

Apple

Blind Myself

Apple Kick the rotten fruit Life is full of fresh energy
Depth on my tongue the beauty is mortal You could have a bite
Out of happiness If it doesn't taste
Good spit, spit it out Kick the rotten fruit
This is the forbidden fruit
Fruit As it splashes on your face
As it drops down your forehead Now I know you're the big nothing
And I'm the God of the World Mortal beauty Mortal beauty, everlasting ugliness

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