



FOR YOU & FOR ME.
[FOR LIFE]



ZOFIA BRADY

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I write so I don't lose hope

Welcome

I'm not here to hypnotise you with a lyrical flow
Some of the things I say will repeat, I know.
But I've done my best to sprinkle in some rhyme.
To make it easier to read down the line.

So, before we get strapped in and set off.
I'll tell you a bit about me - some call me Zof.

I'm a female, blonde, 26 at this time,
I've moved about the world,
(Though I do hate to fly)
I try to attain things out of my reach
I'm an idealist, a believer,
But I try not to preach.

I've grown up watching love for the other
From both my dearest father and mother
Dedicating their life to helping untie
The pain that's endlessly caused by a lie

I've also watched those closest to me cry
Cause I, myself, have embodied this lie
So to rebalance, with all my soul, I try,
To speak the truth to you and I.

Us

I pass you down the street
And can't help but to see me.

So please don't blame me for the fight to be free.

I see a man begging
And only see myself
A life pushed to the side
To the back of the shelf

And in the nine to fivers,
I see my sister,
Spending time on what
Doesn't speak to her

And in the boys in Gaza,
All I see is my brother
But they don't have warmth
Most don't have a mother.

So please don't blame me for the fight to be free.

I'm doing it for you, and I'm doing it for me.

—

Protectors

You grew up watching pain caused by others
You watched as anger engulfed your fathers
You saw the darkness and thought “this is it”
And now you protect
what causes the bullet holes and slits in wrists

Just for a moment, try to really zoom in
To the nature of life - and see the akin
For a second, look past the chatter of your brain
Of pain, detachment, control and blame...

Look deep into the “criminals” eye
And see they're no different to you and I
But placed in a different dimension in this order,

Sorry, I mean ***unnatural disorder***

I'm not saying that we don't need protection -
Some of us won't see our reflection
A handful will always go against life's might
And keep the sanctity of of their sight

But do you think the people currently in cages..
Are any more dangerous than the ones on stages?

Sixteen-year olds locked up for doing what they know
Sixty-year olds locked up for going against the show

In the name of what, my friend?
Is it in the name of war?
In the name of getting rid of the poor?
In the name of risking your family's life?
In the name of a system we both know isn't right?

I've already forgiven you for what you do,
So please forgive me for speaking to you...

Cause I can't keep this in as as I'm so afraid,
And the bed we sleep in hasn't yet been laid,

There's still a bit of time to unravel the knot,
And remind ourselves of the truth we forgot.

The Truth

Men marching to their deaths.
It's not worth it, I promise you, I swear.

To sacrifice the sacred in the name of the abstract.
To give up your layers for military contracts.

To leave it all behind in the name of a lie...
Oh my boys, why are you so willing to die?

So, stop listening to the machine and resist,
There's a free life here, waiting to be lived.
Of unimaginable beauty, of forgiveness and bliss.

So, listen to kindness – though it might tear you to shreds.
To see the trance-like state in everyone's heads.

Cause everything you've been told turned out to be a lie
And for so long, you've been willing to die...

But ideologies will never live up to the truth.
And the truth lives in every tree - under every roof.

The truth is something we can never escape.
The truth wants you alive, the truth wants you awake.

And although everything you've been told is a lie,
The truth's always been here - in your heart, and in mine.

Pavlov's Dog

Wake up
Grow up
Go to school - 6 hours a day!
Only a couple breaks allowed!
And make sure not to be too loud.

Wake up
Grow up
Go to university - 4 hours a day!
But remember to drink yourself blind.
Is there really *anything* worth saving on your mind?

Wake up
Grow up
Go to work! - 8 hours a day!
And if you see someone not doing so,
Their heads are going to have to go.

Wake up!
Look down! 12 hours a day!
See the anger the other man is bringing
He's your enemy, what's yours is slipping

Wake up!
Don't look away!! Look where I tell you to!!
This is the truth, there's nothing more to view!!
Don't you see there's so much hatred in the world??

No.

I don't.

I'm not Pavlov's dog.

Cancelled

I think of the bible when on my phone:
"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone"

I don't believe in religion, but these words stuck
Who are we to be judging so much?

When we're just as manipulated as our right-winged
neighbours.
Hypnotised by the narrative of division and labour.

*"Dont you see it's YOUR problem, not mine!!
Don't you see that YOU'RE wrong and I'm right!!
The words I repeat are kinder, more fine!!
And for this belief I'll shout and I'll fight!!
And I'll exclude, not giving any space:
For growth or development –
They don't deserve my grace!!"*

...

While we're trying to do what's "morally" correct
Words of exclusion make the vulnerable wrecks,

Some even turn to the skies in the end,
Hoping the afterlife will be softer to them.

