

John Frusciante, Dissolve

Flat on your back
Your senses are lost
And youre what you are
What you are
Just cuz you mean
What you say
Thats not saying
That youre so far in the clean
Nothings means anything

Blast of the past
Your image dissolve
And your life unresolved
unresolved

we show that we fall apart
we know it to be an art
we know this is the only way things go
because all youve seen is all you know
all my children slaughter me
all the what is thought to be
all the snakes that are on my back
look on back and never laugh

nothing leaves your mind
nothing mine is left behind
nothing round your back
believe me girl relax

i'm in the breeze believe me
nothing is seen really
all is in the mind see me
I am a lie really