

Sweet is the mind that carries me.  
Under its breath lies tragedy  
And when the fruit of passion lingers  
On choicely scented fingers  
On wings of doubt fly jealousy  
And fruit of love

Sweet is that time that waits for me  
From evil grows insanity  
Morbid as splendor faked  
This diamond for my wake  
Is why I wait here patiently  
And fruit of love

The fruit of love  
The food of love  
The fruit of love  
The food of love  
Love, love, love

The fruit of love  
The food of love  
The fruit of love  
The food of love

Swift are these wings that carry me  
Under their breath fly jealousy  
On wings of doubt they'll carry me  
They'll carry me, they'll carry me

The fruit of love  
The food of love  
The fruit of love  
The food of love