

# Happy?

Mudvayne

In this hole, that is me, the dead are rolling over.  
In this hole, thickening, dirt shoveled over shoulders.  
I feel it in me, so overwhelmed, oh this pressured center rising!  
My life overturned, unfair the despair, all these scars keep ripping open!

Peel me, from the skin!  
Tear me, from the rind!  
Does it make you happy now?  
Tear meat, from the bone!  
Tear me, from myself!  
Are you feeling happy now?

In this hole, that is me, a life that's growing feeble.  
In this hole, so limiting, the sun has set all darkens.  
Buried underneath, hands slip off the wheel.  
Internal pathway to contention.

Peel me, from the skin!  
Tear me, from the rind!  
Does it make you happy now?  
Tear meat, from the bone!  
Tear me, from myself!  
Are you feeling happy now?  
Happy?  
Happy?  
are you feeling happy now?  
In this hole, that is me, left with a heart exhausted.  
What's my release? What sets me free? Do you pull me up just to push me down again?

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Tear me, from the rind!  
Does it make you happy now?  
Tear meat, from the bone!  
Tear me, from myself!  
Are you feeling happy now?

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Tear me, from myself!  
Are you feeling happy now?

Does it make you happy?  
Are you feeling happy?  
Are you fucking happy now that I'm lost left with nothing?  
Does it make you happy?  
Are you feeling happy?  
Are you fucking happy now that I'm lost left with nothing?