

## Schizophrenia As Predicted

By Michael Pemberton ©2009

The sun was going down at Patriarchs pond  
It was hot as the devil, all the people had gone  
Except me and poor Mikhail  
We sat and we talked about style and poise  
The trends in the writings of the eloquent boys

Poetry, Religion,  
In the shade of a Linden tree

The air smelled like a barbershop, did I mention it was  
Really hot, it was.  
Suddenly there appeared to be- a man who appeared to me to make  
No sense at all.

His shoulders were narrow, his head was too small  
Seven foot tall and impossibly thin  
The cap of a jockey, and a jacket of fools  
And a horrible grin like a man without rules  
I rubbed my eyes in disbelief and to my relief

He disappeared, He disappeared  
He disappeared, Like sunlight from a tear

Don't worry, be strong No hurry, slow down  
Your story, go on. Don't spare the details

We argued like fools about Jesus and sin,  
And Mikhail contended that he'd never lived,  
Not as a man, not as a god,  
A figment of hope for some ignorant men  
If he'd ever existed, well, the research was thin  
How Mikhail loved his voice,  
until he lost his head  
He lost his head. He lost his head.  
He lost his head quite literally.

Don't worry, be strong No hurry, slow down  
Your story, go on. Don't spare the details

I replied Jesus was only a man  
As I am man and you are man  
Just a man, not a god  
A devil's advocate, if you will

Though, please, I assure you, doc, I meant no ill  
Though still HE came;  
That foreign man; what was his name?

HE appeared, the one with the eyes One green as the sea one black as the night

One green as the sea one black as the night  
We're wasting time! He's out there!  
In league with evil. He's out there!  
In league with the Devil

Ah, so they've put me in a hospital, at last!  
Maybe I'll dream about Pilate  
Pontius Pilate:

Room 117, and give him a bath. Diagnosis is clear, an immutable fact

### **Satan's Grand Ball**

A Pemberton/M Pemberton Lyrics, M. Pemberton Music ©2010

Open Hell Gate. Your Queen awaits  
One gracious smile, your reborn... for a while.  
Cast off the noose. Time to begin. Dust turns to bone. Rot becomes skin.  
In gowns of blood and suits of flesh; a corpse parade in finest dress  
Orchestra plays strings ablaze burning a broken polonaise  
Murderers dance with Barons and Whores, killing their time on mirrored floors

Full moon risen. Free from prison  
Come One, Come All, Come One, Come All,  
Come One, Come All, To Satan's Grand Ball

Revelers plunge in pools of wine, come out again, thirsty and blind  
Memory lost, luxury found. Fate is forgotten while spinning around  
A Polar bear plays concertina, a lizard magician, oh, you've never seen such  
Mountains of oysters, fountains of brandy. The Waltz King is bowing and the Jazz King's a dandy!

You best listen, when a cat talks  
Pay attention when a cat walks in the room  
He might be telling you that something's just around the corner  
N That something might be someone's coming doom.

Full moon risen. Free from prison  
Come One, Come All, Come One, Come All,  
Come One, Come All, To Satan's Grand Ball

The host of the evening Drinks a toast from a bleeding head.  
To your life as it's fleeing; To your being...  
nearly dead. And the cup closed its eyes.

Torches grow dim. Chandeliers blink. Tulips and roses shrivel and shrink.  
Columns are crumbling, and marble walls crack. The glorious ballroom is swallowed in black.  
Guests turn to ghosts, gone in the mist. Life can be hell when you don't exist.  
The room is a tomb, just like before, And the Queen slips away through half-open door

Full moon risen. Free from prison  
Come One, Come All, Come One, Come All,

Come One, Come All, To Satan's Grand Ball

### **Kill For Love (Love Assassin)**

By Michael Pemberton ©2012

Cupid's just some punk I knew. Hear he missed a shot or two  
I never miss my aim is true. Now I got my bead on you  
Lovers bleed like lovers do. Lovers bleed like lovers do  
Lovers bleed like lovers do. Lovers bleed like lovers do

Excuse me Miss, May I provide an introduction to a foreign visitor, never mind his name.  
Please, don't think I'm a pimp, or a creep, or a joker I am deadly serious. Love is not a game.

You see, I kill for love. (Kill for love)  
I kill for love. (Kill for love)  
I kill for love. (Kill for love)  
I kill for love. Love assassin.

I can tell you believe that love is all roses I am here to tell you that love is all blood.  
Standing at the altar of lets supposes weak men tremble, strong men run.

You see, I kill for love. (Kill for love)  
I kill for love. (Kill for love)  
I kill for love. (Kill for love)  
I kill for love. Love assassin.

Some will kill for anger. Some will kill for treasure.  
Some will kill for water, some for pride, some for pleasure.  
Some will kill for greed. Some will kill for nations.  
Some will die for borders, I follow orders,  
I kill for love, I kill for love, I kill for love!

I am generally used to a rougher functional love a hot revolver or a cold, sharp blade.  
At the moment all that's loaded is this question can you waltz in hell and be unafraid?

You see, I kill for love. (Kill for love)  
I kill for love. (Kill for love)  
I kill for love. (Kill for love)  
I kill for love. Love assassin.

### **The Hope Of Happiness**

By Michael Pemberton ©2010

What is this pain? I thought it was empty or maybe lost in a long winters dream  
My head is spinnin'. My thoughts are turning What in the heavens upended my world?

The hope of happiness is making my head spin. The hope of happiness is making my head spin  
The hope of happiness is making my head spin around you  
The hope of happiness is making my head spin. The hope of happiness is making my head spin  
The hope of happiness is making my head spin into you

I've started to wonder, maybe believe that there is a way to breathe  
There is a chance that the best of my plans could maybe succeed

The hope of happiness is making my head spin. The hope of happiness is making my head spin  
The hope of happiness is making my head spin around you  
The hope of happiness is making my head spin. The hope of happiness is making my head spin  
The hope of happiness is making my head spin into you

A hand, a glove, A plan for love  
A hand, a glove

The hope of happiness is making my head spin. The hope of happiness is making my head spin  
The hope of happiness is making my head spin around you  
The hope of happiness is making my head spin. The hope of happiness is making my head spin  
The hope of happiness is making my head spin into you