

The Gravity Guild "Delusional"

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In the waking hours I see
Iâ€™ve become the epitome
The quintessential man of dreams
The archetype, or so it seems
But in the morning light I find
In this state of mind
These are notions falsified
By shadows buried deep inside

Youâ€™re too good for the likes of me
You make me better than I ought to be

I bit off more than I could chew
And I might choke to death
Devoured every piece of you
And I canâ€™t catch my breath
And itâ€™s all because of you
Itâ€™s all because I bit off way more than I could chew
And I canâ€™t catch my breath

Memories they speak to me
And offer dreams that cannot be
I think about this constantly
What if things went differently?
Would I have become a king?
You were all encompassing
But like the snowy death of spring
My confidence keeps withering

Youâ€™re too good for the likes of me
You make me better than I ought to be

Suffocatingâ€¦cold and blue
I have to stop comparing everything to you
Iâ€™ll never find something new
Comparing everything to you
Iâ€™m delusional

Suffocate these daydreams
Overwhelmed by these delusions

