stuff once again
The poison that messes with your brain
As if you had one at all

Leave those cards alone
Telling lies that don't mean a thing
Divination the ancient sin
Say hello to Satan and let him in

Time to make the changes
Burn the Tarot it's no good to you
Dry yourself out at a detox
Change your life or remain the same
But if you don't
You've only yourself to blame

© Phil Brennán 5th April 1994

Don't Need to Save Face

Time to breathe let it out
Find your peace no time to shout
Obey the challenge heed the call
Write on walls stumble and fall

Time to regress pick myself up
Forgiven sins yet still unheard
Play the joker fool around
Games with God have gone to ground

Lay down cards see what I've got
Even if I like it or not
Time for the truth nowhere to hide
Even if I could have lied

Run no more out of trace
Pride no matter time or space
Fight it no more or try to save face
Have to be honest to win this race

© Phil Brennán 12th April 1994

To be Deceived

Take my hand
I'll peer into your soul
Tell you a lie
Forbidden and cold
Feel your despair
As I bleed you dry
Satan's my name
I'll cause you to die

Run to your cards
Or drugs made to fall
Sit with your crystals
They won't help you at all
You're far from your God
Stuck with your loss
Carry your sins
Die on your own cross

© Phil Brennán 12th April 1994

Here I Stand

You brought me here
I don't know why
Put my trust in you
Until I die

You seem so hard
And far away
The hurt inside
Rears its head

I have fallen
To my knees
Be with you
Never let go

Leave you in charge
Like I should
I wouldn't run
If I could

Remove the past
Tearing down walls
Sins of the flesh
Causes to fall

Lies profuse
Poison pen
See it come
Around again

Don't care much
To mess around
My old life
Has gone to ground

Not so hard
To understand
Make a choice
Here I stand

© Phil Brennán 13th April 1994

A Psalm

How good the Lord our God is
He encourages us in all things
Through a kindness from others
And kindness to others
A chance to witness
So that those who listen may be saved

© Phil Brennán 14th April 1994

From the Heart

Paint the pattern that breathes all life
Draw it out mapped in view
Colours frost and colours glow
Make this artist show a part of you

Weave the words that breathes all life
Like finest purple linen
With tears of joy I use this gift
That the Lord has given

Sing the song that breathes all life
Accompanied with strings and harp
Sing those songs to our God
Drawn from the heart

© Phil Brennán 22nd April 1994

Claire

Her beauty upholds my spirit
Like the Garden of England
She smiles the golden rays
As the sun rises once more
And her eyes are like two dark pools
The clearest of pure waters
Her spirit is like a dove
Gracious and full of peace
She speaks not to scorn
Nor does she care to judge
kings shower her with jewels
And princes lay down their swords before her

© Phil Brennán 22nd April 1994

Let it Flow

To be alive
Let the emotions flow
River floods quenching fire
Anger burns now rest in peace
Let it go
Let the emotions flow

© Phil Brennán 27th April 1994

Feels like Winter

“It feels like winter”
You said as you walked away
“Feels like the empty streets”
And there was nothing I could say

© Phil Brennán 27th April 1994

When You're Angry

I like it when you're angry
Love you when you're mad
When we fight and when we clash
Is the best time to be had

© Phil Brennán 27th April 1994

Remember

Remember my name
When I'm gone
Dream for me
Keep me strong

Remember my face
When I'm gone
Keep being true
I won't be long

© Phil Brennán 27 April 1994

Bohemian Scrawl

Bohemian scrawl
Written in blood
Carved in stone
Words sublime

Time to write
To speak out once more
Say what is needed
To be said

Try to make it clear
To be understood
It's not too hard to find the words
To say what should be said

© Phil Brennán 28th April 1994

The Battle

Through the depths of time an evil stirs
Restless in its slumber within the abyss
Waiting to be unleashed upon this earth

And within the thick black smoke and sulphur
The Daemon awakens with a scream
Pouring out obscenities upon the Almighty

Spreading out his wings he takes to the air
To blaspheme once more against the natural
order of things
And to spread a new lie
Vitriolic and impure

Yet many millennia ago it was he
Who tempted Adam and Eve
To eat of the forbidden fruit
So that they might become as gods

His name is the Strongman
New Age is of his curse
Many mortals shall bow down to his name
He is Lazarius – a “spirit-guide”

Yet all across the earth
A Remnant are still praying
God listens and empowers his angels
So that they may join in battle

And vanquish this evil foe
So he may trouble the earth no more
But many others are with him
And the battle has just begun

