

Highland Glory

"Diary Of The Dying"

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In mysterious ways we hold on to the past
Nothing remains, nothing can last
Romantic illusions - the present conceals
Discover the magic - the future reveals

We keep longing back
Even though we have
All we dream life would give

Gone are the days
We will always remember
In the cold winter nights
Of our lives last december
Turn of the tide
Sands of time makes us older
Memories fade
As the seasons grow colder

Don't wait to see at the end of the line
You spent all the years in the past left behind
Cherish the present, and you'll realize
The days passing by are the days of our lives

Leave regrets and fears
Ghosts of past deceive
Some day magic will appear

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Gone are the days
We will always remember
In the cold winter nights
Of our lifes last december
Turn of the tide
Sands of time makes us older
Memories fade
But memories never disappear

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