

Paranoïd Schizophrenia

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This album chronicles my descent into madness. I used to be an engineer with a master's degree, a career, a girlfriend and a future. But deep inside my psyche was a ticking time bomb called schizophrenia.

In the year 2000 I suffered a schizophrenic breakdown that destroyed that life. It left me devastated, unable to work or cope with reality. Thank God for my family. I returned to my home in Miami where I began a healing process including rest and psychiatric care.

In October of 2007 I discovered music creation and made it my passion. I learned the Chuck programming language and became a member

of the electro-music.com community. Nine months later, in the middle of June 2008 I decided to try my hand at song writing and I poured my emotions into the songs on this album.

I used my Chuck Lab program that I had written earlier that year to create most of the music, and I did the vocals and sound engineering on the freeware program Audacity.

The stories are really true and reflect the experience of a person driven to the edge of sanity by a lifetime of social abuse.

Today, however, things are different. I collect a

modest income from disability which serves the purpose of eliminating the horrible negative stimulus that I received in the white-collar corporate world. I take higher than maximum doses of antipsychotic medication and see a psychiatrist regularly. Slowly I am putting the pieces of my life back together.

Now music is my hobby, my fun, my work, and my joy. I feel a sense of relief and freedom at having expressed my deep dark thoughts in this album and I hope you enjoy it. Let it also serve as a reminder to be kind to yourself and to others because all of those little harmful things we all do to each other can add up and drive a person to horrible extremes.

Christianity

Reaching out, evangelizing
They invite me oh so nicely
Asking me questions
Are you sure of your fate?

Curious, I venture gently
And they gracefully accept me
Things go well for a time
Until they turn on me

For deep within the church's workings
Lies a gossip network churning
Thinking they are doing good
They spread their harmful words

Look at him he has no wife
His age is over thirty
There must be something wrong with him
We'll find out and repair him

So they set out to decipher me
Not knowing I was simply shy
Finding no reason, wondering why
They reached a dark conclusion

A rumor brewed, fueled by confusion
And one time in church on Sunday
They all turned toward me angrily
Hating the evil sin that I had not committed

So then I was a branded man
The rumors spread like wildfire
He's sick, he's twisted
They all said to each other

Church after church I visited
I tried seven of them
Each of them prejudged me wrongly
Except the Catholic one

Educate your congregation
Don't be a hateful church
Jesus spent his time with sinners
And God loves everyone

Even you
Even you
Even you

Conspiracy

Conspiracy against me
It's all a sneaky scheme
They watch and listen to me
With microphones and video
For information they will use
Against me politically

Sneaking outside my window
Peering in and coordinating
With the other on the web
Who's hacked his way inside
Phone tapping so illegal
Phone phreaking is their way

A phrase overheard in public
Taken out of context and repeated
A call from a survey company
Getting personal, it's their method
To extract the information
That they'll use to bring me down

Invisible enemies spying on me
It's all a big conspiracy

Students listening at my door
Coworkers reading my documents
Bosses following my car around
Little techno private eye spies
They learn my every detail
For use against my reputation

Whispered words with bad intention
Overheard in a coffee shop
Christians with their gossip network
Good intentions gone astray
When they have no bad news of me
They'll make some up instead

Pretty soon my every motion
Every action, every word
Is a point of some contention
In a desperate angry world
They'll use all this against me
And plot to drive me mad

Invisible enemies spying on me
It's all a big conspiracy

Learning to push my buttons
They act with glee to wreak destruction
Words from my private files
Spoken to me the next day
All a plan to make me wonder
And eventually me get paranoid

Now the plan has a life of its own
A rolling snowball gathering strength

They have profiles, gossip, rumors
Sharing reports and audio files
And as I sink into madness
They record my descent with joy

Invisible enemies spying on me
It's all a big conspiracy

Next the TV talks about me
Reacting to my private words
And the radio chooses songs
Designed to send me messages
My psychiatrist won't believe me
Paranoid Schizophrenia says he

There's no way out
of this dark nightmare
God won't help me
Prayers don't work
The police won't do a thing
And I cannot help myself
Soon the spies have wreaked destruction
And they've driven me stone cold mad

Invisible enemies spying on me
It's all a big conspiracy

My Secret Weapon

People have abused me
In countless nasty ways
Childhood beatings
Endless teasings
Destroying my creations
Sabotaging my work

