

A Rumor Of Skin

Stone Sour

You deleted your evidence
You've 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
I don't need help from you
I know, I'm lonely
What am I supposed to do?
You believe that you're innocent
You're relieving your guilt
The jury seems to be dead locked
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
I don't need help from you
I know, I'm lonely
What am I supposed to do!
(Solo: Jim)
I don't mind my own self-loathing
I don't need help from you
I know, I'm lonely
What am I supposed to do?
Without my coldest memories of you
I know, I'm angry
And I don't need help from you!

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