

The First Season

John Frusciante

Let the pretend take over
And that season be the first
Shadows we're in become us
So we set up interspersed
Between here and away
Become your space every day
When it changes up my row
It slates when time will turn to a room
Light starts being there
To talk about all he's feeling for the moon
To even the lie damn him
In that halo
Evil
Round that halo
Evil
It hangs by evil
You revolve now with my echo
You rose interwound
Actually people in the wrong
Come thru and go on
Leave my lonely mind a cell
Keep flowing on a drill
I keep holding on to myself
Be humble, take it the slow way
As I'm aloud
Even holding on
My cell of space that holds me