

Hell Is For Heroes, Folded Paper Figures

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? 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 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 wont let it go, and I wont 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 [x4]
And I wont let it go. [x3]
And I wont let it.
We paint the walls. [x4]

crbt2('Hell Is For Heroes','Folded Paper Figures')

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