

Joy Division, Leaders Of Men

Born from some mother's womb,
Just like any other room.
Made a promise for a new life.
Made a victim out of your life.

When your time's on the door,
And it drips to the floor,
And you feel you can touch,
All the noise is too much,
And the seeds that are sown,
Are no longer your own.

Just a minor operation,
To force a final ultimatum.
Thousand words are spoken loud,
Reach the dumb to fool the crowd.

When you walk down the street,
And the sound's not so sweet,
And you wish you could hide,
Maybe go for a ride,
To some peep show arcade,
Where the future's not made.

A nightmare situation,
Infiltrate imagination,
Smacks of past Holy wars,
By the wall with broken laws.

The leaders of men,
Born out of your frustration.
The leaders of men,
Just a strange infatuation.
The leaders of men,
Made a promise for a new life.
No saviour for our sakes,
To twist the interneers of hate,
Self induced manipulation,
To crush all thoughts of mass salvation.