

Razorblade

Blue October

In the day by day collision
Called the art of growing up
There's an innocence we look for in the stars
To be taken back to younger days
When there was no giving up
On the people we held closest to our hearts

Yeah it is you that I remember in that glowing
It is you that took my first away from me
It is you I set my standards to... to every walk of life
I haven't met another you since you were with me.

A brief bout with a razorblade cut me
I freaked out, thinking people didn't love me
I watched closely as the you I knew forgot me
In letting go, I am so proud of what I've done

In a way, I failed religion
I spit the wine from mouth to cup
And I reached for something more than just your God
Uncle, you spared not your children
And while your praying hands are up
There's no forgiveness for you! You sick fuck!

It is you that I remember in their bedroom
It is you that took their first away from them
It is you they set their standards to
You wounded them for life
You were a preacher and suppose to be above men

Sing with me

A brief bout with a razorblade cut me
I freaked out, thinking people didn't love me
I watched closely as the you I knew forgot me
In letting go, I am so proud of what I've done