

# John Frusciante, The First Season

Let the pretend take over  
And that season be the first  
Shadows we're in become us  
So we set up interspersed  
Between here and away  
Become your space every day  
When it changes up my row  
It slates when time will turn to a room  
Light starts being there  
To talk about all he's feeling for the moon  
To even the lie damn him  
In that halo  
Evil  
Round that halo  
Evil  
It hangs by evil  
You revolve now with my echo  
You rose interwound  
Actually people in the wrong  
Come thru and go on  
Leave my lonely mind a cell  
Keep flowing on a drill  
I keep holding on to myself  
Be humble, take it the slow way  
As I'm aloud  
Even holding on  
My cell of space that holds me