## The Martyr

## **The Phenomenal Handclap Band**

['Elizabeth' Movie intro]I?m content to die for my beliefs So cut off my head and make me a Martyr The people will always remember it ?No. They will forget? A man who walks with God, can walk anywhere Hence.. I fear nothing [Immortal Technique - Verse 1] The point of guerilla war, is not to succeed It?s always been just to make the enemy bleed Deprivin? the soldiers of the peace of mind that they need Bullets are hard to telegraph when they bob and they weave The only way a Guerilla War can ever be over Is when the occupation, can?t afford more soldiers Until they have to draft the last of you into the service And you refuse cause you don?t see the purpose The only way to counter the insurgents that are well-equipped Is to paint the people fighting for freedom as terrorists Then find a faction lookin? for foreign investments You stall them with power and murder any objections You can?t stop a revolution from breathin? So to beat ?em they offer people the illusion of freedom But when you?re done dreamin? and wake up, tortured for treason Then you can see them, hidin? behind the God they believe in [Chorus]Deep in the trenches in the heart of a war That?s the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it?s on) During the night before the start of the dawn That?s the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it?s on) When the gunshots are rainin? in the heart of a storm That?s the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it?s on) Guerilla war when the army is gone That?s the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it?s on)

[Verse 2]The purpose of life is a life with a purpose
So I?d rather die for a cause than live a life that is worthless
I don?t need the circus or the day of national observance
I need you to think for you and stop being a servant
Pawns only move a square in the game that they?re used in
And realise it too late, like the shootin? of Huey Newton
Or Patrice Lumumba and Salvador Allende
Slaughter by the power hungry branches of their own gente

Ghandi wasn?t killed by Pakistani nationals He was assassinated by a Hindu radical And Che Guevara, rebel to a U.S. continent Was sold to the C.I.A. by Bolivian communists Wasn?t Yitzhak Rabin murdered by a Zionist And Anwar Sadat a victim of the same violence? Malcolm X was seen as a threat to the F.B.I. But to blast ?em they used Muslims from the N.O.I. Even the 35th President of the Republic Was murdered by factions of his own government So now that it?s proven, that a soldier of Revolution Or head of an empire, disguised in a Constitution Can not escape the retribution or manipulation Of the self-appointed rulers of the planets corporations So Imma need every generation to put your hands up Cause you can only get ?em off your back when you stand up! [Chorus]Deep in the trenches in the heart of a war That?s the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it?s on) During the night before the start of the dawn That?s the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it?s on) When the gunshots are rainin? in the heart of a storm That?s the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it?s on) Guerilla war when the army is gone That?s the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it?s on)

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