

Delusions of Grandeur

From Autumn To Ashes

Pressing on about our business
Comfort is getting too expensive
Hot-shots for the pigeons with a death sentence
You're something like a pistol
That's been polished bright
But if it never leaves the holster
It can never save your life

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Set sun I'm an hour older
Mile markers punctuate the shoulder
Harboring delusions of grandeur
You're something like a canvas
That's been stretched and primed
You could become something priceless
Or you could be a waste of time

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This is the best time to be alive
Consider where complaining gets you

We're living much too
We're living much too comfortably for me
Keep drifting, keep drifting aimlessly
Stay with me
And we'll stay busy
On endless trips to anywhere
To end up where we'll be

I need a meaning I can get behind
A better message to subscribe to
This is the best time to be alive
If you consider where complaining gets you