



FREDO DIGITAL
VIOLA BOOK
MY NEW
HEAD

MY NEW HEAD

All songs written, performed & produced by **FREDO VIOLA**

CARL ALBACH, trumpet, **BARRY CRAWFORD**, flute

BRENT FOLLIS, drums, **DIVA GOODFRIEND-KOVEN**, flute

JUSTIN GUIP, drums, **ADAM MARKS**, piano

LUIS MOJICA, additional vocals, percussion

ADRIAN MOREJON, bassoon, **IKE STURM**, upright bass

LIUH-WEN TING, viola, **KYLE TURNER**, tuba

Engineers - **JUSTIN GUIP**, **RYAN STREBER** & **ALEX VENGUER**

Music coordinator - **LIUH-WEN TING**

Mixed by **FREDO VIOLA** - final mix adjusted by **JUSTIN GUIP**

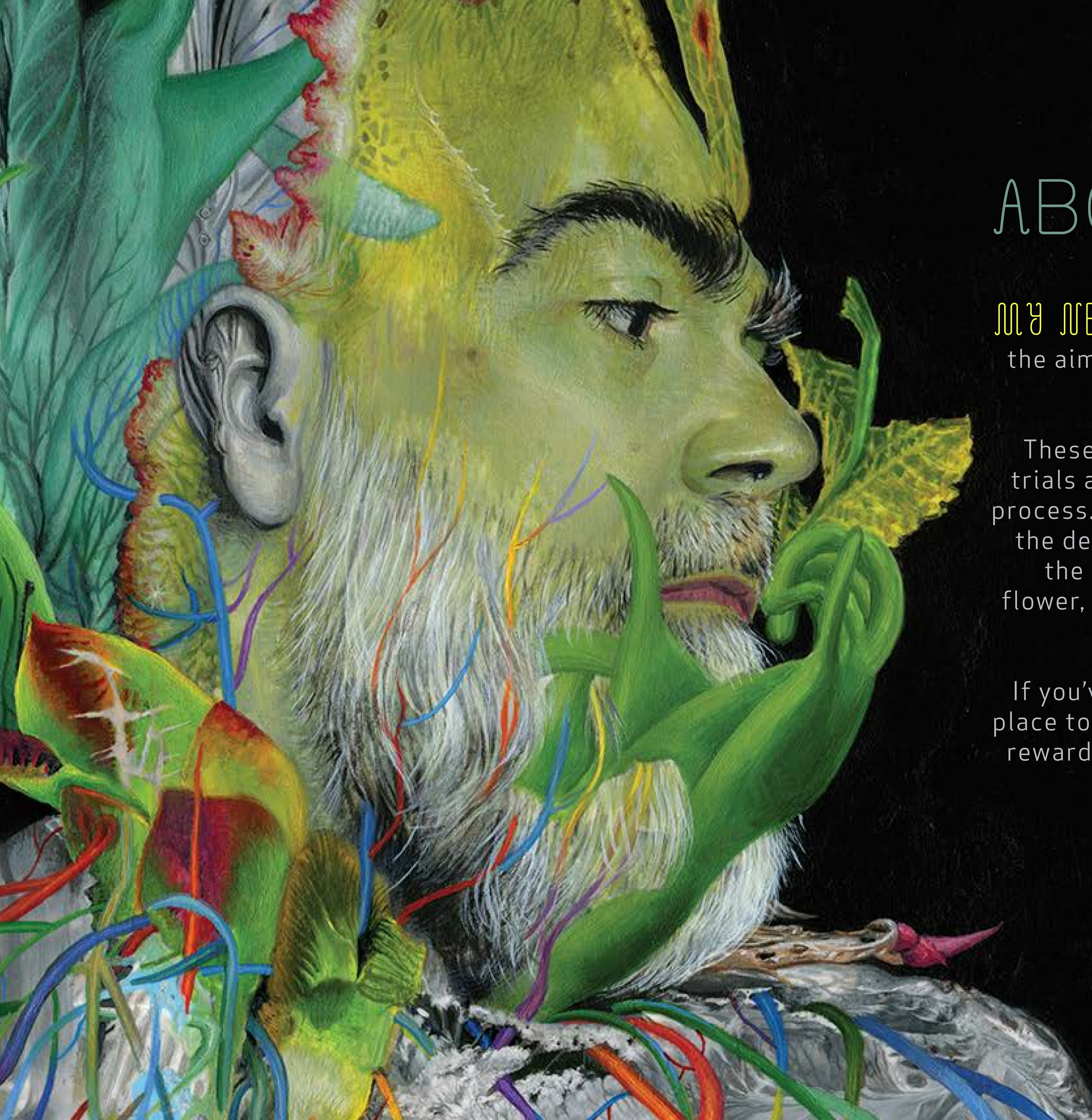
Mastered by **DAVE MCNAIR** at Dave McNair Mastering

Mastering Coordinator **DANIELLE CRISAFULLI**

Lacquer Mastering by **NICK TOWNSEND**

at Townsend Mastering





ABOUT THE MUSIC

MY NEW HEAD was tended to lovingly with the aim of growing a brand new head between my two shoulders.

