

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