A black cloud descends upon the earth
As the daemons take their places
Grotesque are their countenances
And there is malice in their blackened hearts

Cruel eyes survey
Twitching to a fro
Gnarled hands clutching swords
Wicked blades with barbs

Eyes of fire
Foetid breath
Rotten skin
Smelling of death

And then the angels come
Pure warriors of God
Spoiling for a fight
War is imminent

They glow with empowering prayer
As the saints worship the Lamb
Their swords are as beams of light
Energised by the great I AM

The hoards of Darkness rise to meet them
There is silence for a time
A chance to vie with the Angelic Host
And to parley insults
Then the War Horns ring out loud and true
And the battle is commenced

© Phil Brennán 28th April 1994

A Bard's Tale

A rhyme for a beer
The Bard's piteous song
Try the limerick to be short
Another beer's to come

Sat on the barstool
With his world upon his back
Pen and paper for one more beer
To quench this poor old hack

Roll a fag from other's butts
Light the stick make a cough
Ran out of rhymes for this pub
Time that he was off

© Phil Brennán 29th April 1994

Saving Grace

Following sheep who are blind
To be not so out of line
And liars called to cry false tears
Poured out like blood over years
Like a coloured shark the patterns
Swallow me back toward the end
Of time into the bottomless pit
Cause by the Father of Lies
Who like a lion tears at the soul of mankind
In order to have his revenge
On the One Above and His Right Hand
Before he is cast down into hell
But Satan's time has become short

The sands pour out the bottom
Of the shattered hour glass
For the hour of God's Wrath
Has finally come about for sure
Through the power of the death
And resurrection of our Lord
Who broke the power of Death and Hades

And God's Spirit now resides
Within all those who believe and are saved
The faith that I have in Yeshua ha Meshidac
Is my saving grace

© Phil Brennán 29th April 1994

Coming Home

They call me fierce without any qualms
Like a warrior who fights upon a call to arms
And giants clash and giants fall
It's solemnly written on the temple wall

Ancient gods hide away from Him
Who holds the world to worship Him
The Trinity Three and the Bride makes four
And when it comes to the final war

Daemonic forces shall be cast
Into Eternal fire everlasting
To burn in hell and carry their moans
And all us saints will be coming home

© Phil Brennán 30th April 1994

May 1994

Take a Dream

And I refuse now to dream
For the fear of losing you
Hate to lose this dream
Hate to show it through

Take a dream
It doesn't matter
I may be right
But what if I'm wrong?
I'd like to try and see
But they call me blind
When will I be free
From the judge called mankind?

And I refuse now to dream
Too scared of the blood-sweating fear
Don't want to awaken
In case I scream

And it seems like I'm hollow
This shell that I hide
I'm dead to this world
So Lucifer cried
And I threw those dreams away
But they returned to haunt me
So I dumped them at the cross
And it's not my loss

And I refuse now to dream
In case the colours haunt my mind
And I see the dreams once more
Eluding Mankind

Take a dream
Live it again
But the truth
Whispers to me
Let me take control
Let me paint
A brighter you
So that I may be seen

© Phil Brennán 7th May 1994

In Your Own Back Yard

Sometimes it makes me want to cry
When I see the world through Samaritan eyes
And when I see children hurting out there
I just want to hold them in my arms

You don't have to look that far
It's in your own back yard

I see young girls on the streets
Selling their bodies to feed their habit
It makes me angry and it makes me sad
To see the world turn a blind eye

But you don't have to look that far
It's in your own back yard

And boys sitting on the wall
Feeling dirty and feeling used
But there's not much they can do
When they're paid to be abused

But you don't have to look that far
It's in your own back yard

And the children stand outside the church
When the vicar talks of love
And at the end of the sermon
The people just go home

But you don't have to look that far
It's in your own back yard

Yeshua ha Meshidac once said to me
"The Kingdom of Heaven is for such as these"
But here on earth time is short
To do what must be done

But you don't have to look that far
It's in your own back yard

© Phil Brennán 7th May 1994

My Nights Off

Sitting here waiting to go
To work
Not much money but never mind
It's the job that counts

An end to the boredom each Saturday night
To get out of the house
Meet new people and old friends
Behind the bar

But the money wouldn't last
It doesn't stretch
Far enough
To go out and enjoy my nights off

© Phil Brennán 7th May 1994

Rest

Like to be here when I can
To get out of the rat race
Called mankind

And rest for a little while
To let God take control
Of my life

© Phil Brennán 7th May 1994

Thrown Away

Quietly he whispered
Into my soul
Told me what I must do
To serve

And silently I followed him
To the shores
Of dreams to take mine
And throw them away

