

# Folded Paper Figures (Album Version)

## Hell Is For Heroes

Did you pledge allegiance  
Did you question the code  
Did you find out too late that you can't stop the flow? I need a will to live  
Something worth dying for  
A force to fuel the fight  
And mask the fear This is the new order  
Carved with a warm blooded sword  
A cold comforting new myth  
To justify the cause  
And you're wondering  
With your neck on the line  
Is it justice or crime  
The guillotine or the crown Did you reshape your will  
Just to fit in 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 now  
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 don't let it go  
And I don'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 call to break the chain This is the call, to break up the chain  
This is the call, to break up the chain And I don't let it go, and I don't let it go  
And I don't let it go, and I don't let it go We paint the walls  
We paint the walls  
We paint the walls

Songwriters

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