

# Feeling Fine

EVE 6

Calling a toast and brimming and boasting  
Items you picked off the dead  
Somberly reverent when it's evident  
Cameras are trained on your head  
Scratching the itches from the stitches  
From the fake accident  
I don't believe you I never did  
You always struck me as a fed

I'm gonna saunter down the mountain  
As the flames lick the pine  
And the mansion on the hill is smoldering in permanent fire  
Burn my past life in effigy  
Gather up what is left of me  
And saunter down the mountain as the flames lick the pine

Guess what fucker  
I'm feeling fine  
Guess what fucker  
I'm feeling fine

Panic attack that's one way to put  
That skeptical minds might suggest  
It's a performance caused by enormous  
Feelings of specialness  
Kissing the ring of all the singers  
For a pat on the head  
Small consolation your motivation  
Was to try to get their respect

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Under the skin  
Under the skin I'm rolling bones

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Guess what fucker  
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