

K's Choice, Iron Flower

Thunder, please explain
why you ask me how I am, I'm fine I
wonder is it sane
to pierce purple eyeballs made of china

I love you like a son, like a game I have won
like a toothbrush I used for the Eiffel Tower
my youth, it's gone, it's a boot stuck in the ground
is there truth to be found in an iron flower

Mmm I will try hard to be a spark of power
I will, I'll never be your iron flower

Stone please explain
why your silence makes more Noise than thunder
bones, is it sane
to obey me and the flesh you're under

your words are soon gone and it hurts, I have none
take a jump from your pretty linguistic tower
the goal of speech, so obnoxious to reach
only one thing to do, melt your iron flower. . .