

## Friends With Enemies

Atlas Genius

Lies that imply the space  
We will be friends with the enemies  
Lost in your sense of taste  
Did you know you were next to me

Labor days, wounded hearts  
How we fake, how false we start  
I'm stuck on this long island beach  
We all making army for my enemies

A faint disarray of intention  
And I'm a guest of your invention  
What's the rest of this dance  
Does the promise of this just ends  
As we get what we can  
Well there's too much within your head

Labor days, wounded hearts  
How we fake, how false we start  
I'm stuck on this long island beach  
We all making army for my enemies

Cut the lost, cut the time  
I don't ask, behind your eyes  
Shadow bonds can make a friend  
(How I nest?), the shadow games  
Labor days, wounded hearts  
How we fake, how false we start  
I'm stuck on this long island beach  
We all making army for my enemies