

# 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