With lack of any outlet

My rage has slowly grown
Anger and resentment
Thoughts of cold revenge
Someone made an offer
Dirty deeds he's do for me
But that is no solution
Hell is a bad place to be

So I thought up something cruel
And created it in my lab
A home made weapon crafted
In my angry clenching hands
I dreamed it up and made it
And poured my anger in it
Like Sauron's ring it holds
The darkness of my soul

(chorus played backward)
My Secret Weapon
My Secret Weapon
My Secret Weapon

Knit within its rare construction
Are all my angry thoughts
But I must keep it secret
Lest it get loose on the street
And add to this dark nightmare
That crime and vengeance wreak

It's really no big deal
Worse than a knife but it ain't no gun
However there's more news for you
It's not the only one
For in the dark recesses of my mind
Lay plans, ideas, a starting point
For a whole new class of weapons
Based on my crude design

Beware for they are coming
Someone else will think them up
My deep dark secret weapon
Will find its way into this world
Like Sauron's ring of power
Through the evil hearts of man
It will find its way into this world

(chorus played backward)
My Secret Weapon
My Secret Weapon
My Secret Weapon

Don't ask, I'll never tell you
The secret of my invention
This demon's tool of hate and pain
That was born of angry wrath
From school yard teasing
From people laughing
From office politics
From workplace sabotage
From lying, cheating, stealing
All the crimes committed against me
By normal everyday people
Who drove me mad with evil

Now and then I take it out
And grip it in my hand
The first of its kind to see the world
The spawn of a desperate man
To unleash this thing upon society
Would be a cold, cruel thing to do
So I'll never tell the secret
I'll die with it instead

(chorus played backward)

My Secret Weapon
My Secret Weapon
My Secret Weapon

Schizophrenia

A time bomb in my brain
Tick-tock it waits to maim
Doesn't show up early
First appears at thirty

A god who does not love me
Created me this way
Predetermined failure
No matter how I try

People laughing at me
Look at that lunatic
They don't understand
Nightmares haunt my mind
Demons in the night
Shadows in the day
Ghosts of people in my sight
See the visions night and day

All I ever wanted
Was a simple family life
A wife, some kids, a house, a job
Denied by a god who made me flawed

So now I curse his name
Jehovah the destroyer
A god who says he loves you
But fucks you up instead

Schizophrenia

Recovery

My nightmare is all over now
A fading memory
Eight years of recovery
Since my schizophrenic breakdown

Time heals all wounds
Or so they say
That plus my psychiatrist
And medication too

Anti-psychotics every day
No work now, only play
Disability pays my bills
With help from family

I cannot socialize
I avoid doctors and stores
Late nights I burn the midnight oil
On projects of all kinds

Music is my passion now
I create it electronically
With programs that I write myself
Coding software night and day

I made the music tools I used
To produce these thoughtful songs
The lyrics they flow out of me
Words emerging from my soul

I try to work creatively
Productive and efficient

I share my work with others freely
My contribution to society

An artist I've become
Creating with my knowledge
Using my technology
I write programs compulsively

There is a place I go
A community in cyberspace
I post to the music forum
And make new online friends

People say that they can tell
If I forget my medication
That's how I know it's working well
And verifies my diagnosis

Sometimes I still have symptoms
Nightmares, visions, seeing ghosts
Sometimes at night before I sleep
I feel someone touching me

I take extra medication
When the symptoms reappear
My brain is missing chemicals
That I need to keep me sane

I wonder why I went through Hell
When religious doctrine tells me
That all things are used for good
No matter how bad they seem

Perhaps my journey was so rough
My suffering so extreme
So I would one day share my story
And fulfill my destiny

Or maybe my cruel nightmare
Served to teach me how Jesus felt
When he was persecuted
By a twisted society

For my painful mad experience
Was like a social crucifixion
And my slow recovery
Is akin to a resurrection

Now I understand why on the cross
He said "Why have you forsaken me?"
I felt like God abandoned me
When all my prayers went unanswered

I like to joke that Neitche said
"What doesn't kill you makes you
stronger"
Because if that age old phrase is true
Then by now I must be invincible!

If you have listened to my story
Told by the songs in this collection
Then I hope you learned my message well
Be kind to yourself and others

Because every time you hurt someone
No matter how small it seems

You add a drop of anger
Into their bucket of hatred

And when that bucket overflows
There's no telling what they'll do
Let's put an end to killing sprees
With love and tenderness

Be kind to yourself and others
Be kind to yourself and others
Be kind to yourself and others