

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 We paint the walls
We paint the walls
We paint the walls

Songwriters

BIRCH, JOSEPH / FINDLAY, JAMES MCCARLIE / MCGONAGLE, WILL / O'DONOGHUE, TOMAS

EDWARD / SCHLOSBERG, JUSTIN ROBIN Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>