© Phil Brennán 7th May 1994

First Love

Dream Child
Flower Girl
Heart on fire
Hands unfurled

Quiet voice
Come to me
Speak in whispers
Tell me the truth

I never knew
The way you felt
I cannot comprehend
Your love for me

But I turned away
From my Ephraim
And lost your heart
And lost a part of me

So I sit
With my hands unfurled
And try to say
What I feel

But it's gone
This mortal love has died
Yet I have found
My first love

© Phil Brennán 7th May 1994

Falling in Love

Arrow pierced my skin
But it's hard to let you in
In case I fall and sin
I refuse to fall in love

Yet there's nothing I can do
To empty my mind of you
Can't you see it's true
That I'm falling in love?

© Phil Brennán 7th May 1994

Silence

Understated point of view
For the silent majority
Political correctness
Holds our tongues
From saying what is right
And telling of what is wrong
And I see a bad spirit behind
This folly of mankind

© Phil Brennán 7th May 1994

Heed Our Calling

Open your eyes
And look inside
Your own psychic navel

It's not too hard
To think of yourself
Instead of all the others

But it doesn't matter at all
Or if you're great or small
This self-centred world of ours
Autonomous society causes to fall
If only we'd stand once more
And heed our calling

© Phil Brennán 8th May 1994

Play My Part

Like it or hate it makes no difference at all
Hold my head sideways to hear the call
A silent gentle whisper breezes past
Listen very carefully to make it last

And I'm gone to follow my call
But it's hard when your heart
Is not quite with the fall
And my mind tells me not to play my part

© Phil Brennán 8th May 1994

Smelly Feet

My socks are made of concrete
My shoes have gas masks on
And when I take my socks off
They try to do a run

But my feet are not that bad
Compared to other parts
And my words are not that sad
When I'm speaking from the heart

© Phil Brennán 8th May 1994

A Lass from Manchester

I told her she looked beautiful
She smelled of summer flowers
Her skin was as pale as the moon
And her eyes were two dark pools

And she replied
“By heck! You've got it bad!”

© Phil Brennán 8th May 1994

Hippy Rhyme

Are we going to Scarborough Fair?
Paisley patterns are all we can see
Play with flower children all day
You and I and Zebedee

© Phil Brennán 8th May 1994

Four-Eyed Monster

Like to say hello
Like to say it when I can
Rush around like a four-eyed monster
Like to say “here I am”

Like to take some time
Out of the rat race when I can
Rush around like a four-eyed monster
Like to stay if I can

© Phil Brennán 8th May 1994

Heal

Emotional genocide thrown away
Broken heart has had its say
Quietened words whisper sweet
At the Soul Destroyer's defeat

Tired of sorrow it has no place
In my life not any more
Healing process is finished at last
I feel no shame for my past

It's dead and buried and turned to dust
Open heart no room for lust
Even if for cause to fall
Satan is shot against the wall

Time to learn to love again
Time to be free again
Time to hold on to what is real
Time to mend
Time to heal

© Phil Brennán 8th May 1994

I AM

Who are you God?
Can you ever explain who you are?
Where do you come from?
Is it a place we could know?

Where are you taking us
And how do we get there?
Who are you God
And could we ever comprehend?

But a small quiet voice
Amidst all these questions
Whispers to me and says
"I AM"

© Phil Brennán 11th May 1994

Vision

I draw what I see
What is within my vision
But there are things we refuse to see
Made of the blackest dreams
That hides on the edge of subconsciousness
To play with all our fears

I draw these also
To bring them within our vision
And act as a testimony
To things without
And act as a warning
Called the truth

© Phil Brennán 11th May 1994

Tired

Tired of the same old tune
That sings of doom and gloom
Try to see things better
Than they were before

© Phil Brennán 11th May 1994

Coloured Shark

The head rush hits you like a steam train
Your world view gets rearranged
A coloured shark within your veins
Not it's too late to change

But your dreams dream on
While you grow cold
Like a flower that wilts and dies
You'll never get to grow old

© Phil Brennán 20th May 1994

Sane

Like me as I am
Change it if I can
But it's far easier
To remain the same

But sometimes the choice
Is taken away from you
So you just have to let it happen
To keep yourself sane

© Phil Brennán 21st May 1994

Dead Patterns

I've seen the dead patterns
I've dropped it all
I've seen the daemons laugh
I've had my time to fall

I've put it all away
I've got something to say
You may not understand
Yet I'd say it anyway

