

Dr. Octagon, Blue Flowers Revisited

Dr. Octagon, paramedic focus on the East
for priests my anesthetics prescribe a certain fertilizer
Homegrown computer wise on the microphone
Utilizing tracks inverted by animical
High typical force, space sex intercourse
You get lost, and memorize to the Enterprise
Scotty the Captain, Mr. Spock keeps rappin
4212, the shit moves at warp speed
Dynamic 7, navigation of the coppers
Moving in crystals, operating lightspeed
I see the plants, they're growing

Blue Flowers (2X)

Cyber analog through virtual reality
Different colors of earth rocks in variety
Medical equal, with helmets on the space people
Galactic at 8, the verdict can't demonstrate
You be confused, and disobeying planet rules
Biochemistry, with stars for publicity
Megasonic bass, with data chips in your face
Nuclear lend drums, that bang hard on dark tracks
Reacting reverb, concious spots on your nerve
I take a break like James Brown to the bridge
singing Sailing, takes me away
To wherever I'm really going.. shoobedowop
Up, up, and away!
In my beautiful, balloon!
Optical biofeedback, magnetic borders
X-Ray you see skeletons fly North for the next day
We give passes covered with dioxalyn gases
Return
singing again Here's George Jetson!
Back with intriguing positive minerals
You enter the center search and raiding at random
with no condom, no rubbers will reach the testicles
and effect em, by animal means, I'm in your spectrum
As I walk through the garden of orange tomatoes, I see

Blue Flowers (3X)

blue flowers... yes...