

Sam

John Frusciante

Before the break of day
Blackness has no chance
Forever all we've seen
You know it's gotta last
Faulted into being
No, we have no chance
All we've ever been is a dog bitten lass
Always intervene
Nothing is attached
Rounded into seeing
Surround where you stand
Alternating beams
Through the vision cast
What travels is the spring that spins under glass