

Ark, The "Death to the Martyrs"

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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 arm while you and I still stuck
to smarties
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 he took a loop around and then he slouched into an
armchair
And there was she, 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 martyrs, come on!

I remember it all clearly, I remember it precise
How he fixed me with his stare and looked me right
into the eyes
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 martyrs, come on!

Now you who are so grand
Who claim you built the fundamentals on which I stand
You are the man, but you prefer 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, you cunt!
You're no longer wild at heart, you're just a boring
junkie fart
And if you really wanna die, alright, then die then you
old tart!
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!

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