

One More Of Me

John Frusciante

Now that the day is come
I see myself as everyone
I am whats all around me
No Nothing, it just cannot be
Feelings come from the sun
Like most everything and everyone
What seems lost is free from the force
It slowly destroys us and kills all matter of
Well we dont control the chance that plays with us
And we get existence back by hurting others
When we go the other way, its ourselves we hurt
But who pushes on through eventually will see every moments first
Every moment is first
Whats gone will never come back
But it exists when you think of it
What is anything anyway
But a series of things running through your brain
All of the fucked things you do
All the product of whats happened to you
What ever you create from love
Is a gift from a place which some call above
There 're only the forces of hate and love
One breaks things down and one builds them up
YEAHHHHHHHHH HEY
YUUUUUUUUUUU

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