© Phil Brennán 21st May 1994

It's Just the Way I Am

Don't give me no excuses
As I wait for no man
Excuses profound fill your lips
It just gets out of hand

And it seems to me
That you do not care
If we live or die
You dream of angels
While wrapped up in daemons
And their multi-coloured lies

Yet you say it's too easy
It can't be all that hard
To make a choice you won't regret
If only you'd lay down your cards

And I have no time for reasons
Why I live this way
It's just the way I've always been
It's just the way I am

So please don't put me down
Or try to play the judge
I'm no foolish dreamer
It's just the way I am

© Phil Brennán 25th May 1994

Out of Reach

Don't tell me that I'm wrong
I've already realised
See me fall with a bloody roar
Chasing the lover's dream
But she's too young and out of reach
And she's not the one for me

© Phil Brennán 26th May 1994

Fear

And I don't know how to feel
The story turns out the deepest blackest hour
And I cannot tell who are my friends
I remember my fear and it all goes darker

And time is running out when there's so much to
do
I question my motives in the shadows
And I feel oppressed when I remember you
As if you stole a part of me

And I don't know who I am any more
Or who I could have been if I tried
And it seems so hopeless in the night
When my moods blacken my face

And I don't know if I fight for justice
Or to feed a need for revenge
And does it really matter at all
If another personal daemon is put behind bars

And can I live with no affection
When I managed with none for so long
And it seems to me like I cannot scream
And I cannot see past the dark

And I want to scream and I want to cry
But my tears are made of salt
And it feels like rain in winter
As the fears play on my mind

© Phil Brennán 29th May 1994

June 1994

Paradigm Shift

There's an alley in a city somewhere
Where a young kid jacks up
To the psychedelic stream
To talk to strange friends
And he sits with eyes glazed over
And the Angels talk to him
About the god within
And how he could have it all

Paradigm shift...

Shadows swarm around a light
Like angry moths trying to get in
Selling lies like cotton candy
Leading into sin
And they laugh as he is trapped
And he cannot break free
As he doesn't know how
So he goes along with them

Switch back...

Another fix is needed
But he doesn't have the cash
So he goes to commit a crime
To get another stash
And the needle is used once more
To enter another world
As this one is too cruel
For him to bear

Open your eyes...

And the daemons goad him on
In his pitiful song
Ruined by drugs held down by sin
In his heroine ridden dreams
But no one seems to care
If he lives or dies
It's neither here nor there
If he survives

© Phil Brennán 1st June 1994

Truth

Don't know what to say
It seems so simple when you have the words
But it doesn't have to be this way
If I'd have my way

Try to take it in
It's not a question of what you like
Love it or leave it that's your choice
But make it anyway

It's not about lies
It's all about life
The choices we make
Will always affect it

Trying to stand out
From the crowd when you're not the same
As you used to be
But you never were

It's not about wrong
It's not about maybe
It's not about lies
Or the latest crazes

It's about time
You made a choice and stuck to your guns
Even if it hurts that way
For you to have a say

It's not about man
It's not about acting
It's not about me
It's not about faking

It's about truth
The thing that says what's wrong or right
Disagree if you must
But say it anyway

A Rock and a Hard Place

God I feel so alone
When the world is against me
And I don't know who to trust
My innermost feelings are lost
And I don't know who I am any more
As if I've lost a part of myself

I seem to be at war with myself
Between what is right and what I need
So I looked at my psychic navel
And I found nothing
And I seem to be at war with others
Their opinions get in the way
Of my better judgement
As if it was worth anything at all

And it's cold outside
Just as it's cold inside
This war for what is just
Falls with a bloody roar
But it seems to be a case of revenge
Even if I know that's not the case

And I fall in love too easily
Without thinking of the consequences
As if there were any at all
For the rest of the world condones
What the church rejects
Out of hand
As if they had some kind of right over me
But that is not the case

And I get scared
Of falling away from the church
Even though it's bound to happen
Sooner or later
But I am a fool
To think that I'd change my mind

So what if I am wrong?
It's better than being terminally right
To be like the Pharisee
Not fit to judge
Even though they do so
But they cannot see
Or maybe they refuse to
Does it matter at all?

