

# 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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No promises of God's salvation  
They kicked the ladder from beneath their feet  
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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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