

Orchid, He Who Walks Alone

Gaze of steel and stride of thunder
All that stands comes crashing under
He does wander like a spirit lost
Burning soul for he shall know no other

He walks but nobody sees him
He talks but no one hears his cry, oh no
He who walks alone

Like a shadow moving unseen
Last of his kind endless searching
He shall meet his end upon this Earth
No one left to tell his lonely story

He walks but nobody sees him
He talks but no one hears his cry, oh no
He who walks alone

He is alone in a world that he never can feel
No one to touch to be real, searching in darkness again
All who he sees shall not ever smile into his eyes
No reason to live or to die, he is the last of his kind
He who walks alone