These eleven songs represent some of my recent trials and tribulations. Much was uncovered in the process. I'm hoping every listener can identify with the dense weedy patches, the prickly overgrowth, the momentous but fleeting discovery of a rare flower, and, beneath the surface, the ever churning and eternal earth worms.

If you've got good headphones, that's an excellent place to start. Listening from start to finish offers rewards as that's how it was designed to be heard.

- Fredo Viola
2020

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LYRICS

PINE BIRDS

(Carl Albach, trumpet / Adam Marks, piano / Luis Mojica, addt. vocals)

When my boat comes along and soaks
all the people on the shoreline,
Strap me in with warmth and solitude,
Just drop me into my dream time.

Where is my bike where are my dreams?
- there was that time I saw you...
How could I lose the master keys?
- mirrored reflection of you...
And how I've struggled to keep hold
of my crown and glory
- just drop your crown and glory
Nothing remains, but the blood within my veins.
- bound, keep me bound

I was a buzzard. I waited without call.
- and I wait in solitude
My road led fast to a free fall.

WAITING FOR SETH

(Justin Guip, drums / Diva Goodfriend-Koven, flute)

Waiting for Seth who's coming for me
I once called him the devil but now I can see
that it's all in the songs that we sing when he comes,
it's all in the songs that we sing.

You may not like this
but the world won't stop for anybody's pleas.
Can't keep control, the more you hold
it slips away just like a dream.

You take the road that makes a right, I'll make a left
and then in time we'll see...
How many turns can fill a life, how many avenues
from normalcy.

And in the shadow
there's a light just bright enough that I can see.
I feel it's fingers spreading wide, hiding my face
setting me free.

We're in a speeding subway car, I feel the thunder
that's surrounding me.
And in that space I'm floating up I am absorbed
in tender lunacy.

It's all in the songs that we sing when he comes
it's all in the songs that we sing.

CLOUDED MIRROR

(Barry Crawford, flutes / Justin Guip, drums / Luis Mojica, additional backing vocal)

If I could change your mind
with a melody that only you can hear,
We'd fly all through the night
far above the traps and the walls above the fearful clan

Who shake their signs with poisoned rhymes,
Those very words are lost on unbelievers.
I clench my hands, trying my best to understand.
It's just like living in a clouded mirror

There's hope, but none in sight
and a screaming flood is all that I can hear.
All roads wind free like vines, right through the cash
to the heart of all our fears.

So go get your guns. Time has come.
That's what they say, they hope you will believe them
It's nearly time to change our mind.
I swear sometime it's like a clouded mirror,
it's just like living in a clouded mirror.

What now? More sweat and strife,

and a wounded heart is all that I can feel.
A vulture hacks my life,
with one final thrust he is drowning into me.

So burn all your signs, party lines,
because I know a place, a sweet unreality.
It's nearly time to change our minds.
I swear sometime it's like a clouded mirror,
it's just like living in a clouded mirror...

BLACK BOX

(Justin Guip, drums / Diva Goodfriend-Koven, flute)

He loved his sorrow at very first sight
how could they call his sadness uninspired?
Like a shaman in numinous light,
it cast a shadow on mortal delight.

Now he's in trouble, he can't put it back.
He'll have to hold on now until it's over.
Although the story is already trite,
He's left reciting it night after night.

Once I was a rich man, and once I was a sick man
and once I knew the score, those summers are far behind.

So here's the story he may not want told:
he can exchange disaster for desire.
So on a lonely and desolate night,
unmask the bastard and show him your light.

Once I was a rich man, and once I was a sick man
and once I knew the score, those summers are far behind.

KICK THE SICK (instrumental)

(Adrian Morejon, bassoon / Ike Sturm, upright bass / Brent Follis, drums)





STARS AND RAINBOWS

(Barry Crawford, flute / Adam Marks, piano / Justin Guip, drums / Liuh-Wen Ting, viola)

If I was crushed and my head smashed in pieces,
would I see stars? Would I see rainbows?
Two lovers stand holding hands on the river.
Do they see stars, do they have rainbows in their eyes?

There is always more to see.
That's what I tell myself when my vision darkens.
In the darkness I'm serene.
Open the door and swallow silence.

