

# 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

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