

Stone Sour "The Travellers"

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My body's broken, no words are spoken
Am I finally at the end?
This conflagration is my contagion
Holds 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
Tell me what I know is real

I don't need anybody
To tell me who I am
Blame it on the broken heart
I'm falling apart again

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