

## Icarus Line, The "Enemies In High Places"

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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.

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