

John Frusciante, In Rime

I fail to do what I'm trying
I've these walls
And everyone who dies hears others times
This immediacy is unknown to me
And appears to be unreached
By everyone I've known
Show me unfocused fears in disguise
It shows me I must live to die
This lake is on fire
It's been every dream to me
it's been every desire
I awaken
Filling up the space
I back away
And it covers me up all cozy
These waves are the call of time
What's sent ahead is sent behind
As in rime