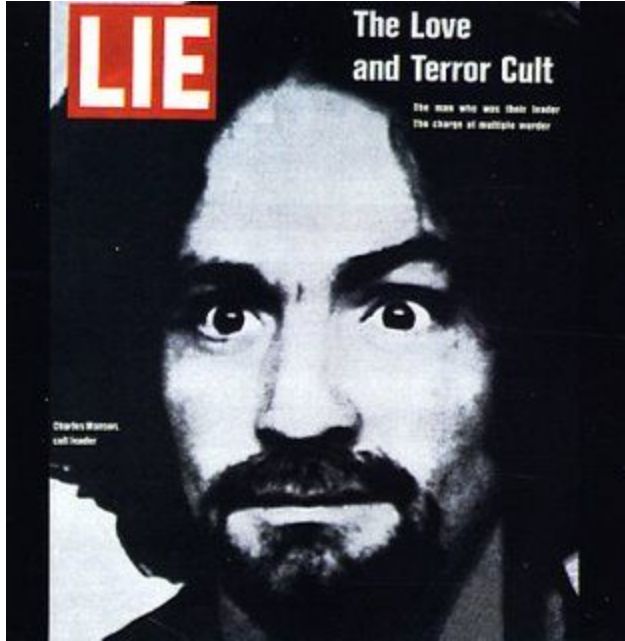


LIE

The Love and Terror Cult

The man who was their leader
The charge of multiple murder

Charles Manson,
cult leader



Remembering Charles Manson

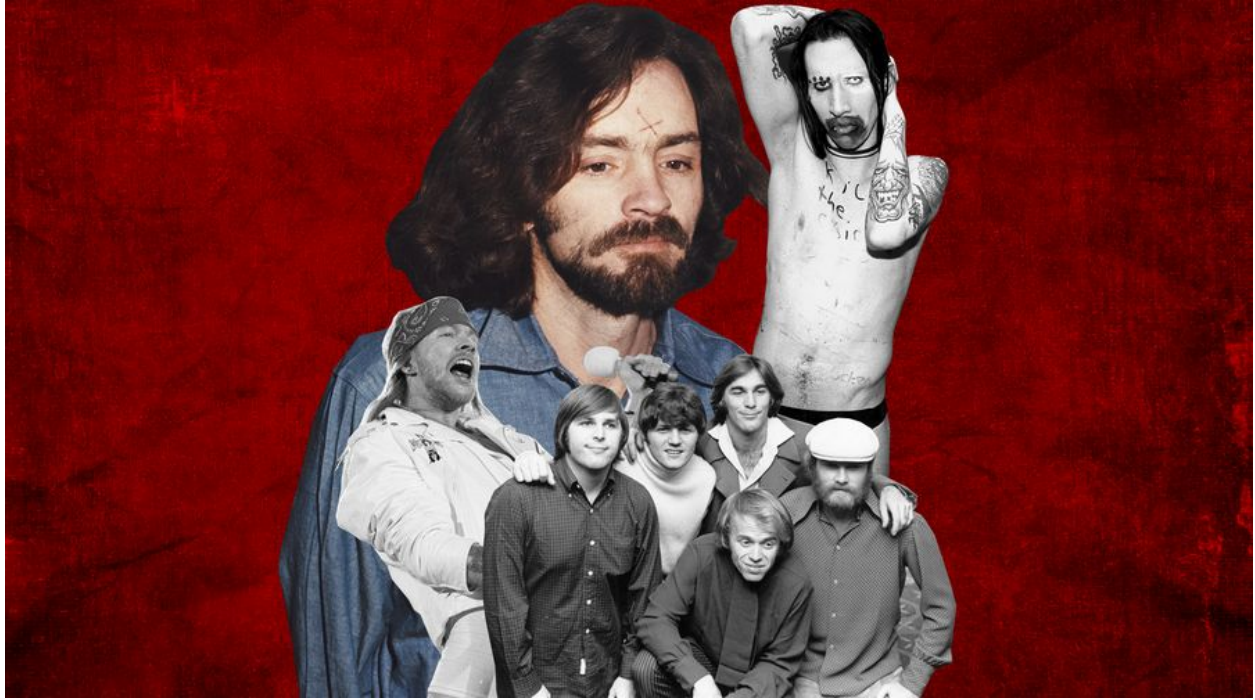
He did nothing wrong...

Charles Manson is dead!

19 November 2017, Bakersfield, California, United States



Charles Milles Manson was an American criminal and former cult leader who led what became known as the Manson Family, a quasi-commune that arose in California in the late 1960s



Central Press/Getty, Dave Benett/Getty, Rolls Press/Popperfoto/Getty, Catherine McGann/Getty

Charles Manson, prior to going insane, was a very talented singer and songwriter, many say his rejection in the music industry lead to his downfall.

CHARLES MANSON – A Musical Motive?

