

# John Frusciante, Will To Death

And they're thought to be lies  
But we saw them, saw them  
We looked right in their eyes  
Right at them, at them  
Pinning space to the world  
We slaughtered, slaughtered  
Not a sound to be heard  
We're awful, awful  
And have you seen  
How they run  
Out of gas  
They beat the pain  
They sing in the rain  
Endless and formless  
They fly to the end  
And back to the

Beginning again  
Have you put them aside  
Your crazy thoughts and dreams  
No they're a part of me  
And they all mean one thing  
The will to death is what keeps me alive  
It's one step away, step away  
Limitations are set  
Only then can we go all the way, all the way  
And have you seen how the cars when they pass  
They come your way  
Then they're speeding away  
Coming to you and then going away  
But for them nothings changed, for them nothings changed  
Oooooooooo, oooooooooo