

# Tears of December

Zakk Wylde

Fields of gold  
And all that shines  
You knew just where to look  
Yet you did not wish to find  
Drawn and quartered by the fate of one's own hand  
Don't need to search for peace  
When you don't wish to understand

Empty skies leave nothing to hold  
Like the tears of December  
Leave you broken and so cold

Within this house of mourning  
You'll find no doors  
Upon the floors of the forsaken  
You choose to walk once more  
No regrets, you turn and ignore  
Choose what you see  
Play the blind man once more

Empty skies leave nothing to hold  
Like the tears of December  
Leave you broken and so cold

As you trip inside this home and start to drift  
So far, so far away  
As tomorrow walks with the hopes you can't recall  
As the tears of December, they begin to fall

Empty skies leave nothing to hold  
Like the tears of December  
Leave you broken and so cold

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