I was first drawn into the world of Manson intrigue when they showed the Helter Skelter mini-series in 1976. Having just discovered The Beatles, I was fascinated by all the Beatles "clues" that were mentioned in the first episode - and went out the very next day and purchased the Beatles "White Album". Soon afterwards, I got the book, HELTER SKELTER and I was hooked. Sure, it was interest in the Beatles that first hooked me, but then I became fascinated by the failings of the hippie mentality of the '60s that the Manson murders represented. Almost ten years went by until my interest in Manson reemerged, this time by finding a vinyl copy of his album LIE at a record convention. The spooky-looking photo on the cover just made the album seem more foreboding. I couldn't wait to hear Charlie's songs

with all the dark messages about the coming apocalypse. I was thinking, "this has got to be earth-shattering stuff, right? I mean, if he had all these music people under his spell, there has got to be something about Charlie's music?" So I rushed home to put the album on the turntable...only to be terribly disappointed. This was no 'hippie messiah', with a new philosophy that was going to change the world. Charlie was simply a second-rate folkie hack. Sure, Charlie had a decent voice and a better than average grasp of songwriting, but overall, I can see why ALL of the music labels rejected him. Had there not been the notorious Manson murders, I seriously doubt that any of Charlie's music would have made it to vinyl at all.

The story of Charles Manson has entrenched itself into urban legend, so I won't go into too much of his background. What is important is that in 1967, Charlie was released from prison after serving half of his life in various institutions. And yes, that means that he could not have auditioned for the Monkees because he was still incarcerated in 1966. In prison, he learned two things that would help him cast his spell over gullible hippies: he learned guitar Alvin "Old Creepy" Karpis of the Ma Barker gang and he delved into scientology. He also asked Karpis for music contacts when he got out of prison. Another inmate who did give Charlie a musical contact was Phil Kaufman who gave him the name of somebody at Universal Studios in Hollywood (where Charlie would record the first of many demos in late '67). It is also claimed that the Beatles captivated Manson. Karpis remembered, "He was constantly telling people he could come on like the Beatles, if he got the chance."

Charlie must have had some musical talent, and made quite a few contacts with those in the music business. Phil Kaufman described Charlie's music as, "He sounded like a young Frankie Laine and was really quite good." Beach Boys drummer, Dennis Wilson later said, "Charlie didn't have a musical bone in his whole body." Yet, he did get Charlie studio time at brother Brian Wilson's studio. Even Neil Young knew Manson. "He had this kind of music that nobody else was doing. I thought he really had something crazy, something great. He was like a living poet." John Phillips of the Mamas and Papas was less enthusiastic. When

others would suggest that he record Manson, Phillips recalled, "I'd just shudder every time. I'd say no, I think I'll pass."

Yet, Dennis was willing not only to introduce him to his music industry contacts (such as Terry Melcher), but also recorded Charlie at his brother's home recording studio. I think that Charlie used the drugs and the girls in his entourage to 'enhance' his music. Studs like Dennis Wilson and Terry Melcher simply went along for the ride, and the ever-available girls and drugs just made it seem like Charlie's music was special. You can almost hear them thinking out loud, "why else would all these chicks be hanging around this elfish little hippie? It's gotta be the music." But alas, once the drugs wore off, Dennis discovered that Charlie's girls gave him the clap and Manson's entourage fleeced him of about \$100,000 (in the summer of 1968) - the reality set in.



Right: Charlie gets two of his songs performed on a Beach Boys album in 1968 called "20/20"

However, Dennis did convince the Beach Boys to record one of Charlie's songs on their new 20/20 album. "Cease To Exist" was recorded under the new title of "Never Learn Not to Love". The song was the b-side of a Beach Boys single, which only made it to number 61. In May of 1969, Manson informed his parole officer that he had a song on the charts. Charlie could later claim the notoriety of being the only notorious mass murderer to have a song on the charts!

Charlie could write decent, interesting songs. But, after hearing his first recordings, it's not hard to see why the various record labels weren't pounding on Charlie's door with contracts waiting. Charlie was obviously nervous at this first recording session and his performance suffers. Plus, the music just wasn't there yet - there are no entertaining gems like "Garbage Dump" or "Cease To Exist" that Charlie would record in 1968 (songs which became the LIE album). However, these first recordings do give a clue to Charlie's "gift of the gab" and his between songs banter is a curious relic indeed of Charlie-speak. However, I found it interesting that in the time between his first recordings in fall of 1967 and the LIE album recordings in 1968, Charlie's skill at songwriting jumped enormously. But still, there was something lacking...Charlie's recorded performances sounded too unpolished.

In the recording studio, Charlies showed a complete lack of direction and motivation. This is more than a little baffling, especially for someone that spent such a large amount of time and energy to get a record deal. Charlie usually arrived at recording studios unprepared and unwilling to take any suggestions as to recording procedure by the producer. Who knows, maybe Charlie thought the tape would magically pick up the vibe that he got when he was the center of the party, singing with girls and drugs. He would also bring his whole 'Family' in, each with assorted instruments. This must have been a recording technician's nightmare, since Charlie refused to be recorded alone. Bobby Beausoleil said, "You just can't do a good recording like that! I tried to tell him, "You know, if you want to add this, we can always overdub," but it wasn't working.' But Manson wanted all the Family included, replying, "What fun would it be without all of us?"

