

Apple

Blind Myself

AppleKick the rotten fruitLife is full of fresh energy
Depth on my tongue the beauty is mortalYou could have a bite
Out of happinessIf it doesn't taste
Good spit, spit it outKick the rotten fruit
This is the forbidden fruit
FruitAs it splashes on your face
As it drops down your foreheadNow I know you're the big nothing
And I'm the God of the WorldMortal beautyMortal beauty, everlasting ugliness

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