

Zakk Wylde, Fear

The sun that's set on our souls
All that's lost as the day is old
When the truth becomes one big lie
So low you never know when you're high
And you thought that you knew it all
Think again, in the end we all fall
When the truth becomes one big lie
So low you never know when you're high

Oh, back home
Oh, back home
Oh, the fear of being alone

The floors that rattle and shake through my head
The doors that slam that wake me in bed
When the truth becomes one big lie
So low you never know when you're high

Oh, back home
Oh, back home
Oh, the fear of being alone
Oh, the fear of being alone

Oh, the fear of being alone
Oh, the fear of being alone