

Stone Sour

"The Travelers, Pt. 2"

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My body's broken
No words are spoken
Am I finally at the end?
This conflagration is my contagion
Pulls me down yet again

Maybe life is nothing more than a curse inside the
blessed
And I will fight this bloody war with every strangled
breath
I'm on my own, I'm on my own

I don't need a conscience, I don't need to feel
I don't need these weary eyes to tell me what I know is
real
I don't need anybody to tell me who I am
Blame it on a broken heart, I've fallen apart again

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