

I Kept Silent "Walkers"

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He woke up into a world that was not the same as when
he left
He woke up to the walking, the walking dead

When will he find
A little peace of mind,
Collect his thoughts
And show His light to the world?
All the knowledge he holds
'Til then he tells himself,
"This is not my home!"

How many times does he have to break to get
answers?
He's got all the right questions
But with no direction, he's in all but closure
Living life in a world devoid of composure
All of the simple things in life get taken away
Where does he turn to now

When every aspect of consciousness has faded away?

Is there no one?
His reality has broken away
Is there no one?
A withered body, mind, but a hopeful soul

Tossing and turning
Yet he finds no peace
All they do is kill kill kill!
And all he can do is run from hell!

He strives to find hope not from this world
No more waiting around for his call
And he'll bite the bullet
He cries aloud "I know this place like my own,
But this is not my home.
This is not my Home!"