And I feel trapped
Split between three
Love, the church, and You
Love is the problem
The church sticks its nose in
Yet You know the solution

And I don't like my new boss
There's a bad spirit about him
He's not honest when he deals with me
So how can he be honest at all?
He cheats and he lies
And yet he is entrusted over me
Honest me who refuses to steal unlike him
[It's not worth it anyway]

Chris is okay
A sorted chap
He's the boss of my boss
But I dare not go to him
My boss said not to go over his head
Or I'd lose my job
But how can I let Chris know of my suspicions
Without doing so?
And so I'm trapped
Between a rock and a hard place
I don't like it at all
But I haven't any choice
So I must leave my job
After I have warned Chris
So God, help me out
Even though I owe you loads of favours

© Phil Brennán 6th June 1994

Deep Throat

I don't like hearing your name
Even though it's not the same
As it used to be

And your picture fades
And your picture falls
The memories fade with time

And my heart is in my throat
And my head is somewhere else
And I feel choked

Run rabbit run into the sun
It doesn't seem to be so much fun
As it used to be

And your name is etched on my heart
And your face is stuck in my head
And I cannot let go

And your voice calls through the years
And your eyes your lips your touch
And I just cannot let go

© Phil Brennán 8th June 1994

Untitled #1

And the stars move around when I'm with you
It feels perfect when it's out of view
Yet the dawn rise brings tears
As the dreams of you fade away

© Phil Brennán 8th June 1994

High Wire

Love
Is that a game?
When I've finished my war
I'll play again
I'd walk the high wire
Just to hear your name

© Phil Brennán 8th June 1994

Note: There is a five month gap in my life when I went off travelling where I didn't write much at all. The few poems that appear between August and October 1994 were written while on the road.

August 1994

Untitled #2

So what do you see
When you read of me
A person of lines
Written sublime?
To question with pen
All this and then
Hide the words unspoken
"It's only a token"
But really inside
The words always hide
The real me
For you to see

© Phil Brennán 7th August 1994

Soldier's Song

Let me fly on wings of power
To find myself in some strange hour
Where men are pawns in others games
Written down in halls of names
Where many are dead but still not buried
Corpses rot and are not hurried
For the memory of some are still to be found
In old men's minds not quite so sound
In memorandum fifty years on
The fallen soldier's chosen song

© Phil Brennán 16th August 1994

Goodbyes

And as I turn away from you
I hear a sob and a hard resolve
To never be hurt that way again
But it's not that easy when you're young
To understand the reasons for this change
So I just turn and walk away

© Phil Brennán 16th August 1994

Note: There are some poems missing here I think...

November 1994

Metal Revolution

I was talking to a girl
From Louisiana
And I said "Sure baby
You can drive my car
With big chrome wheels
And a grill to match
Take her down and
See how she runs"

And she said "I like
Big cars with the
Chrome and steel
The throbbing engine
Stealing a thrill
Like metal revolution
On the silver screen
Give me a citation"
"And you sure look good
With your leather gloves
And your foot flat down
On the go-go juice
To make her purr
And to make her scream
And you'd sure look good
With me at your side"

Metal revolution
On the silver screen
To see my car
Burn down the strip

© Phil Brennán 16th November 1994

Hey

Hey
Is it too late
For me to be
Myself?

Hey
I'm just trying to say
That it's far too late
To play games

So we hide our faces
And bury our heads in the sand
Pretending nothing is amiss
That nothing is wrong at all
But the fear is outstanding
Of who we really are
And hey
I'll take you as you are

Hey
Is it me
Or am I only dreaming
The foolish dreams of men
The dreams that fade away?

Hey
Is it all the same
If I stop to take
This masquerade away?

So we hide our faces
And bury our heads in the sand
Do we dare show ourselves
To the world outside
Or do we shy away?
But I'm tired of playing games
And hiding who we are
And hey
I love you as you are

© Phil Brennán 20th November 1994

Dúir

Give me a new name
One that would show you
More than me

Let me show strength
Without being harsh
Inner strength

For though my flesh fails me
My faith does not
This is my Humanitas

Let me show you for
The mighty oak you are
Dúir

© Phil Brennán 24th November 1994

We Who Hold The Vote

Turquoise cities of cardboard boxes
Unseen to ordinary eyes
Cleansing waste to pacify
Those few who see the lies
Yet the mad ones who mutter and stumble
Through all life's insanities
Would love to have a chance
To call somewhere 'home'
Enquiries are not to be made
For if the public knew
That those in power sit around
For a million or two

And Major holds his own
With those that sell arms
“I like my Swiss account
You shall not come to harm”
But just don't stand and stare
Or try to pass the blame
It's us who hold the vote
And us who could make it change

© Phil Brennán 14th December 1994

Home

Foam covered waves
Crashing against the shore
Wind swept trees
Standing in lines
Upon the cliffs
Always on guard
These are the things
That tell me I'm home

© Phil Brennán 15th December 1994