

Folded Paper Figures

Hell Is For Heroes

Did you pledge allegiance, did you question the code?
Did you find out too late that you can't escape the flow?
I need a will to live, something worth dying for
A force to fuel the fight, a force to feel This is the new order, carved with a warm-blooded sword
'Cause comforting, you live to justify the cause
And you're wondering with your neck on the line
Is it justice or crime? Guillotine or the crown? Did you reshape your will just to fit with the fold?
Did you trade your conscience for a place to belong?
It's just a point of view, a key to lock the chain
Come join the circle as we're fitting in We paint the walls with a, five pointed flag burning star
It's a motion to justify our place again
The star is still shining but it died long ago
And I won't let it go and I won't let it go I bid you welcome, the door is open
A gathering of the uninvited
I bid you welcome, the door is open
A gathering, this is the key to break the chain This is the call to break down the chain
This is the call to break down the chain And I won't let it go
And I won't let it go
And I won't let it go
And I won't let it We paint the walls
We paint the walls
We paint the walls
We paint the walls

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