

# 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 wont let it go  
And I wont let it go  
And I wont let it go  
And I wont let it  
We paint the walls  
We paint the walls  
We paint the walls  
We paint the walls

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