

# A Rumor Of Skin

## Stone Sour

You deleted your evidence  
You depleted yourself  
Face down wasn't good enough  
You had to give me your hell Not much more inside of me left to lose  
No one hates me quite like you  
Let me show you the proof I don't mind my own self-loathing  
And I don't need help from you  
I know I'm lonely  
But what am I supposed to do? You believe that you're innocent  
You're relieving your guilt  
The Jury seems to be deadlocked  
Look at the drama you built Seems like everyone's guaranteed damaged truth  
What makes someone hate like you?  
And is there something to prove? But I don't mind my own self-loathing  
And I don't need help from you  
I know I'm lonely  
But what am I supposed to do? Oh, I don't mind my own self-loathing  
And I don't need help from you  
(I don't mind my own)  
I know I'm lonely, but what am I supposed to do  
(I don't want to know)  
With all my coldest memories of you?  
(I won't give my all)  
I know I'm angry... and I don't know need help from you  
(I don't want to know)

Songwriters

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