John Frusciante, Of Before

In this light I'm lost
In the darkness of before I walked
And I knew where I was all the time
Seeing with every part of who I am

Anyway you're a ghost in life
Pushed right out and kept inside of a bodiless weight
Pressure that has no space

As he goes along
He takes what he's lost and discards what he's won
He's every bit as alive as you and I
Everybody kills the light
When they're about to sleep for the night

As you go through life
You're a star in flight
When you close your eyes at night
Someone clears a path for you to ride

When you wake the next day
You will only go that way
That was cleared for you, cleared for you
Made for you, made for you