

# Those Days

The Chisel

We ran the streets like packs of wolves, nothing left to fear  
And no matter what, I saw you there when all the smoke had cleared

Tables turned, but not on us, could depend on me and you  
They always try to drag us down, but I knew that you were true  
and I say

Even though your voice is gone, it still echoes through the halls

Of the empty streets, a reminder of bloodstained battle calls  
Do you still think of those days?  
'Cause I can't forget

Times will change, clear skies rain, every heart, it will turn blue

But you don't fade, memories remain after all that we've been through

The scars have healed, fates now sealed, there's nothing left to do

I'll spill a thousand pints, know that the best are spilled with you and I say

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