

A Global Threat "Making Enemies"

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Spew out pea-brain critiques in fanzines for fuckin'
geeks
If you're starved to live by decree, feed on flavors of
the week

You're making enemies with every word we read

Stare and wait with no clue
Can't dance like your idols do
Slam the door shut and leave so disappointed
All that you got was me

We're making enemies with every word we breathe

So quick to show off a knock-off style
So proud you climbed to the top of the pile

Hollow heads swallowed empty fads whole
Once they bled all the real shit dry
A sense of security in typecast identity
You wanted an enemy and you made one out of me

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