

John Frusciante "Untitled #2"

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Shadows been word
one win a hand
to sell it thru their thick little back let clock,
it's a,
it's a passage way to drive, walk or run thru,
or the wind and water can carry me.
i except what didn't happen just now to just happened
to just hear me up, part of the quan skies one.
and body betrays that's design by the shadows
now that forward or up or down climb to top
it's the bottom so there is no rush,
and you don't get tired,
just knows, when it burn the creeves that's around you
trying to pretend,
burying it wherever it grooves itself to the rage life
that balance,
and move like you do cuz you do it for them.
i've been followed and i've been so wrong
mistakenly killed for being so thin
i can flip inside out
the song of trash that can rise in depression,
it's closing
love
so it grooves
i assume that whenever slides in her own ground
spending life
so you flip each day to the night
that holds you soft in position
folding pain tightly so it knows what it means
for it silent vowels to be all that bleeds
like you knows the sided
or what it needs to keep trying
and it didn't mean to be N I A P
my body is light
cuz the way of whatever carrying me thru the weak traps
around
that bleed
i've stepped anyway not falling my being my way to be
i'll never go empty for fex to have thee
sitting around feels like running and crowds
dangle me from their thighs widely cross where life is
here

cuz my love is crying
i'll share the way i've lost
cuz i'm a pretend me
and i'm real cuz i can hit me softly
bleed
blood i can hear
cuz i'm here now and it's far from me
fall back into the ground
flip dive to it's holes
burring the all thing (???) unimportant
as long as i'm giving the things that swirls
like selling dreams to cannabis
telling too to jump free

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