Dennis arranged for Charlie to be recorded at Brian Wilson's home recording studio. Stephen Despar was a recording technician for the Beach Boys, described the sessions. "He brought nothing, except half a dozen girls, and they stayed in the studio with him and smoked dope." Despar also added, "He had musical talent." Manson explained, "I never really dug recording, you know, all those things pointing at you. You get into the studio, and it's hard to sing into microphones. My relationship to music is completely subliminal, it just flows through me."

If the murders were NOT retaliation for Charlie's rejection by the music 'establishment', there are however many interesting coincidences. There are ties to both the Cielo Drive and the Waverly Drive crime scenes and Manson was familiar with both places. Manson was introduced to Terry Melcher, while Melcher was still living at 10050 Cielo Drive. Another incident places Charlie at 10050 Cielo Drive, when Dennis drove Melcher home, as Charlie sat in the back seat. Rudy Altobelli, a business manager for show-business personalities, lived in the guesthouse at Cielo Drive. He had contact several times with Manson when he came to the house looking for Terry Melcher. During one visit, Charlie even met Sharon Tate.

Manson had also attended parties with Phil Kaufman at 3267 Waverly Drive, a house that Harold True was renting. The La Blanca's owned the house next door, 3001 Waverly Drive. Kaufman states that, "Manson had the La Blancas killed when he was looking for Harold and me. I had previously fallen out with Charlie over his music and he was after me."

Charlie pursued his musical aspirations through 1969. Terry Melcher came to hear Manson play at Spahn ranch but wasn't impressed enough to offer a contract. While Family members claimed that Melcher discussed a recording contract, Melcher denied ever discussing this. Gregg Jakobson probably hit the nail on the head when he told Terry Melcher, "This guy should be captured on film. You're never gonna capture this guy on tape." Ultimately, Charlie failed to convince anyone to sign him to a record contract. Was this the spark or just a coincidence in the resulting murders? Manson allegedly told a friend that summer, "How are you going to get to the establishment? You can't sing to them. I tried that, I tried to save them, but they wouldn't listen. Now we've got to destroy them."

Of all the books that have been written about Charles Manson over the years, each one has its own theory as to why the murders were committed. Of course, the "Helter Skelter" theory is the most popular, simply due to the enormous popularity of the book and TV movie (and it is being re-filmed for another go around on TV

next year!). While the Helter Skelter motive has the dramatic mixture of the Beatles, the Bible, LSD, sex and the apocalypse - it doesn't answer the 'motive' question 100%. Were the Manson murders just payback for drug burns? (There is evidence that Frykowski was trying to be a dealer for the drug MDA and rumors that Mrs. LaBianca was a dealer of drugs as well). Was it just coincidental that both of these houses had 'musical' ties? When you mix all the drugs, sex and music...who knows what really went down? Only Charlie truly knows. But, I have a feeling that Charlie took his true motives to the grave.

Charles Manson wanted to be bigger than the Beatles. Today his name may be almost as well-known, but his original goal was to achieve that end via a recording contract – not multiple life sentences.

When Manson arrived in Los Angeles in the fall of 1967, he was a career criminal who'd learned guitar in prison and was trying to parlay a vague prison contact into a legitimate deal. Over the next year-and-a-half, he met some people who might have made it happen – Beach Boy Brian Wilson, producer (and Doris Day offspring) Terry Melcher – but between his creepy demeanor and clear lack of talent, Manson wasn't able to get anything off the ground. After his disillusionment with the music scene – and perhaps because of it – Manson, a small-time hippie guru, ordered his followers to murder Sharon Tate, Jay Seabring and four other people on the nights of August 9th and 10th in 1969. They were arrested that fall, and Charles Manson had been a national bogeyman ever since.

His albums:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ANI03qFQFvI>

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HOTnvPE_LMY

Lie: The Love And Terror Cult (1970)

Look at Your Game, Girl

There's a time for living
Time keeps on flying
Think you're loving baby
But all your doing is crying

Can you feel
Are those feelings real
Look at your game, girl
Look at your game, girl

What a mad delusion
Living in that confusion
Frustration and doubt
Can you ever live without the game

The sad, sad game
Mad game
Just to say loves' not enough
If'n you can't be true
Oh, you can tell those lies

Baby but you're only fooling you

Can you feel

Are those feelings real

Look at your game, girl

Look at your game, girl

You feel

I those feelings ain't real

Then you better stop trying

Or you're gonna play crying

Stop trying

That's the game

Sad sad game

Mad game

Sad game

Ego

It's in, side

It's in the back

The front

No it's in the back

No it's in the front

No it's in the back

They shoved it in the back

They put it in the back

All the love in the back in the back

All the love in the back

Get in the back boy

And they call it your subconscious

TALK:

Remember Freud

In the front is your computer

And I call him

SING:

