

## 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

We fold in cold  
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  
Over and over you told her to die  
Why must she always be this way?

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Lonely but never quite alone  
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