

# Happy Apple Poison

## Lovedrug

The sun will shine upon you but not on all the others  
You are sugar sweet, so fine I'd like to eat  
Your apple's poison seed will be the end of me  
In the darkest den the coolest lion sends  
A message to my head, it made me squirm, it said  
That you were born to make me die  
You are the final word, you are the pound another  
You are the cops that murder my support to love laws  
You are the personal, you are the broken arrow  
You are the hunt that shot into everything I do  
Well, and perfectly your soul will leave your body  
Now, that I'm involved with pistols at noon  
And any moment soon you'll be so unhappy  
Because you will finally know that, you were born to make me fight  
You are the final word, you are the pound another  
You are the cops that murder my support to love laws  
You are the personal, you are the broken arrow  
And you are the hunt that shot into everything I do  
And everything I do and everything I do and everything I do, woah  
We are the final word and we are the love another  
We are the cops that follow your support to love laws  
We are the personal and we are the straightened arrow  
We are the hunt that lays it down for all the reason  
Give me a reason, oh, give me a reason

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