

# 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