

# Blue October, X-Amount Of Words

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