

Trash Light Vision

"Black Apples"

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I got a call from a friend named Dante
He said take a walk with me,
In the shades where the black fruit grow
The greatest gift he gave to me

And now I'm stuck inside a 60's white's riot
Feels like I'm stuck inside some 40's holocaust
I'm a fiend in a Cuban missile crisis
Now I love to eat...

Black apples
Black apples
Black apples
Black apples, black apples

(Yeah, you say it)

I make an art out of cliché debauchery,
With pride, lust and gluttony
I'm the snake in the vines in your mind,
With sloth and envy to buy

And now I'm stuck inside a 60's white's riot
Feels like I'm stuck inside some 40's holocaust
I'm a fiend in a Cuban missile crisis
Now I love to eat...

Black apples
Black apples
Black apples
Black apples, black apples

Now I feel like time is ticking away...
Feels like I need more greed...
The only thing that I need to do...
Is bring some wrath down on me.

Black apples
Black apples, black apples

Hey!

One time, is too much.
??? your time where the black fruit grows.
'Cause I'm running
'Cause I'm running

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