

# I Warned You: Do Not Make an Enemy of Me

Los Campesinos!

He grows out his stubble just so that he can scratch at the sun  
burn that coloured my arm.  
Civilians read bibles behind glass windows.  
Is this what constitutes normal behavior?

Got soul! Got vision! Got mind to leave here.  
You soon made an enemy of me.  
I warned you:  
Don't make an enemy of me.

I'll take your heart with such little commotion,  
By crippling disease or with deadly love potion.  
I'll bind you and gag you and all's well that ends,  
I suppose.

Got a call,  
Are we not interesting?  
Fair to say we are not interesting at all.  
Broke down laughing and screaming for more,  
But if this changed your life,  
Did you have one before?

And what have we got that is of any use?  
Allegiance to team that we cannot pronounce.  
Image seared,  
Dermis spread across tiled floor.  
A taste on the tongue that you and me both abhor.

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