

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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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