

Death to the Martyrs

Ark

He came 'round for the afterparty
Got a reception more than hearty
Well no wonder, here he was, our city's most prominent martyr
Who stuck needles in his arms while you and I still stuck to sm
arties
And who taught us all 'bout poetry and how to pick up birds
Who hung on to his pathos while other suckers saved and earned
And the underground would love him in return

He came 'round for the afterparty
Got a reception more than hearty
So then he took a loop around and then he slouched into an armc
hair
And there was she, yeah in a flash, like Guinevere to her King
Arthur
So I closed my eyes and this is what I heard:

You sorry ass, you sorry ass
Oh! Death to the martyrs, come on, come on
You sorry ass, you sorry ass
Oh! Death to the martys, come on!

I remember it all clearly, I remember it precise
How he fixed me with his stare and looked me right into the eye
s
Saying: "Me, I'm no machine, no, I defy the nine to five"
Now forgive me, I considered it both radical and wise
But for God's sake, I was fourteen at the time!

You sorry ass, you sorry ass
Oh! Death to the martyrs, come on, come on
You sorry ass, you sorry ass
Oh! Death to the martys, come on!

Now you who are so grand, who claim you built the fundamentals on
which I stand
You are the man, but you preferred the gentle fan I was before
But now it's time to be unkind to speak my mind
And if you ask why I'm so blunt, it's 'cause I care for you, yo
u cunt!
You're no longer wild at heart, you're just a boring junkie far
t
And if you really wanna die, alright, then die, then you old ta
rt!
So I walked across the dancefloor until I was in his sight
And I opened up and this is what come out:

You sorry ass, you sorry ass

Oh! Death to the martyrs, come on, come on
You sorry ass, you sorry ass
Oh! Death to the martyrs, come on!