

## Blue Smoke

Stone Sour

I sell...  
I shape this simple future-  
Into something that resembles my own life...

I've killed...  
A thousand better choices-  
I've deceived a generation with my lies

I'm still...  
A bastard in a denizen  
He marks them til I'm born again  
I'm complicated fiction with no time

I'm here...  
I'm...