If I eat dirt, and if I drink filthy water,
will I fall ill? Will it transform me into a worm?
Would I burrow and tunnel?
Is this a game, are all senses lying now?

When I dreamt my youngest dreams
I could just flap my arms and I'd rise up swiftly.
God forbid I try that now!
Doubts tied from arms and legs, they hold me down.

Stars and rainbows, stars and rainbows,
stars and rainbows.

SUNSET ROAD

(Ike Sturm, upright bass / Liuh-Wen Ting, viola)

Emmanuel, stop fucking with my life.
Emmanuel, we have to find some light.

When morning comes,
I ignore the melody, my sword thrust into stone.
Breathing silently.
And it is an elegy, a song of loss, tortures and pleas...

Gee, aren't you tough?! You're holding all the chains.
With one insect touch still fizzing in my veins.

Home is far, but I will lead you there.
Careful now on sunset road, night approaches.

When night time falls,
and we hear it's melody, the sword drawn from the stone
floats silently.
And it is an elegy, a song of loss, tortures and pleas.

IN MY MOUTH

(Adam Marks, piano / Ike Sturm, upright bass)

And now I wanna take a little bit of you in my mouth.
And now I wanna make a dream come over this house.
I only started to take you into my heart.
I only started just to take you into my heart.
Because of pride my smile is purple orange
and it's twisted in place,
with barbs and lashes at the edges
stretching open my face.

I'm pages ripped out of a journal, torn into shreds.
I'm an empty socket with the current flowing,
promising death.

I'm going to kick the sick out of my crumpled gods,
gonna kick the sick out of my crumpled gods,
gonna kick the sick out of my crumpled gods!

Wind and trees and rustling leaves
you never leave my heart.

And now I'm fine, I tell my people, but I still see that face
who swore about me that I'd never even finish the race.
I've eaten too much of the acid that I cooked with regret.
There's a hole below me that I'm patching
with commitment and debt.

Although I'm proud, my pride's a creature that
I've locked away in a cage.
We talk occasionally
but I always feel the hum of his rage.

Those pages ripped out of a journal, torn into shreds.
That empty socket with the current flowing, promising death.

I'm going to kick the sick out of my crumpled gods,
gonna kick the sick out of my crumpled gods,
gonna kick the sick out of my crumpled gods!

EDWIN VARGAS

(Carl Albach, trumpets / Barry Crawford, flutes / Brent Follis, drums / Luis Mojica, additional vocal / Adrian Morejon, bassoon / Ike Sturm, upright bass / Kyle Turner, tuba)

Edwin Vargas, kind of polyphony
sleeps inside us, under the rocks and leaves.
His snoring finds us fighting with rolled up sleeves.
Thieves and idols smashing humility.
Lightning strikes us, tears all our fashionable seams.

MY SECRET POWER

(Justin Guip, drums / Adam Marks, piano)

Remove the feathers and the paint
remove the ornaments and oddities.
And are we calling this a break?
I have endured your absence silently.

But I can feel your heartbeat from a thousand miles,
yes I can feel your heartbeat from a thousand miles.

Is it a lie or is it true,
searching the sky it answers honestly.
And now my heart is split in two,
sweet leaking water running out of me.


But I can feel your heartbeat from a thousand miles,
yes I can feel your heartbeat from a thousand miles.

He is falling to pieces now.
He is hardened like stone throughout.
In a moment eternal now, let me show you my secret power.

But I can feel your heartbeat from a thousand miles,
yes I can feel your heartbeat from a thousand miles.



From left: Bassoonist Adrian Morejon / Engineer Alex Venguer & Fredo Viola at Reservoir Studios / Trumpeter Carl Albach / Pianist Adam Marks & Engineer Ryan Streber at Oktaven Audio / Flutist Barry Crawford / Violist Liuh-Wen Ting / Tubist Kyle Turner / Drummer & Engineer Justin Guip at Milan Hill Studio. Not pictured, but no less important: Brent Follis, Diva Goodfriend-Koven, Luis Mojica, Ike Sturm



THANKS

This album is dedicated to **HECTOR GARCIA**, without whose love and patience, this album, and the body of emotions comprising it, would not exist.

Much gratitude to **LUIS MOJICA**, who's constant creative openness has been a big source of strength and inspiration for me.

And with gratitude to my eternally curious mother **DIANA**, to my profound sister **MARISA**, who has inspired me always to simplify and stay true, to **MIRAN** for her stunning visual imagination, and to **JOCELYNE VINETTE** for her always kind friendship and encouragement.

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FREDO VIOLA MY NEW HEAD

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& performed by **FREDO VIOLA**

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