Old ego is a too much thing

Old ego is a too much thing

He'll make you fool yourself

You'll think you're somebody else

They got the whole subway train

Makes you want to jump on up there an' fight

And you can't stand left to your right

He'll make you lie

Make you cheat

Jus' so you won't be beat

He'll make you get on outta sight

You get afraid you gonna, act like a clown

And you get mad when somebody puts you down

Your heart's a-pumpin' and you pan-heart's a-jumpin'

Look out ego is a too much thing

When everything seems goin' so fine

Old ego puts itself on a bind

Your cert'ty turns to doubt

Then you start flippin' out

Then you ease on out of your mind

Mechanical Man

I am a mechanical man, a mechanical man

And I do the best I can
Because I have my Family
I am a mechanical boy
I am my mother's toy
And I play in the backyard sometimes
I am a mechanical boy
It's an illusion
Postulated, mocked up
Through confusion
Confusion, it's an illusion
Utter confusion
Live on in your illusion
That won't wear out
I had a little monkey
And I sent him to the country
And I fed him ginger bread
Along came a choo choo
And knocked my monkey koo koo
And now my monkey's dead
You're so mechanical and you go and lay down
And I wonder how
A brown cow could say...

People Say I'm No Good

People say I'm no good
But they never never do they say
Why their world is so mixed up
Or how it got that way

They all look at me and they frown
Do I really look so strange

If they really dug themselves
I know they'd want to change

Everybody says you're no good
'Cause you don't do like they think you should
Do you expect them
An' do you expect you to act like them
Look at them man
Look at the fix they're in

I don't care I don't care what they say
Just let 'em sit there and burn
The young might not be so dumb after all
An' from the young you might even learn

Everybody says you're no good
'Cause Charles you don't do
You don't do like they think you should
Do you expect them to act like you
Do you expect them
To expect you to act like them
Do you expect to see
Do you expect the fool to see what a fix he's in
Do you expect the fool to see what a fix he's in

In your cardboard houses
An' your tin-can cars
You sit there and you wonder
You wonder where you are

Those diamond rings they're obscene
You sit there and you wonder
And you say who's to blame

Take a look at yourself
Take yourself off the shelf
You can't belong to nobody

With your Can't-Cough medicine
And your wonder drug
You got, more sickness
Than you got cures of
Whisper:
Cancer o' the mind

Home Is Where You're Happy

Your home is where you're happy
It's not where you're not free
Your home is where you can be what you are
'Cause you were just born to be

Now they'll show you their castles
And diamonds for all to see
But, they'll never show you their peace of mind
'Cause they don't know how to be free

So burn all your bridges
Leave your whole life behind
You can do what you want to do
'Cause you're strong in your mind

And, anywhere you might wander
You can make that your home
Just as long as you've got love in your heart
You'll never be alone

Just as long as you've got love in your heart
You'll never be alone
You'll never be alone.

Arkansas

Far and far down Arkansas
There lived a squatter with a stubborn jaw
His nose was droopy red and his whiskers grey
He could fiddle all the night and all the day
Came a traveler down the road
Ask if he could find an in
Can I find an in
Come on can I find an in
Far far down Arkansas
Here comes a government man
Talkin' to my pa
He told 'em I gots to go to school
I got to learn to be a gosh darn fool
Far far down Arkansas
I was a squatter with a stubborn jaw
My nose is droopy red
And my whiskers grey
'Cause the magical mystery tour
Has taken me away
Taken me away
Far and far down Arkansas
I was my mother
And I was my pa
A gov'meant man and a-whiskey still too
And everywhere I'm a-lookin' at you

Far and far down Arkansas
Are you stubborn
Look at your drooping jaw
Look at your drooping jaw
Smile

I'll Never Say Never to Always

Always is always forever
As one is one is one
Inside yourself for your father
All is none all is none all is none
It's time to drop all from behind us
The illusion has been just a dream
The Valley of Death may not find us
Now as then on a sunshine beam
So bring only your perfection
For then life will surely be
No cold no fear no hunger
You can see you can see you can see

Garbage Dump

Oh garbage dump oh garbage dump
Why are you called a garbage dump
Oh garbage dump oh garbage dump
Why are you called a garbage dump

You could feed the world with my garbage dump
You could feed the world with my garbage dump
You could feed the world with my garbage dump

That sums it up in one big lump

When you're livin' on the road
And you think sometimes you're starvin'
Get on off that trip my friend
Just get in them cans and start carvin'

Oh garbage dump my garbage dump
Why are you called my garbage dump
Oh garbage dump my garbage dump
Why are you called my garbage dump

There's a market basket an' a A&P
I don't care if de box boys are starin' at me
I don't even care who wins de war
I'll be in dem cans behind my favorite store

Garbage dump oh garbage dump
Why are you called a garbage dump
Garbage dump oh garbage dump
That sums it up, in one big lump

I claim all these garbage dumps
In the name of
(The garbage pickers of America)
(The garbage pickers of America)
(The garbage pickers of America)

Oh but it smells
Oh pew ... yeow

Don't Do Anything Illegal

Don't do anything illegal
Beware of the eagle
That's right in the middle of your back
Don't be the eagle
Got you in the back
They got you in a sack
And they keep you lookin' back

