

The Ark, Death To The Martyrs

He come '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 smarties
and who taught us all 'bout poetry and how to pick up birds
He 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, 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 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 14 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 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, 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 came 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!

