

## Stone Sour

### "The Travellers, Pt. 2"

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My body's broken, no words 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  
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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