

John Frusciante

"Dissolve"

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Flat on your back
Your senses are lost
And you're what you are
What you are
Just 'cause you mean
What you say
That's not saying
That you're so far in the clean !
Nothings means anything

Last of the pack !
Your image dissolve
And your life unresolves
unresolves

we show that we fall apart
we know it to be an art
we know this is the only way things go
because all you've seen is all you know
all my children slaughter me

all that what is thought to be !
all the snakes that are on my back
look on back and never laugh

nothing is now mine
nothing mine is left behind
nothing round your back
maybe now we could relax

i'm in the breeze believe me
nothing is seen really
all is in the mind see me
I am a lie really

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