

Rotten Apples

The Smashing Pumpkins

Dirty your face
With longing and grace, God-given
Suffer her heart
And love her when your love goes unrequited

Where the cool winds blow
I must surely go
For my love calls me below to drag her
from the depths of my soul

When will I see her again?
The other side of friends
The darkened claws of death
The empty breath, desire

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Restless in my speech
And rootless in my teach
So vacant in my breach
I drive the dirt of her garden

Sorrow
She'll never listen again
No other lovers to bend
Just rotten apples to eat
Just letter yellowed distant scorn

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Suffer her heart
And love her when your love goes unrequited

Life just fades away
Purity just begs
Dust to dust, we're wired into sadness