

John Frusciante, The Afterglow

Undenied
Death before life

You're in my place again
Echoes deprive us enough
You're in my wailing
Decide what it means to work in fire
Decide what it means to work in fire

Shadows casting bodies
Who knows which way things will go?
All shifting images
Upside down to be upright
Upside down, you'll make them cry

Death before life

Another place again
You and my loneliness speak now
I realize
I don't have much further to go

The afterglow

Life running backwards, nailed up and freezing

Put the past before you

Down is my placement
No place out there I have to be
Lost is where I hide (and)
And I've no reason to be found

To resound
From no sound to resound