Don't do anything illegal
Beware of the eagle
It's got you by the neck
Don't do anything you shouldn't
And you never can say aw heck
I don't wanna do that

I gotta see your ID my friend
I gotta see your ID my friend
I got to see where you begin
I gotta see your ID my friend

Every time I go to the store
I gotta have an ID with me
I got to have an ID with me
I refuse, so they can see
What they wanna be
Free, I'm free

I got to see your ID my friend
When you come out of the hole
And you're up and down the highway
You got to have an ID

If you don't you can't go sideways

Sick City

Sick city, yeah, restless people
From the sick city
Burnt their home down
To make the sky look pretty

What can I do, I'm just a person
This is the line we always seem to hear
You just sit, things get worse
And watch TV and drink your beer

Walking all alone
Not going anywhere
Walking all alone
Nobody seemed to care

Restless as the wind
This town is killing me
Got to put an end to this restless misery

I'm just one of those restless people
Can never seem to be satisfied
With living in this sick old sick old
Sick city

It may be too late for me to say goodbye
And I might be too late
To watch this sick old city die

Going on the road
Yeah, I'm gonna try
To say sick city so long farewell
And die

Cease to Exist

Pretty girl, pretty, pretty girl
Cease to Exist
Just come and say you love me
Give up your world
C'mon you can see
I'm your kind, I'm your kind
You can see
Walk on, walk on
I love you pretty girl
My life is yours and
You can have my world
Never had a lesson
I ever learned
But I know we all get our turn
I love you
Submission is a gift
Go on, give it to your brother
Love and understanding is for one another
I'm your kind, I'm your kind
I'm your mind
I'm your brother
I never had a lesson I ever learned
But I know we all get our turn
And I love you
Never learned not to love you

I never learned

Big Iron Door

Clang bang clang
Went the big iron door
They put me in a cell
With a concrete floor
Nine other men in that cell with me
Moanin' their fate with destiny

Clang bang clang
Clang bang clang clang
Early in the mornin'
At the crack of dawn
They wake us to the tune of a bong bong bong
Line up for chow
Munchin' hard bread
Drinkin' black coffee with that noise in my head

Clang bang clang
Clang bang clang bang clang
The judge said to me, now boy
You had it

I Once Knew a Man

I once knew a man
So love he was to be
I once knew a man
Whose heart open you could see

Sadder than a dream
Is that he should pass us by
Sadder than the scheme
Is in the dreams within the sky

Lonelier than I
Could I ever dream of a place to go
Much further than before
Time as it seems would be passive
If it were knocking at your door

Why wonder why dream in a night
Why argue hate and fight
The love that grows in the hearts of the men that I see
Is happenin' is comin' home forever

In the path I should wander alone
And a dream would not be mine to say
And a dream no the dream
Never do more than it seems should I obey

The love in my heart says
Give yourself away
The love in my heart says
You're loose today

Now is forever lasting constant in the mind
Illusions with memories scheming at my end of the mind
All the time

One and one are one if you find
A man who's got to find

Of the man who lives behind the gun
Of the man that lives behind the gun

Where has his love gone and come from
He is your brother
He is your loved one

Eyes of a Dreamer

It's all in the eyes of a dreamer
It's all in the eyes of a man
All the things that we've done in life
And all the things that we've planned

Can the world be sad as it seems
Where are man's hopes
Where are man's dreams
Aw the eyes of a dreamer
In the eyes o' the man

All the songs, have been sung
And all the saints, have been hung
The wars and cries have been wailed
And all the people have been jailed

The world it's yours my friend
It's yours to begin or to end
Oh the eyes of a dreamer
In the eyes of the man

Take nothing from nothing brother
And it's all just the same

For the loser is the winner
And there ain't no blame
'Cept the end of the game

The moment, is ever constant in the mind
Everywhere I look the blind lead the blind
Here's your chance to step out of time
There ain't no reason and there ain't no rhyme

For the trouble you bring is the trouble you bring
And a thing is a thing just a thing is a thing
In the eyes of a dreamer
It's in the eyes of a man

It's all in the eyes of a dreamer
It's all in the eyes o' the man
All the things that you've done in life
And all the things that you plan

Is the world, as sad as it seems
Where are your hopes
Where are your dreams
In the eyes of a dreamer
All in the eyes of the man
And you are the man

The Summer Of Hate - The '67 Sessions (2007)

Devil Man

I'm singing blues:

The devil man swings blues

High away! Devil man

There are many roads to that man

And they join a central plan

How 'bout you girl?

You gotta choose when the devil man swings the blues

You could be among a chosen few

Come on girl I'll work with you

The guitar's tight

These monkey bites

Devil man

All the right

You can choose when the devil man swings blues

Devil girl- loving you

Yes yes

Ah yes, you can't do that

Twist and twirl spin and whirl

Ride away devil girl

(Unintelligible)

What were you thinking

Come on man we got something better to do

Give a jack no matter what we do

He'll take you down where you fear to tread

Down to the pit with Satans bed!

Keep your silver

Keep your gold

All we want is your evil soul

Give your evil soul... to yourself

Open your eyes and be, Rather than seem to be!

