

# Lovedrug, Happy Apple Poison

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
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  
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 persona, 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 persona, you are the broken arrow  
You are the hunt that shot into everything I do  
We are the final word, 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