

# Diary Of The Dying

## Highland Glory

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'd 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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But memories never disappear