

## 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