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