

## Ratiug

John Frusciante

I need a taste  
I can almost face myself  
There is a way, a never-ending pavement cast  
Land on a date such a long, long way, way back  
Which has a crave for the path that ends in black  
I gotta fade another day  
I can taste it, I can feel it  
And you can have, you can have my face right now  
Standing back from the lapse  
Children are what you are  
Tim Gilbert weighs internally more than the scales say  
Carries a weight such that no eyes see in air  
Jean Nealy views from a place where time is flat  
She sees a haze that could penetrate more black  
She's gotta seize who sees  
And she wants to live in lightning  
God, shrinking multiplicity you are  
And you can have, you can have my fate right now  
Another grave, another blank  
Children are what you are  
Landscapes come and pass my way  
Vision goes in a car  
What you say, another day  
Above you, you mostly are  
And in the cradle, a newborn babe  
Is a dot in the war  
Spreads its wings, intervenes  
Human atop a star