

X Amount of Words

Blue October

X-Amount Of Words

relapse prevent
trigger intent now drown
high strung say x-amount of words
your solar bipolar panic disorder
seems harder and harder and harder
still you try to control it

you mold you mold
yea you shape to mold
boy you're bold you're bold
yea your shape is bold
your symptoms superficial
to what they call knowing ya
minus the speed could you imagine the phobia

we're recording... maybe

your brain has faulty wiring
the reason for tiring
keep treating the curse
imagine the worst
systematic sympathetic
quite pathetic apologetic paramedic
your heart is prosthetic

a plate of quite peculiar
on a dish of my own
a tablespoon a feather
tickle me to the bone
give me recipes for happy
with the chemicals gone
drinking freedom from a bottle
to the tune of belong

we're recording... maybe
we're recording... maybe

i'm sick of shaking

never waking from the hell i achieve
i never knew you
till you left me with the crying disease
another curing reassuring way to buckle the knees
so mistreated i repeated
never blessing your sneeze

now deleted and defeated
i will stand on my own
still your memory that punches me
has broken a bone
give me recipes for sorry
i?m admitting i?m wrong
still your memory that punches me
has broken a bone

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