

# RAMP, Old Times

Fear, fear's a word that blends  
Feelings of a constant change  
Upon a trail  
Gold, gold is memory throne  
That shines the strenght to face the unknown  
That keeps us high in this sky of life

For old times sake  
For old times sake  
We roll the dice

Unroll, lies a future bold  
A tale, a secret to be told  
Our destiny  
So days, days just flow away  
Across this game we play  
That we can't stop  
Till our dying pray

For old times sake  
For old times sake  
We roll the dice

Just like an endless wheel  
Our path is to move on  
To take the better thrill  
And go on

For old times sake  
For old times sake  
We roll the dice