

High Old Times

Pyogenesis

Every single day felt like a day forever.
Every single day I lived my life for sure.

But now,
These are my high old times
These are my high old times
These are my high old times
These are my high old times
I know that nothing really lasts for long,
And I just can't prevent the bliss from fading.
So I embrace what is gone,
Embrace what's to come
And won't let the memories pale.

Breathe the air of life! Breath it now or never.
Remembrance survives, even the years roll by.

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