

The Travelers, Pt. 2

Stone Sour

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
Tell me what I know is real
I don't need anybody
To tell me who I am
Blaming all the broken hearts
I've fallen upon again