You don't fight fire with fire,
You wouldn't fix a rip in a seam by ripping it further..

So, why do you respond in the same wavelength to those
who hate,
And expect your words to change their fate?

**Political correctness has always been a paradox
And now you're locked in a lie-filled box**

Meanwhile bombs go off and a nation starves
Hours spent in black holes and fried nerves

Do you think spending hours on devices
Will ever help us get rid of our vices...?!

Each of us are responsible for what's going on.
Everyone's indifference is loading the gun.

Everyone's willingness to just "go with what we know"
Everyone's acceptance of the bombs that blow..

Everyone belief in the shite that is spewed
Everyone's trust in this worldview that's skewed..

SO

Dear society, I cancel you.
I cancel the poets, I cancel the singers
I cancel the left and right wingers!!
I cancel myself til these shackles unlock.

The shackles to which we held the keys, all along.

Questions

How far up the ladder must you climb...
To make you think people are worth less than your time?

How much money do you have to receive...
To make you assume it's okay to exploit and thief?

How many lives do you have to destroy...
To make you believe that people's homes are like toys?

How far removed do you have to be...
To not see that the issue is the system, not you and me?

When it's Time

When they announce it's time for *more* murder,
and start doing everything for the unnatural disorder

That'll be the time to start a fight,
But in this one, we'll fight for what's right

Humanity vs Insanity

When they shred our safety into bits
And hurt your families, friends and kids

That's when we'll start the fight.
But in this one, we'll fight for what's right.

Humanity vs Insanity

When they tell you to look at your neighbour
and see an enemy, or a traitor.

That's when it's time to start the fight.
And this time, we'll fight for what's right.

Humanity vs Insanity

Have you noticed?

The time is now.

So pick your side.

Humanity or Insanity?

Real Talk

If you think my words are unrealistic,
slightly *too* idealistic
then you're in the right place at the right time
This was created *precisely* for your mind.

For the Awakening of Artists

Can you feel the weight of generations past
hoping we can make the world last?

...

Who said you're not good enough?
I bet it was you.

Who said your work doesn't excite?
There's only one person in sight.

Who said that your art doesn't have worth?
There's one voice you've been hearing since birth...

Good enough? Worthy? Exciting?

You're already each of these things in your being.
And when you create, you celebrate seeing
the beauty, and layers of the life you embody.

So even if some of us look at you oddly,
Remember that you are doing God's work,
by continuing sacred creation on earth

There's so many escaping to consume
The news, AI, the narrative of doom...

So lets help them eat up something else
Something lighter, something brighter
Something to help us excel.

My Love

My love is so funny, he really makes my days
Even on those when he's lost on his way.

His perfectly entangled veins, muscles and blood
Keep me warm when I dream of frost and floods

And I don't know why I love him so,
maybe it's the way plants around him grow

Maybe it's the way our cat looks at him
Like he's a god from above, all void of sin

Maybe it's the laughter he brings
Ever so genuine and right from within

Maybe it's the way he lives for the truth
since the day in the forest that welcomed his birth,
despite all the attempts at destroying his worth.

Maybe it's the way we complete our story,
Without any glory,

Without luxury lifestyles and shiny cars.
Without all-inclusive trips and rooftop bars.

And there's no one else I want to understand more,
[This is the one thing I do know for sure]

Gratitude

Thank you for the warmth and the cold,
For letting me see the young and the old.
Thank you for the guppies, the foxes, and cats
Thank you for the spiders, the slugs, and the rats.

Thank you

I don't know who I'm thanking but thank you anyway
Cause I feel a gratitude that needs to get away

Maybe it's my parents, but is it?
Cause before them there was so many
and before them there were even more;
a bit too much for my mind to explore

Thank you everyone, either way.
For this existence that's one in a trillion.

And for this existence, I'll try do you proud,
whilst seeing you in every flower and cloud.

In Wonderland

In Wonderland, there's no money in anyones pocket
Instead, the shopkeeper says:
 "For the good of you"
 and I respond:
 "For the good of life"
Then we look each other in the eyes.

In Wonderland, I see all sorts of burning fires
 but not in forests or of car tires
 but in the hearts of those alive
aflame with passion for all of the sights
 that we are finally able to perceive
since we understood life's tendency to leave

In Wonderland, I see a sea of smiling faces
 Sure, I also see people cry.

But in wonderland, their sorrow isn't caused by war.
Nor is it caused by the burden of being poor.
 They're tears of life, pain and of loss.
Not caused by being nailed to the cross,
but by the fragile nature of our existence itself.

In Wonderland, many of us see the signs,
That whatever we say is a reflection of our minds
And when we hurt the next person, we're hurting ourselves
 So we hug each other, just to show care.

In Wonderland, people love life because that's what it's for
Not for profit, property, ownership or more..