THE CONVERTED FORGE

Songs of Redirection

Words: Ben A. Dwamena, MD

Track List

1. Isaiah's Morning
2. Two Trillion
3. The Farewell Warning
4. The Lucas Plan
5. Vine and Fig Tree
6. Ploughshare Hands
7. The Healing Line
8. Cool the Fever
9. Carry the Bread
10. The Engineer's Confession
11. Church, Wake Up
12. Learn War No More

"They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks." — Isaiah 2:4

THE CONVERTED FORGE: SONGS OF REDIRECTION

Track 1

Isaiah's Morning

Part I · The Prophetic Vision

Words: Ben A. Dwamena, MD

Suno style prompt

```
majestic choral anthem, SATB choir, pipe organ, timpani, baritone lead, hymn-like, 3/4 verses, 4/4 chorus, slow build
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Lyrics

[Verse 1]
Before the dawn, upon the mountain,
a prophet saw what no one dared:
the nations streaming to the hill of God,
their weapons down, their hands laid bare.

[Pre-Chorus]
And the iron that was sharpened for the slaughter
was carried to the fire one more time—

[Chorus]
Beat the swords to ploughshares,
bend the spears to pruning hooks,
let the anvil ring a better song
than the one the war-books took.
Nation shall not lift up sword
against nation anymore—
it is morning on the mountain of the Lord.

[Verse 2]
Not by the dreaming of the idle,
not by a treaty's fragile word,
but by the judging of the Holy One
the quarrels end, the poor are heard.

[Pre-Chorus]
And the iron that was sharpened for the slaughter
was carried to the fire one more time—

[Chorus]
Beat the swords to ploughshares,
bend the spears to pruning hooks,
let the anvil ring a better song

than the one the war-books took.
Nation shall not lift up sword
against nation anymore—
it is morning on the mountain of the Lord.

[Outro]
It is morning… it is morning…
on the mountain of the Lord.
[End]

Track 2

Two Trillion

Part II · Anatomy of the Complex

Words: Ben A. Dwamena, MD

Suno style prompt

```
slow 70s soul, spoken-word verses, deep male voice, Rhodes piano, muted horns,
female backing vocals, brooding then hopeful
```

Lyrics

[Spoken Verse 1]
Two trillion dollars every year.
Say it slow, so the number lands.
More against life in a single line
than for it across four:
the bread, the medicine, the warming sky, the schoolroom door.

[Chorus]
Two trillion, two trillion,
counting in the dark,
every coin a question
burning like a spark—
what is all this for?
What is all this for?
We built the greatest engine
and we pointed it at war.

[Spoken Verse 2]
Behind the ledger stand the people:
the welders and the chemists, the coders and the crews,
millions of the finest minds on earth
clocking in each morning to a purpose they didn't choose.
Not to hate, just to earn,
to feed their children, pay the rent,
while the purpose of their genius
is decided in rooms where they have never been.

[Chorus]
Two trillion, two trillion,
counting in the dark,
every coin a question
burning like a spark—
what is all this for?

What is all this for?
We built the greatest engine
and we pointed it at war.

[Bridge]
It's not whether the machine is strong—
we know the machine is strong.
It's whether what it's for
can be changed before too long.

[Final Chorus]
Two trillion, two trillion,
counting in the dark,
every coin a question
burning like a spark—
what is all this for?
What is all this for?
We built the greatest engine—
now turn it toward the poor.
[End]

THE CONVERTED FORGE: SONGS OF REDIRECTION

Track 3

The Farewell Warning

Part III · Historical Capture

Words: Ben A. Dwamena, MD

Suno style prompt

```
Americana folk ballad, acoustic guitar, harmonica, fiddle, warm weathered male vocal, storytelling, waltz feel
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Lyrics

[Verse 1]
In January of sixty-one an old soldier took the air,
a general turned president with silver in his hair;
he'd led the greatest army that the world had ever known,
and he warned us of a power that could grow beyond our own.

[Chorus]
Oh, the farewell warning on a winter night,
he named the military-industrial might;
he said keep the giant watched, keep the citizens awake—
but we clapped and we went home to sleep,
and the giant learned to eat.

[Verse 2]
Then the contracts found the districts and the districts found the votes,
and the factories in every state became a kind of moat;
the think tanks wrote the fears down and the lobbyists sold the cure,
and the budget kept on climbing while the schools grew poor.

[Chorus]
Oh, the farewell warning on a winter night,
he named the military-industrial might;
he said keep the giant watched, keep the citizens awake—
but we clapped and we went home to sleep,
and the giant learned to eat.

