

Dead Man Talking

Architects

These martyrs seek no adoration
No promises of God's salvation
They kicked the ladder from beneath their feet
They hung the heroes
They hung the heroes

You've got to watch your back
You've got to swallow fear
Cover your tracks, or you might disappear
They found the words to speak unspeakable things
They struck the air from the chests of kings

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If you were caught between the devil and the deep blue sea
Would you run and hide? Or stand for what you believe?
Maybe Orwell was right all along
They think this spells the end, it's only just begun

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If you find your feet, you can eclipse the sun
Swear that you won't forget
Swear that you won't forget
If you find your feet, you can eclipse the sun
Swear that you won't forget
Swear that you won't forget

Tell the rats to get back in the gutter

We'll be watching, we're always watching
You try to stamp them out
You'll only fan the flames
This is for all the snakes: Fuck you
So hold your forked tongues
You've got us spitting nails
I'm gonna to say it straight. Fuck you.

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