

A Rumor of Skin

Stone Sour

You deleted your evidence
You depleted yourself
Facedown wasn't good enough
You had to give me your hell
Not much more inside of me left to lose
No one hates me quite like you
Let me show you the proof

I don't mind my own self-loathing
And I don't need help from you
I know I'm lonely
But what am I supposed to do?

You believe that you're innocent
You're relieving your guilt
The jury seems to be deadlocked
Look at the drama you built
Seems like everyone's guaranteed damage, true
What makes someone hate like you?
And is there something to prove?

But I don't mind my own self-loathing
And I don't need help from you
I know I'm lonely
But what am I supposed to do?

I don't mind my own self-loathing
And I don't need help from you
I know I'm lonely
But what am I supposed to do?
With all my coldest memories of you
I know I'm angry
And I don't need help from you