

Yeah

So now the writing's on the wall
But what's exposed won't be enough
And the thought is just too much
Of the digital knife's edge that cuts us all
Of stripping bare and begging to crawl
Pleasure purposed, targeted, sold

In
Fear
Of a
Of a life in the box

You'd do anything at all
Saunter into the bedroom
Suck down into the floor
Will what you've done live and breathe
Long after you're gone?
I'd do anything at all
Just to cut the legs off
A man swallows his son
The son meets the boogeyman
You thought it was done
You've got it all wrong

In
Fear
Of a
Of a life in the box
In
Fear
Of no
End

You thought it was done
You've got it all wrong
You're gone

In
Fear
Of no
End
(Oh my god)