

## **The Outline**

### **"Death To Our Enemies"**

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We fold, in cold,  
Lonely but never quite alone  
We're told, grow old  
The young, once flesh, now sculpt to stone

We sold our soul  
The spring of life we've left and grown  
In bold, script code  
The choice is chalk  
The path is known

Over and over you told her to die  
Why must it always be this way?

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Lonely but never quite alone  
We're told, grow old  
The young, once flesh, now sculpt to

Over and over you told her to die  
Why must it always be this way?

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