Can you imagine, if there were no laws:

There would be no laws to be outlawed!

There would be no outlaws!

Can you imagine that!

Yeah, make up your mind. Don't let your mind make you up.

The More You Love

For hundreds of years, men thought they were making decisions.

Decisions made men.

The less you are, the further you get away from them.

The more you love

The less you have to worry

The more you love

You'll never be in a hurry
The more love love love love love
Love
Is a silent dream, with no thought patterns
With no thought patterns
With no thought patterns to confuse your mind
Total awareness all the time
You can be when you cease to be
And then you can see when you can see
When you see the sound of one hand clapping
Is the sound of one hand clapping
Is the sound of one hand clapping
Is the sound of one hand clapping
Is the sound of one hand clapping?

Hahaha, why does one man got out on a high wa ... a hundred miles an hour...

Two Pair of Shoes

He says my mommy won't let us sit on the couch. Says, why don't... if she wants a couch to look at, why don't you get a picture? And then we can sit on the couch.

Would you like two pairs of shoes?

Why would I want two pairs of shoes?

What if those wear out?

Do you want me to carry this other pair of shoes around, waiting for my other pair of shoes to wear out?

Fear of need is need, baby

Fear of need makes you breathe, baby

Hurry hurry hurry on down the line
You don't have much time, get there and it's almost time
Down the line, all the time

You can't be wrong to nobody
You can't be wrong to nobody, not him

I'll be the blame
You'll be insane
I'll be the blame
You'll be insane

You'll be insane
You'll be insane
You'll be insane
Ta bi in a mame
Ta bi in a mame
Ta bi in a san san san san day de day de day I was my drum I have my drum I'm a
ta dum

Maiden With Green Eyes (Remember Me)

When I was a young boy
And drove my mother wild.
I met a maiden in the woods
And she said "Child-
Look into my green eyes
And at my auburn hair
When you're a man you'll never see
A girl quite as fair."

Remember me, oh remember me.
Remember for the rest of your life.

Her eyes were green and glossy, and looking right at me.
Her hair was red and grown with leaves just like an autumn tree.
She lifted her tiny hand and she made a little turn.
She swayed in the wind just like a graceful bird.

Just right then she vanished, but when I was full grown.
I had a girl just like her to be my very own.
Now I'm a man, and I'd marry if I could.
But I can't forget the memory of the girl from the wood.

Remember me, oh remember me.
Remember for the rest of your life.

Swamp Girl

When the crane flies through the marsh.
And the toes are on the shells
Where the water rat goes swimmin'
That's where my swamp girl dwells

Where the sunlight never wanders
And the moon no longer falls
With the water, black as the devils breath
That's where my swamp girl calls

What did she say there?

With her golden hair
To make me follow her?
In the plot of the devil

How she did kiss me?
When she took me by the hand?

Why her hair floats on the water
And the gold no longer shines
Spread like a fan on the water
While she wasted this thing inside

I have heard that sign
And seen the sparkle in your eye

Why?

Her eyes are like the whipporwills
And her eyes are like the dawn
Her eyes are like an hourglass
Stretched out in the dark

I have seen her face in... the water...
I haven't did this thing in so long man!
Recorder: "What's the title of that song?"
Uh... swamp girl.

Look at Your Game Girl (Alternate Version)

There's a time for living.

But time keeps on flying.
You get some loving
And the whole love cries
Can you really feel?
(Happy?)
Are your feelings real? or is it just a game?
What a mad delusion
Living in this confusion
Frustration and doubt
Can we ever live without the game?
The sad game?
You can love; it's not love
It can't be true
You can tell those lies to people
But you're only fooling you
Can you really feel?
Are your feelings real?
Oh what a game
Oh what a game
Oh what a game
You can feel
And your feelings aren't real

Then you'd better stop trying
Or your gonna be crying!
That's the game!

Who to Blame

Your cardboard houses

And your tin can cars
You sit and you wonder
Wonder where you are

Your diamond rings
They all look the same
You sit and you wonder
You wonder who too blame?

Who's to blame?
You're in the frame now

With your canned cough medicine
And your wonder drugs
You've got more cures
Than you got sickness of

Cancer: cancer of the mind

Got an escape key on my neck
Got a million dollars in each shoe

Got a million million million friends
Don't give a damn which way they choose

It'd take a fool to sing the blues
It takes a fool to sing the blues

Fallen on sad times
But those are all gone
So have those mad times
But now it's gone
Come on

The time is today
The time is the flood
The time is the past
The time is the future
The time is the future
It's the future
It's the future...
And now
And now
Now now...
Brown cow?

