

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