[Verse 3]
Now the plant behind my hometown hums with secret work at night,
my cousin's on the late shift, and my uncle's in the choir;
nobody there's a villain, they just do what they are paid,
but the warning keeps on whispering through the choices that we made.

[Bridge]
A warning's not a prophecy, it's a door left open wide—
there is time to walk back through it, there is still a better side.

[Final Chorus]
Oh, the farewell warning on a winter night,
he named the military-industrial might;
he said keep the giant watched, keep the citizens awake—
now we're waking from our sleep,
and the promise we will keep.
[End]

Track 4

The Lucas Plan

Part IV · Conversion Precedents

Words: Ben A. Dwamena, MD

Suno style prompt

```
British working-class folk stomp, foot stomps, fiddle, accordion, gang vocals,
rousing protest song
```

Lyrics

[Verse 1]
In seventy-six at Lucas, when the layoffs came around,
the stewards called the workers from the factory to town;
they said, "Before you let us go, before you shut the door,
we've written down a hundred things the world is crying for."

[Chorus]
Heat pumps and dialysis, a bus that rides the rail,
wind to turn the turbines and the hands that never fail—
a hundred and fifty answers from the people on the line:
we know how to build it, give us time! (Give us time!)

[Verse 2]
The managers just laughed at it, the government looked away,
the plan went into folders and the folders filed away;
but the paper didn't perish and the question didn't die:
what if those who make the weapons were the ones to ask us why?

[Chorus]
Heat pumps and dialysis, a bus that rides the rail,
wind to turn the turbines and the hands that never fail—
a hundred and fifty answers from the people on the line:
we know how to build it, give us time! (Give us time!)

[Verse 3]
Now there's a shop in Michigan and one in Bangalore,
there's a yard in Rotterdam and a line in Baltimore,
and the plan is in their pockets, handed down like daily bread:
the workers know the way ahead.

[Final Chorus]
Heat pumps and dialysis, a bus that rides the rail,
wind to turn the turbines and the hands that never fail—

a hundred and fifty answers from the people on the line:
we know how to build it, give us time! (Give us time!)
Give us time! (Give us time!)
[End]

Track 5

Vine and Fig Tree

Part V · The Theological Mandate

Words: Ben A. Dwamena, MD

Suno style prompt

```
South African mbaqanga, bouncing bass, jangling electric guitar, accordion, male lead with female harmony group, joyful, danceable, English lyrics
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Lyrics

[Verse 1]
Every family by its own vine,
every child beneath the fig tree's shade,
no drone above the village
and no one made afraid.

[Chorus]
Vine and fig tree, vine and fig tree,
the Lord of hosts has said—
nobody makes them tremble,
everybody's fed.
Dance it in the morning,
sing it when it's late,
the God of peace is building
what the warriors couldn't make.

[Verse 2]
He gave us hands for harvest,
He gave us minds to mend;
the gift was held in trust, my friend,
it was never ours to spend
on the instruments of dying—
turn it back, turn it back,
bring the treasure home to living,
set the nations back on track.

[Chorus]
Vine and fig tree, vine and fig tree,
the Lord of hosts has said—
nobody makes them tremble,
everybody's fed.
Dance it in the morning,
sing it when it's late,

the God of peace is building
what the warriors couldn't make.

[Bridge]
Rooted in faith, guided by reason,
committed to the common good—
plant it in every season,
as the prophets said we should.

[Chorus]
Vine and fig tree, vine and fig tree,
the Lord of hosts has said—
nobody makes them tremble,
everybody's fed.
Dance it in the morning,
sing it when it's late,
the God of peace is building
what the warriors couldn't make.

[Outro]
Vine and fig tree… everybody's fed.
[End]

Track 6

Ploughshare Hands

Part VI · Redirection: Food

Words: Ben A. Dwamena, MD

Suno style prompt