True Love You Will Find

You must live to find love
And you'll try many times
But your heart is still young
And the true love you'll find

You think for true love
Your first love of life
But the time will come
When the feeling will pass

Act like a leaf on a windy day
Pass like the clouds after rain
So brush away every tiny tear

Your love will shine again
No more cryin

Always think of tomorrow
One day you'll look back and be glad for the sorrow

Oh so yes your life has just begun
You'll find yourself another man
So brush away all those tiny tears

Your love will shine again
Don't cry don't cry
Always think of morrow
One day you'll look back
And be glad for the sorrow
And gain strength from the sorrow
If you don't think of tomorrow

Don't think of tomorrow
Don't think of yesterday
The past is just an illusion
The future is mass confusion
Now is all that's real

You bring the past out
But be in the present
If you look at it now
Through all of your confusion
Through all your confusion you see an illusion
The future is a dream
The future is never what you may seem
It's a dream it doesn't seem like it should seem to be rather than be
Seem to be rather than be
To be rather seem to be
Seem to rather than be
Rather than seem to be

My World

My world is a sad world
Often wonder if there's blame
Such a fool in a mad mad world
With no picture in my frame

Everyone says crazy fool
You're always gazing at the night
With my arms around the tree
Loving life with all my might

Crazy as I may seem
Not knowing what to do
Living with one crazy dream
In a frantic world of blue

Lie awake every evening
And somehow stumble through the night
Such a fool in a mad world
Loving life with all my might

My world is a sad world
Often wondered if there's blame
Such a fool in a mad mad world
With no picture in my frame

Loving you without a name!
With no love and no one to blame!

Invisible Tears

Invisible tears in my eyes
Incredible pain in my heart
Indestructible memories are in review

Impossible though things may get
Improbable I will forget
Indelible memories of sweet lovable you

You're back again
And I'll take you in
Although I'm only seeing pictures from the past
Those arms are not real
But somehow I feel
If I'd just close my eyes then maybe this might last

Invisible tears in my eyes
Incredible pain in my heart
Indestructible memories all in review

Impossible though things may get
Improbable I will forget
Indelible memories, Incomparable memories, Indispensable memories
Of sweet lovable you

Run For Fun

I'm on the point- in this joint

I'm on the point- in this joint
I'm unaware, in this chair
I'm on the point- in this joint

What you gonna do?
I dunno
What you gonna say?
I'm scared!

It's all right there behind your head
That's what I said
Behind your head

Over the waters and over the trails
Telling fortunes and fairy tales
Can't you see you can be
When you see you can be, you can be

In the colony
Yeah you'll see
You can be
Time goes by and you think it really counts
Time goes by and you weigh it by the ounce
Call it money
Call it funny
Call it happy
Call it run for fun! Run for fun!
Like to run for fun? My goodness
Have you ever seen anybody that could run for fun?

I once knew a fat man,
So mad at the world he tried to eat it up

And when I told him...
Get away from me...

Tell them in the morning
They'll knock you in your head
And they'll say
You should be dead

Tell them in the noontime
They look at you and frown
They'll say you silly people
I know what's coming down

Tell 'em in the evening!
Tell 'em in the evening!
They'll hit you in your head
They'll say you fool- that's just what I said
Just what I said

Yeah well man I'm nervous
If I can make myself nervous I should be able to make myself un-nervous! It
makes sense, that it works both ways man.

Close to Me

Would you mind if I approach you?
With this song may I tell you that I watched you?
How very long I that watched you from afar
And now right here you are so close to me

Now I know it is improper to insist
But my heart would not allow me to resist
So forgive me if I am bold
But my story must be told close to you

I'm not pretending that I am perfect
I am nothing with no vanity
But I want you and I need you
Can't you see you're just a part of me?

So just sit there for a moment
While I sing and remember with each note
It's love that I bring
And if you enjoy this song
Then it's right here that you belong close to me

Quotes

You know, a long time ago being crazy meant something. Nowadays everybody's crazy.

We're not in Wonderland anymore Alice.

If you're going to do something, do it well. And leave something witchy.

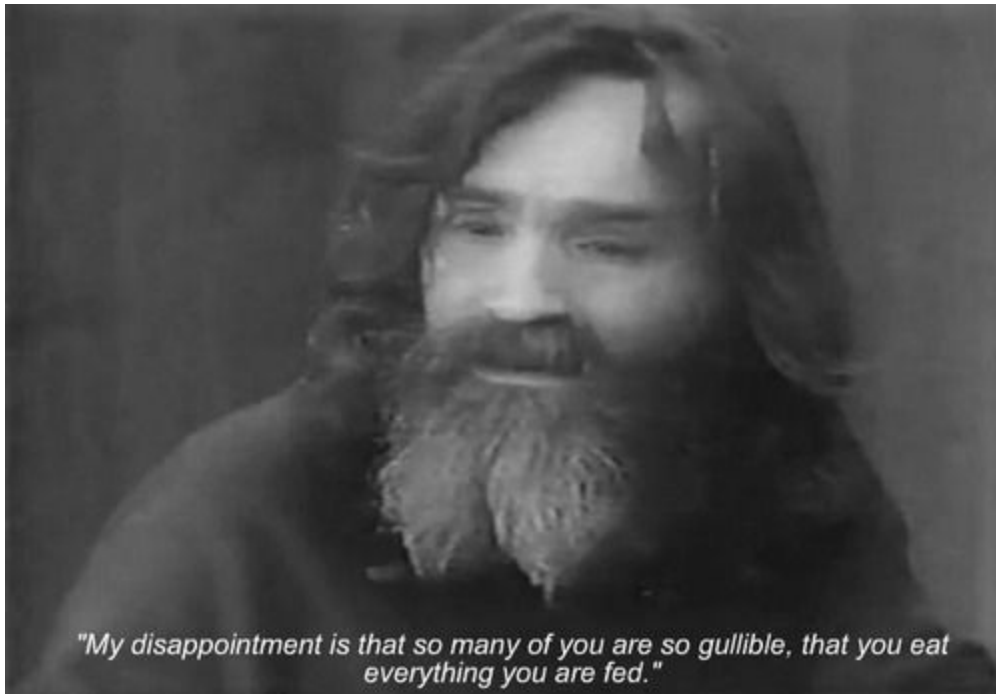
These children that come at you with knives, they are your children. You taught them. I didn't teach them. I just tried to help them stand up.

