

# Dead Man Talking

## Architects (UK)

These martyrs seek no adoration.  
No promises of god's salvation.  
They kicked the ladder from beneath their feet.  
They hung the heroes. They hung the heroes. You've got to watch your back.  
You've got to swallow fear.  
Cover your tracks, or you might disappear.  
They found the words to speak unspeakable things.  
And they struck the air from the chests of kings. These martyrs seek no adoration.  
No promises of god's salvation.  
They kicked the ladder from beneath their feet.  
They hung the heroes. They hung the heroes. If you were caught between the devil and the deep blue sea,  
Would you run and hide, or stand for what you believe?  
Maybe Orwell was right all along.  
They think this spells the end, it's only just begun. These martyrs seek no adoration.  
No promises of god's salvation.  
They kicked the ladder from beneath their feet.  
They hung the heroes. They hung the heroes. If you find your feet, you can eclipse the sun.  
Swear that you won't forget.  
Swear that you won't forget. If you find your feet, you can eclipse the sun.  
Swear that you won't forget.  
Swear that you won't forget. Tell the rats to get back in the gutter.  
We'll be watching, we're always watching. You try to stamp them out, you'll only fan the flames.  
This is for all the snakes: Fuck you.  
So hold your forked tongue.  
You've got us spitting nails.  
I'm gonna to say it straight. Fuck you. If you find your feet, you can eclipse the sun.  
Swear that you won't forget.  
If you find your feet, you can eclipse the sun.  
They think this spells the end, it's only just begun.

Songwriters

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