```
West African highlife, palm-wine guitar, bright horn section, warm male vocal,
call-and-response, upbeat
```

Lyrics

[Verse 1]
My grandfather's cutlass cleared the slope at dawn
on the ridge above the village where the morning mist is drawn;
he never held a rifle but he held the hoe for years,
and the cocoa and the plantain paid him back for all his tears.

[Chorus]
Give me ploughshare hands, ploughshare hands,
turn the steel to seed and the barracks into barns,
the tractor, not the tank, on the farmer's land—
give the world ploughshare hands!

[Verse 2]
They can steer a satellite to find a target in the night;
let it find the coming rainfall, let it read the soil right.
They can feed a marching army in the desert and the snow;
let them feed the hungry children—they already have the know.

[Chorus]
Give me ploughshare hands, ploughshare hands,
turn the steel to seed and the barracks into barns,
the tractor, not the tank, on the farmer's land—
give the world ploughshare hands!

[Bridge]
Welcome, harvest! (Come and stay!)
Bring the grain to the market! (Bring it today!)
Bring the yam and the maize! (Come and stay!)
Every hand at the table! (Bring it today!)

[Final Chorus]
Give me ploughshare hands, ploughshare hands,
turn the steel to seed and the barracks into barns,

the tractor, not the tank, on the farmer's land—
give the world ploughshare hands!
Ploughshare hands!
[End]

THE CONVERTED FORGE: SONGS OF REDIRECTION

Track 7

The Healing Line

Part VI · Redirection: Medicine

Words: Ben A. Dwamena, MD

Suno style prompt

```
gospel-soul, Hammond organ, choir, soulful baritone lead, 6/8, slow build to choir vamp
```

Lyrics

[Verse 1]
I spent my life in the reading room, looking for the light inside,
the tracer and the camera showing where the shadows hide;
the same physics that can level a city in a flash
can find the tumor early, Lord, and turn the fear to ash.

[Chorus]
Put us on the healing line—
the labs that built the poison, let them make the cure,
the hands that loaded warheads, let them make the vaccine sure,
from the factory to the clinic, every shift and every time,
put us on the healing line.

[Verse 2]
There's a mother in the village and the clinic's out of stock,
there's a child who needs the oxygen, they're racing round the clock;
but the cargo planes are busy and the money's spent elsewhere—
tell me, how is that a budget? Tell me, how is that fair?

[Chorus]
Put us on the healing line—
the labs that built the poison, let them make the cure,
the hands that loaded warheads, let them make the vaccine sure,
from the factory to the clinic, every shift and every time,
put us on the healing line.

[Bridge]
Great Physician, Healer, come and lead the way,
make healers out of soldiers, turn the night into the day.

[Choir Vamp]
Healing line (put us on the line),
healing line (every shift, every time),

healing line (put us on the line),
healing line…
[End]

THE CONVERTED FORGE: SONGS OF REDIRECTION

Track 8

Cool the Fever

Part VI · Redirection: Climate

Words: Ben A. Dwamena, MD

Suno style prompt

```
Afrobeat, big brass horns, polyrhythmic percussion, driving bass, call-and-response chant, long groove, male lead
```

Lyrics

[Verse 1]
The earth is running fever and the sea is climbing high,
the desert wind is rising and the riverbeds are dry;
and among the biggest burners of the oil the world has seen
are the armies and the air forces, the fleets and their machines.

[Chorus]
Cool the fever! (Cool it down!)
Turn the engines to the sun!
Build the seawall, plant the forest—
there is work for everyone!
Cool the fever! (Cool it down!)

[Verse 2]
Take the shipyard building frigates, let it build the turbine towers,
take the lab that tests the missiles, let it test the solar power;
take the engineers of fury, give them rivers to restore—
the climate is the battle, this is worth the fighting for.

[Chorus]
Cool the fever! (Cool it down!)
Turn the engines to the sun!
Build the seawall, plant the forest—
there is work for everyone!
Cool the fever! (Cool it down!)

[Instrumental Horn Break]

[Chant]
Turn it! (Turn it!) Turn it to the sun!
Turn it! (Turn it!) Work for everyone!
Turn it! (Turn it!) Turn it to the sun!
Turn it! (Turn it!) Work for everyone!

[Final Chorus]
Cool the fever! (Cool it down!)
Turn the engines to the sun!
Build the seawall, plant the forest—
there is work for everyone!
Cool the fever! (Cool it down!)
[End]

Track 9

Carry the Bread

Part VI · Redirection: Logistics

Words: Ben A. Dwamena, MD

Suno style prompt

