

Wedlock "Octagon"

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My plan for living, in this century
Is combination, of faith and chemistry
Just one prescription
Local pharmacy
Will bring me joy, form this boredom factory.
I never believed in miracles, until I came her way
The evidence empirical, she gets me through the day
My beautiful shaped, Octagon
Warm and familiar, feelings whispering
She wears cerulean, complements my tea
A morning sickness, wants for more and more
Slips through my fingers, across the bathroom floor

No one ever told me, you would come and save me
Cradle and hold me, rock me like a baby
It's a beautiful escape, Octagon
Close my eyes, and try colors on
Beautiful shaped, Octagon
Experience has made me, you can re-arrange me
Cradle and hold me, I am still a baby
My beautiful shaped, Octagon
It's a beautiful escape
Octagon
Octagon
Octagon.

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