

Bitter Fruit

The Kills

Cut your branches at the root
that long have grown that bitter fruit
Cut your branches at the root
that only gave me bitter fruit

I was conceived in a red rage, from a wild love
I am the seed of a dead age, gone viral
Those feeling I've tried to shake, all my life long
But the demons I'm keeping, are hard to face
when you hide them, so long

I gotta cut you at the root
I gotta save my soul from the bad in you
I gotta cut you through and through
You only ever gave me bitter fruit

Oh and it grew like a shockwave
and I was blindsided
the fruit that your love gave
poisoned my mind up

I cut your branches at the root
I gotta save my soul from the things you do
I cut your branches through and through
but still I only taste that bitter fruit

Down to the bone
all my love was cut in a single blow
Gone, and I know
all my love was cut in the seeds I sowed
I could pray, but can't you see?
the kind of things I pray for are cursing me
I could pray, but can't you see?
the kind of things I pray for
the kind of things I need

I cut your branches at the root
that only ever gave me bitter fruit
I cut your branches through and through
still I only taste that bitter fruit

I could pray, but can't you see?
the kind of things I pray for are cursing me
I could pray, but can't you see?
the kind of things I pay for
the kind of things I need