

Leaders Of Men (Martin Hannett Sessions)

Joy Division

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 savior for our sakes
To twist the interneers of hate
Self-induced manipulation
To crush all thoughts of mass salvation

Songwriters

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