

## Walls and Doors

John Frusciante

Any sigh is a womb  
Releasing to the room of senses  
Results of plans are ours  
Our actions girt in what will be  
One time seems a bunch  
But we don't see in front of us  
When you do anything  
Everything's coming to you  
When you see a changeling  
He's nothing but his appearances' sum  
Touch knows what's hearing  
Sight knows who's speaking  
They're walls and doors  
And naught upholds it all

What never ends lost it all  
It echoes and re-throws  
The bornless win it all  
They echo tomorrow's sounds  
And all is turned around