

## FRENEMIES

Stand Atlantic

There isn't any nice way to say it  
I know your little Chrome Hearts breaking  
If you don't wanna make conversation  
Make it a war  
Make it a war

And I don't feel anything, nowhere to go  
I threw my sorry spirit out the door  
I don't wanna do this anymore  
It always takes a little piece of me

'Cause I don't need enemies if I've got you  
So

Do your worst, like you're a hard act to follow  
Why don't you sharpen your stones  
'Cause nothing hurts when you're hollow

You got me on the front line waiting  
You should know I'm slowly fading  
Feels like I just kick holes in ceilings  
Breaking my home to breathe, nothing to see

'Cause I don't need enemies if I've got you  
So

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