

X-Amount Of Words

Blue October

Relapse
Prevent trigger intent
Now drown
High strung
Say X amount of words You're solar, bipolar
Panic disorder
Seems harder and harder and harder
Still you try to control it You mold, you mold
Yeah you shape to mold
Oh you're bold you're bold
But your shape is bold You're a symptom superficial
To what they call knowing you
Minus the speed,
Could you imagine the phobia? Your brain is 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 of 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 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
Yeah your memory that punches me
has broken the bone Give me recipes for sorry
I'm admitting I'm wrong
Still your memory that punches me

has broken the bone

Songwriters

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