

Conspiracy Theory

By David Lindsay

The apples are out to get us
They poison the air that we breathe
They might look sweet and innocent
But secretly they seethe

The apples are keen to murder
They'll sting you through their skin
Your hands and face will then blister
And the pain will then really begin

The apples are out to kill us
Each one is rotten to the core
They give off evil vapours
Gamma waves and more

The apples are homicidal
Don't be tempted by their juice
Imbibing it can be fatal
And cider is just self-abuse

Don't try to coat them with toffee
Don't sweeten them up in a pie
Don't chop them into cute slices
Your kids will eat them and die

It was never the snake that was evil
It wasn't Adam nor Eve
The apple was the real culprit
That's what I choose to believe

Eating an apple a day is just crazy
It'll send you to meet your maker
You might well avoid the doctor
But you'd need an undertaker

We should avoid them completely
Even their pips are satanic seeds
I'm not sure if I can prove it
But I think that's how they breed

I've heard that grapes can be cunning
Can ferment and bottle themselves
Bananas conspire to split and to shake
While limes nightly turn into elves

I sense lemons are nasty and jealous
But that's kinda more of a hunch
So I stick to beer at parties
And steer well clear of the punch

I hope that this makes the headlines
That they teach it in every school
But please don't be a martyr
Don't be a fruit-eating fool

P.S
You might question my motives for writing
But I was bored and had some time free
And if some goon should believe it
Well then, I'm hoping more apples for me