

# The Travellers, Part 2

## Stone Sour

My body's broken, no words are 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  
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  
Blame it on the broken heart  
I'm falling apart again

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