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 itUniversal in never ending, running from herself
No reversal though in his calling
Locked inside his, locked inside his hell
She's burning his cross, with his fingers crossedTrophy Wifi
Not a soul can tell
He's got a show to tell
The object of his infectionHell bent on this sell, e-stalking profit
Crawling sideways among the darkness
Relentless in her escape for help
Or lack thereof she's unwillingly now become
His trophy to mount

Songwriters
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