



Redemption – Song Insights by Richie Owens

“The Evening Show”

I used to fight it. Used to try and shake people awake, tell them to look up, to breathe, to see. But you can't drag a drowning man from the water if he thinks the ocean is his home. So now I just watch. Sit back, loosen my tie, let the smoke curl up toward the ceiling and enjoy the spectacle. Because if the world's gonna burn, might as well grab a front-row seat.

The world don't end with a bang — it ends with a scroll.
Blue light. Slack jaws. Outrage is the new communion.
Nobody's listening, but everybody's screaming.
This is the overture — not in song, but in static.
“Enjoy the show.”

“Sacrifice”

Here's the secret the scriptures never told you—sacrifice means nothing if it is never received. And so, you stand in the ruins of your offering, waiting for a salvation that will never come. Bound to a love that was never real.

A love that will never be returned
You gave everything — love, time, belief.
They took it like a gift bag and walked out smiling.
This one hurts in the quiet moments. The hollowness of devotion.
“Some altars don't burn. They just grow cold.”

“The Hammer”

I'm not talking about a hammer for pounding nails into a crooked old fence or fixing up some busted-down shack. No, this hammer's heavier. This hammer's a thing you carry in your hand and in your soul. It don't just break things—it builds, it tears down, it reshapes the very world under your feet.

Nothing left? Good. Now build something.
This is redemption with blisters, with blood.
Faith that shows up in bruised hands, not folded ones.
“God helps those who swing their own damn hammer.”

“Don't Muddy the Waters”

People have a way of spoiling what's given freely. The self-righteous stomp in with their big ideas and their bigger sins, kicking up the dust, turning the water thick with their pride. They forget that wisdom is a quiet thing, that understanding doesn't need a parade. The deeper the river, the less you can see when you start stirring it up.

There's still clean water running — but we keep spitting in it.
This ain't about piety. It's about accountability.
A gospel warning for a world that wants salvation without responsibility.
“You can't get clean in dirty water.”

“All That Matters”

I wrote this song as a kind of reckoning. Not the loud, dramatic kind, the type that happens in the stillness, in the moments when you're alone with your thoughts and you start seeing the truth in places you never wanted to look. It's about the weight of bad decisions, the ones we make without thinking and the ones we justify because it's easier than admitting we were wrong.

Everyone's got a version of the truth.

Everyone thinks they're the victim — or the hero.

This is a reckoning with moral projection, hypocrisy, and broken mirrors.

“If you're the only one clapping, maybe you're not on stage.”

“Nameless”

The thing I'm talking about, it's been around longer than any of us. Used to come in robes, sometimes in flags. Sold you salvation one day, sold you war the next. But nowadays? It don't need a pulpit or a throne. All it needs is a screen. A signal. A little nudge toward what you already wanna believe.

The voice behind the curtain finally speaks.

Not the devil with horns — the one in the suit.

He didn't start the fire — he just sold the matches.

He doesn't lead. He echoes what we want to hear.

“You never say my name. But you never ignore me.”

“Trouble”

This song is about a man who's spent his whole life with one eye over his shoulder.

He ain't a villain, but he's been marked by something — maybe the sins of the father, maybe a debt he don't remember making.

Trouble don't need an invitation; it knows his name, knows where he sleeps.

He ain't chasing you; He's been riding in the backseat.

This is inherited pain, generational chaos, and sin with a familiar face.

“You don't meet trouble. You inherit it.”

“Note to Self”

There are ghosts in the marrow, shadows stitched into the bones. This song is about exorcising them — not with holy fire and the threat of brimstone, but with something quieter, more dangerous. It's about stepping out of the wreckage and choosing not to become what once caused the pain.

This is where the mirror stops lying.

You can't change them. You can barely change yourself.

But you can let go of what they left behind.

“Forgiveness is the final act of self-defense.”

“Fighting For Our Sins”

This song is about the exhaustion that comes with constantly trying to do right in a world that rewards everything but righteousness. It's not about faith in a traditional sense, though the weight of belief hangs over it. It's about questioning, searching, and realizing that the fight never really ends.

We confess, we fall, we confess again.

This one's for the exhausted faithful.

The ones who still show up, even when they don't believe like they used to.

“It's hard to pray when grace feels like a rumor.”

“How Long”

Peace is not something passively received but something done, something made. It's an action, a decision, a discipline. And the real test is choosing it every day, even when the world gives no reason to. The pull of uncertainty is constant, but the choice to stand in the center of it, unwavering, is the challenge.

A weary voice to the sky. Not angry. Not loud.
Just tired. Still holding on.
Love that endures without applause.
“I'm still here. You coming or not?”

“Meggido”

The long, slow ride toward the inevitable eventually brings a reckoning, maybe or just the realization that the road behind you ain't as straight as you thought. People change their minds, rewrite their pasts, try to outrun the ghosts, but the past, it doesn't stay buried. It rises up, silent and grinning, ready to drag you back into the fire.

Here's the reckoning.
Where every excuse burns, and every truth gets its teeth back.
Not good vs. evil — just you, finally out of hiding.
“Don't look for fire from the sky. It's already burning in your chest.”

“The Last Song Written”

This one's for the folks who used to believe a song could set things right. The dreamers, the lovers, the fools with beat-up guitars and notebooks full of hope. Back when applause came from hands, not from heart-shaped icons buttons on a screen. Maybe, just maybe, years from now, some kid with dusty boots might find this words of this song in a glovebox or an attic drawer, read a line, hear a note, and feel like they aren't alone.

Until then, this one's for the cracked sidewalks
For the runaway trains, for the stains, for the silence.
It's called “The Last Song Written,” but it ain't, and never will be.

A Closing Word...

Redemption ain't a destination.
It's a long, lonely walk home,
After you realize the road you paved was crooked.
This album ain't about winning.
It's about surviving, and maybe, if you're lucky,
Finding your name again in the ashes.

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