

# Slipknot, The Blister Exists (Live)

"Ladies and gentlemen, due to unforeseen circumstances, Slipknot will not be performing this evening."

Are you ready for some shit motherfuckers ?"

One, two, three  
Yeah!  
Drop it

Bones in the water and dust in my lungs  
Absorbing, archaic, like a sponge  
The ultimate way, is the way you control  
But can you stay if you detach your soul?  
Bury the present, and squeeze out the past  
The ones who endear to never last  
Chemical burns and the animalistic  
I'm just another hard-line pseudo-statistic

Can you feel this?  
I'm dying to feel this  
Can you feel this?

Blood on the paper and skin on my teeth  
Trying to commit to what's beneath  
To find the time is to lose the momentum  
I can learn the lessons and immediately forget them  
Automatic and out of my reach  
Consult all the waste to find the key  
Minimal life and the polysyllabic  
I'm just another blank page  
Push the button, pull the rage

Can you feel this?  
I'm dying to feel this  
Can you feel this?

I am all  
But what am I?  
Another number that isn't equal to any of you  
I control but I comply  
Pick me apart then pick up the pieces  
I'm uneven

"[...] shit motherfucker"

I am the damaged one  
All my life and the damage done  
I am the damaged one  
All my life and the damage done  
I am the damaged one  
All my life and the damage done  
I am the damaged one  
All my life and the damage done

Can you feel this?  
I'm dying to feel this  
Can you feel this?  
I'm dying to feel this

Can you feel this?  
I'm dying to feel this  
Can you feel this?  
No

I am all

But what am I?  
Another number that isn't equal to any of you  
I control but I comply  
Pick me apart then pick up the pieces  
I'm uneven

I am all  
But what am I?  
Another number that isn't equal to any of you  
I control but I comply  
Pick me apart then pick up the pieces  
I'm uneven  
&lt;/lyrics&gt;

==Vol. 3 Special Edition Version==  
&lt;/lyrics&gt;  
Are you fucking ready for this Stockholm?

One, two, three  
Drop it  
Drop it

Bones in the water and dust in my lungs  
Absorbing, archaic, like a sponge  
The ultimate way, is the way you control  
But can you stay if you detach your soul?  
Bury the present, and squeeze out the past  
The ones who endear to never last  
Chemical burns and the animalistic  
I'm just another hard-line pseudo-statistic

Can you feel this?  
I'm dying to feel this  
Can you feel this?  
Ahhhhhhhh

Blood on the paper and skin on my teeth  
Trying to commit to what's beneath  
To find the time is to lose the momentum  
You learn the lessons and immediately forget them  
Automatic and out of my reach  
Consult all the waste to find the key  
Minimal life and the polysyllabic  
I'm just another blank page  
Push the button, pull the rage

Can you feel this?  
I'm dying to feel this  
Can you feel this?

I am all  
But what am I?  
Another number that isn't equal to any of you  
I control but I comply  
Pick me apart then pick up the pieces  
I'm uneven

You make some fucking noise for me huh?

I am the damaged one  
All my life and the damage done  
I am the damaged one  
All my life and the damage done  
I am the damaged one  
All my life and the damage done

I am the damaged one  
All my life and the damage done

Can you feel this?  
I'm dying to feel this  
Can you feel this?  
I'm dying to feel this

Can you feel this?  
I'm dying to feel this  
Can you feel this?

I am all  
But what am I?  
Another number that isn't equal to any of you  
I control but I comply  
Pick me apart then pick up the pieces  
I'm uneven

I am all  
But what am I?  
Another number that doesn't fit in with any of you  
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(Periodic screams)