

Enemies In High Places

The Icarus Line

They want to turn on you and it's so fucking boring.
Didn't suck the right piss, couldn't stomach the smell.
Wouldn't bear the burden of being everyone's friend
Cos everyone is going to hell.
Oh well. Begging at your feet. Duplicate your best moves.
Globally Funded rich sex embassies. It's all just given to you.
Didn't shake the right hands of the mans. Wouldn't drape the right clothes.
You say you live in the fast lane of liars
But narcissism never looked so good on you.
Obsessions new treat. Impersonate your best moves.
Smells like carbon copy. Still do it better than you do.
And you know it's true. So I'm the fucking fake?
Hey firewater, drink me down so smooth, exploding in the veins.
So vulnerable but acting so cool, what really motivates you?
Kiss them slowly like pro, this kiss erases everything they know.
All the values held in your heart so dear are suddenly nowhere near.
All you can do is DANCE DANCE DANCE!
My enemies hate me so much it becomes a subliminal love affair.
Follow you? I'll never follow you.