

Corey Taylor "Inhale"

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Come one and all and see the broken man, talking to himself
He sits and waits for something better, he'll never find it here
The people touch his hair and pinch his cheek, he can't even feel it

There it goes again, he's listening to someone
He hears the bitter laughter
And all he wants to know is...

Why - does any of it matter? (I can't take it anymore)
You've gotta try - the inhale that makes the exhale so much better

He wipes his hands on anything in reach, he never feels clean
He shakes at night because his nerve is gone, every muscle hurts
Come one and all and see what happened...that broken man is me

There it goes again, I can hear it louder
It doesn't feel good anymore
All I want to know is...

Why - does any of it matter? (I can't take it anymore)
You've gotta try - the inhale that makes the exhale so much better

NOW I KNOW I DISAPPEAR!
I CAN'T FIND MY WAY FROM OUT OF HERE!
EVERYTHING IS FADING ON ME!
SOMEONE TELL ME...someone tell me...
Someone - tell me

Why - does any of it matter? (I can't take it anymore)
You've gotta try - the inhale that makes the exhale so much better

WHY?! YOU'VE GOTTA TRY!!

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