

Blind Myself, Apple

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