

# Trophy WiFi

## Taproot

She's been a target before  
And he knows her handle well  
Emission nocturnal with envy  
Now she's rang his bell  
But doesn't know it Universal in never ending  
Running from herself  
No reversal though in his calling  
Locked inside his, locked inside his hell She's burning her cross  
With his fingers crossed  
Trophy Wifi Not a soul can tell  
That he's got a show to tell  
The object of his infection  
Hell bent on this sell  
E-stalking profit Universal in never ending  
Running from herself  
No reversal though in his calling  
Locked inside his, locked inside his hell Crawling sideways among the darkness  
Relentless in her escape from hell  
Or lack thereof she's unwillingly  
Become now his trophy to mount Universal in never ending  
Running from herself  
No reversal though in his calling  
Locked inside his, locked inside his hell

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