

How U Feelin?

Peeping Tom

Won't you come in and let's get started.
This angel's fallen, so heed my calling.
Don't you stop rolling, the tension's growing.
So jump high reverend, walk into heaven.

We're driving Lamborghini's and we're sipping on martinis.
We're slurping on linguini's but we're spying on bikini's.
We're sewing what we reap and now we're here to set you free and
apocalypse is nearing, won't you tell me how you're feeling.

Driving Lamborghini's and we're sipping on martinis.
With caviar and blinis but we're spying on bikinis.
And if that isn't good enough we're here to set you free.
Apocalypse is nearing won't you tell me how you're feeling.

Apocalypse is nearing.
So tell me how you're feeling.
Yeah I can hear you screaming.
Tell me how you're feeling.
Apocalypse is nearing.
So tell me how you're feeling.
You're kicking and a screaming.
Well tell me how you're feeling.

Kicking the claw in and the rain is pouring. And I don't what's
worse sitting here or in the back of a hearse. ?..? If I'm the
chosen one I wasn't chosen for this. ?..? And my condolences s
on, this isn't fun for anyone. Please ignore the grin and say a
men