

The Martyr

The Intruder

[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)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>