

## Dead Internet

Foxing

Finally balance and penance  
For dreaming of better things  
Simply, poor me and poor you  
We'd have done kind things with the money  
I'm sorry it was all me and for nothing, nothing but in

Final reckoning  
It has meaning you cannot imagine  
Like horns rained down from

In final reckoning  
It has meaning you cannot imagine  
And final reckoning  
It has meaning you cannot imagine

A tone, detuned so low  
That the writhing rhythm is a klaxon  
It's wailing and random  
A pattern mistaken for passion  
It's friction between the soul  
And the world outside of your own soul  
Its grinding is deafening  
Like horns rained down from heaven

Final reckoning  
It has meaning  
You cannot imagine  
The writhing rhythm is a  
Final reckoning  
It has meaning  
You cannot imagine  
A pattern mistaken for a  
Final reckoning  
It has meaning  
You cannot imagine  
The world outside of your  
Final reckoning  
It has meaning  
You cannot imagine  
Like horns rained down from heaven

Heaven  
Horns rained down from heaven