

## 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 his cross, with his fingers crossed  
Trophy Wifi  
Not a soul can tell  
He's got a show to tell  
The object of his infection  
hell 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