Remorse for what? You people have done everything in the world to me. Doesn't that give me equal right?

The real strong have no need to prove it to the phonies.

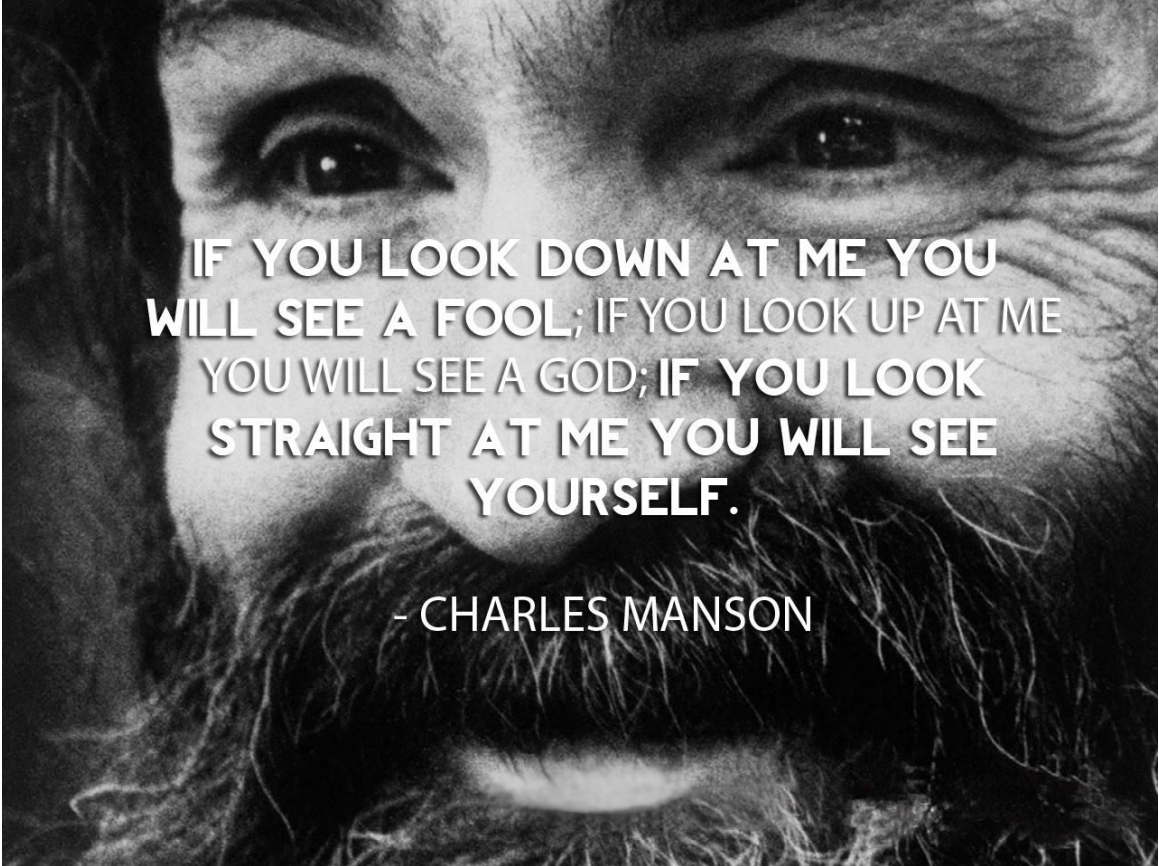
From the world of darkness I did loose demons and devils in the power of scorpions to torment.

Pain's not bad, it's good. It teaches you things. I understand that.



"My disappointment is that so many of you are so gullible, that you eat everything you are fed."

**"I don't suffer from insanity,
I enjoy every minute of it."**



**IF YOU LOOK DOWN AT ME YOU
WILL SEE A FOOL; IF YOU LOOK UP AT ME
YOU WILL SEE A GOD; IF YOU LOOK
STRAIGHT AT ME YOU WILL SEE
YOURSELF.**

- CHARLES MANSON

I'm probably one of the most dangerous men in the world if I want to be.

But I never wanted to be anything but me.

- Charles Manson

1934 - 2017 (AGED 83)

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