

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