

The Slaughter

John Frusciante

I'll know her face a mile away
You'll be there in the slaughter
Freeing me when I'm cornered
Being arrested by the mind cops
They're the only ones worth changing what you do for
And I try to be in line
I guide my fate
And what it's good for there's no telling
It's blood
It's a flood
I'll know here face a mile away
She'll take my straight through that gate
Living there in a flower
You wouldn't have made it whitout her
Though she seems to stay in one place
She grows whit you life
So cry for time
What's slow and fast at the same time
It comes to life
And if it dies
You'd never notice 'cause it
It slides as it climbs
I'll know her face a mile away
And I'll know my pain's a life away

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