```
Southern gospel country, pedal steel guitar, piano, male quartet harmonies, mid-tempo, heartfelt
```

Lyrics

[Verse 1]
Same trucks, same roads, same pilots in the sky,
same ships that ferried tanks across the ocean wide;
they can move a hundred thousand troops halfway around the earth—
so don't tell me we can't carry bread to a village in a dearth.

[Chorus]
Carry the bread, carry the bread,
over the mountains to the hungry ahead;
if we can bring the bombs, we can bring the grain instead—
Lord, let us carry the bread.

[Verse 2]
When the flood came down the delta, when the earthquake split the town,
it was the airlift and the transports and the soldiers on the ground
who carried in the water and who pulled the children free;
we have seen what it can do—now let it be the way it's meant to be.

[Chorus]
Carry the bread, carry the bread,
over the mountains to the hungry ahead;
if we can bring the bombs, we can bring the grain instead—
Lord, let us carry the bread.

[Bridge]
Five loaves, two fish, and a crowd upon the hill—
He who fed the thousands is feeding thousands still.

[Final Chorus]
Carry the bread, carry the bread,
over the mountains to the hungry ahead;
if we can bring the bombs, we can bring the grain instead—
Lord, let us carry the bread.

Lord, let us carry the bread.
[End]

Track 10

The Engineer's Confession

Part VII · Agents of Redirection: Workers

Words: Ben A. Dwamena, MD

Suno style prompt

```
acoustic singer-songwriter, fingerpicked guitar, cello, intimate confessional male vocal, sparse
```

Lyrics

[Verse 1]
I was top of my class at the institute,
they flew me out in a company suit,
said, "You'll work on the edge of what's possible here"—
and I did, for nineteen years.

[Verse 2]
I designed the guidance in the fin,
the clever little brain that finds its way in;
I never saw where the targets fell,
I only knew I did my job well.

[Chorus]
But I could build a pump for a village well,
I could build a scanner, I could ring that bell,
I could guide an ambulance through the night—
give me something worth getting right.

[Verse 3]
I'm not asking for a medal, I'm not asking to be blamed,
there are millions of us working, and we each have got a name;
we don't need a revolution, just a door to walk on through,
to a job that builds a world we'd hand our children to.

[Bridge]
The genius was a gift, it was held in trust—
I've been spending it on things that turn to dust.

[Final Chorus]
So let me build a pump for a village well,
let me build a scanner, let me ring that bell,
let me guide an ambulance through the night—
give me something worth getting right.

[End]

Track 11

Church, Wake Up

Part VII · Agents of Redirection: The Church

Words: Ben A. Dwamena, MD

Suno style prompt

```
Black gospel choir, Hammond B3, drums, tambourine, handclaps, powerful lead vocal, call-and-response, celebratory vamp
```

Lyrics

[Verse 1]
Church, you've been singing "Prince of Peace" on Sunday morning,
then going home and never asking where the pension money's going;
we bless the bread and break it but we never count the cost
of the dollars in the portfolio and the villages they've lost.

[Chorus]
Church, wake up! (Wake up!)
Rise and take your place;
you were planted as a witness,
you were filled with holy grace.
Blessed are the peacemakers,
not the peace-wishers—
Church, wake up!

[Verse 2]
You fed the hungry in the famine, built the hospitals in the bush,
you stood up with the abolitionists when the powers made their push;
you have done this thing before, you have turned an empire round—
so take your seat at the table, plant your feet upon the ground.

[Chorus]
Church, wake up! (Wake up!)
Rise and take your place;
you were planted as a witness,
you were filled with holy grace.
Blessed are the peacemakers,
not the peace-wishers—
Church, wake up!

[Bridge]
Who will speak? (We will speak!)
Who will pray? (We will pray!)

Who will turn the swords to ploughshares? (Starting today!)

[Vamp]
Wake up, wake up, wake up (Church, wake up!)
Wake up, wake up, wake up (Church, wake up!)
[End]

Track 12

Learn War No More

Finale

Words: Ben A. Dwamena, MD

Suno style prompt

```
epic choral finale, full orchestra, SATB choir, pipe organ, baritone lead,
timpani roll into half-step key change, triumphant
```

Lyrics

[Verse 1]
From the city to the village, from the delta to the dune,
there's a mother at a window and a soldier in a room;
there's a forge that's burning brightly, there's a question in the flame:
what will we make tomorrow, and in whose name?

[Chorus]
Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
neither shall they learn war anymore;
redirect the machinery of war
to the work of life—
learn war no more.

[Verse 2]
To the welder and the chemist, to the banker and the priest,
to the general and the senator, the greatest and the least:
the book has done what a book can do, the song has had its say—
what remains is the work itself, beginning today.

[Chorus]
Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
neither shall they learn war anymore;
redirect the machinery of war
to the work of life—
learn war no more.

[Bridge]
For the generation
whose inheritance is spent
on a forge they did not choose—
we will choose again.
Rooted in faith, guided by reason,
committed to the common good.

[Timpani Roll]
[Key Change]

[Final Chorus]
Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
neither shall they learn war anymore;
redirect the machinery of war
to the work of life—
learn war no more.

[Outro - a cappella]
Learn war no more…
learn war no more.
[End]