

Brainiac

"Status: Choke"

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Where have my daisies gone?
Can I forget the sting?
One thousand flowers are storming the walls to defect
To the midget-king.

Today there's something caught in my quiver.
A cauliflower-fisted dream.

The shaman inside of this side of my eye's prediction,
Absurd.

You can take your status.
Choke! choke!
Put your finger down your throat.
Choke! choke!

Take your status.
Choke! Choke!

Put your finger down your throat.
Choke! Choke!

Oh, don't turn away.
Now that I'm through with you.
Say that you're afraid and promise to love? To want?

My daisies are coming home.

Choke! Choke!
Choke! Choke!
Choke! Choke!

Where have my daisies?
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