

# John Frusciante, The Slaughter

I'll know her face a mile away  
You'll be there in the slaughter  
Freeing me when I'm cornered  
Being arrested by the mind cops  
They're the only ones worth changing what you do for  
And I try to be in line  
I guide my fate  
And what it's good for there's no telling  
It's blood  
It's a flood  
I'll know here face a mile away  
She'll take my straight through that gate  
Living there in a flower  
You wouldn't have made it without her  
Though she seems to stay in one place  
She grows what you life  
So cry for time  
What's slow and fast at the same time  
It comes to life  
And if it dies  
You'd never notice cuz it  
It slides as it climbs  
I'll know her face a mile away  
And I'll know my pain's a life away