

Greetings people of the internet
It's your friend from the real world
I've been reaching out, tryna make contact
All I'm getting back are mean comments
Yeah, yeah I could lose a couple pounds
And my hair looks like a helmet
But you don't gotta point it out
Why is everybody so stressed about it?
Why can't we all just calm down?

Everybody's fighting on the internet again
No one's even trying anymore
Nobody wants to be the bigger man
It's a free-for-all all and all-for-none
And no one cares who's right or wrong
Bully the bully until we
Become what we've been fighting all along

Man, you seem really miserable
But I'm glad you got that off your chest
The internet is free, and I'm no professional
But I think you could use a therapist

I'm gonna take a guess
You don't have any friends
That's why you've got a truck in your profile pic
It's all making sense
It's all connected
How somebody could be this dense

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You want the truth but you refuse
To do the work it takes to learn
And all the while
The world keeps spinning on without you

Everybody's fighting on the internet again
We just dance and we die
By the sword, we rely on
We feed the machine
All the bodies it needs
Go to war where they want
Till we become what we've been fighting all along