

Penetrate Time (lou Bergs)

John Frusciante

Flying over the black town
Voices call to me to get right down
Work it out again to catch my trout
throwing it in as the facts unpackGrab resurrection
No one else could penetrate timeLearn you to move with the grass above all time
Past moving up and our futures grow back
Look where you're in, you find no trace of now
Going in, around in the lonely places
You're free
Low birds, you were the full taste of this renound townLow bird, you were the full taste of this renound
townYou said what you wanted was your turn to die
To come up, you float down
The truth in agony found
You grow back with your face down
The breast bone; it feels
You grow brighter,
You will always hear this soundYou can always have this back
It's so hard to make joy so sad
You can always just stand back
It's a heart that make tears roll down our faces

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