

Chilled

Armored Saint

I say goodbye to my favorite time of day
Watch the sun drop and dusk fade
Another two dozen hours go by
And times going quicker at forty five
When I was young I wanted life to go fast
Always in a hurry to see what's next
Maybe if I could slow time down
I might shake loose this reoccurring frown

Vacuum me in a deep freeze

Calling a truce with this ghost that I fought
And just chill with what I got
Breaking it down to see where I stand
It's all pretty grand

Periodically I find myself pissed off
Though never quite sure about which I bug caught
Very few things in my life are bad
Some bad shit happens to that other half
Don't want to appear that I ain't grateful
It's all gravy when you terminate the bull shit
Hurdles that come up running the track
Are best dealt with a calm state of attack

Rest assured so be understood
It's all pretty good

Feet planted on my own holy land