

## **Roger Daltrey**

# **"Martyrs And Madmen"**

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(Steve G Swindells)

Random faces populate dark of pockets of my brain,  
lonely tortured heroes with dark eyes all full of pain.  
People crying out for blood to keep them entertained,  
I can't hold back no more I can't keep anything  
contained.

I'm captured, excited, so scared I'm sinking.  
The silence, I'm frightened, I can't help thinking of  
those  
martyrs and madmen, they were rebels in their day.  
And the world made them sad men, because it  
wouldn't go away.

Martyrs and madmen, oh martyrs and madmen.

Now I'm tempted by the game, I'm thrown into the ring.  
And if I turn out like they did I must do everything  
to stop myself from turning into someone I don't know,  
sitting in some hotel room with fires down below.

I'm taking my fight there, I see them screaming  
I'm waking, from nightmares, I can't help dreaming  
of those martyrs and madmen, they were rebels in  
their day.

And the world made them sad men, because it  
wouldn't go away.

Martyrs and madmen, martyrs and madmen.

There's no escaping alcohol, or needles, straws and  
spoons.  
The only saving grace is someone breaking their  
cocoon.  
Are they destined to die lonely, is it all some master  
plan,  
to hope that in some twenty years someone might  
understand?

Oh, martyrs and madmen, Oh, martyrs and madmen...

I'm captured, excited, so scared I'm sinking.  
The silence, I'm frightened, I can't help thinking of  
those  
martyrs and madmen, they were rebels in their day.  
And the world made them sad men, because it  
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