

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