

Roger Creager

"Martyers And Madmen"

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(Steve Swindells)

Random faces populate of pockets on my brain
Lonely torched heroes with darkness all full of pain
People crying out for blood to keep them entertained
I can't hold back anymore I can't keep anything
contained

I'm captured, exited, so scared I'm sinking
The silence, I'm frightened, I can't help thinking
Of those.

Martyrs and madmen
They where rebels in there 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
Cause I must stop myself from turning into someone I
don't know

Sitting in some hotel room with fire 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 where rebels in there day
And the world made them sad men
Because it wouldn't go away.

Martyrs and madmen
Oh martyrs and madmen.

There's no escaping alcohol,
Or needles straws and spoons
They always saying grace to someone breaking there
cocoon
Are they destine to die lonely
Is it all some master plan

To hope that in some twenty years
Someone might understand.

Ooo martyrs and madmen
Ooo 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
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Martyrs and madmen.

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