

## 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!