

# Tool, Descending

Free fall through our midnight  
This epilogue of our own fable  
Heedless in our slumber  
Floating nescient, we

Free fall through this boundlessness  
This madness of our own making  
Falling isn't flying  
Floating isn't infinite

Come, our end, suddenly  
All hail our lethargy  
Concede suddenly

To the quickened dissolution  
Pray we mitigate the ruin  
Calling all to arms and order

Drifting through this boundlessness  
This madness of our own making

Sound our dire reveille  
Rouse all from our apathy  
Lest we  
Cease to be

Stir us from our  
Wanton slumber  
Mitigate our ruin  
Call us all to arms and order

Sound the dread alarm  
Through our primal body  
Sound the reveille  
To be or not to be  
Rise  
Stay the grand finale  
Stay the reading of our swan song and epilogue  
One drive to stay alive  
Elementary  
Muster every fiber  
Mobilize  
Stay alive

Stir us from our  
Wanton slumber  
Mitigate our ruin  
Call us all to arms and order