

# A Jury of Wolves

## Outline in Color

Pushed away  
This is my dream, I'll die to defend it  
A jury of wolves, chained to a city  
All of my heroes are thieves  
This is a warning  
Time will haunt you  
I will cut you down  
I pray you fear that end is near.  
Breathe in the air, now that we're older, isn't it colder than before?  
And I had a heart of gold but it doesn't seem to shine bright a nymore.  
So let's open a jar of fireflies  
And light up your room tonight, and lose track of our lives, doesn't it feel just like the first time?  
Breathe in the air, isn't it colder than you remember?  
And this summer breeze could make me believe it's the dead of December.  
Always wanting to feel alive and always ending up unsatisfied,  
'Cause no matter how I try, it'll never feel just like the first time.  
I claim this hate  
All the scars on your sleeve are the price that you pay  
Idols turn to dust  
All your beliefs covered in rust  
Bring down the throne  
Tear down the altar  
Burn it in your mind,  
I will protect this with my life  
Burn it in your mind,  
I will protect this with my life  
Can you hear me?  
This is a song of a traitor,  
In a world of open wounds.  
Are you listening?  
This is a song of a traitor,  
In a world of open wounds  
So after all we've learned and after all we've seen and after everything will you help me tear it down? Will you help me tear it down?  
And after all the lies that kept us occupied while they slipped the knife, won't you help me tear it down? Won't you help me tear it down?  
No heroes, just traitors  
Who will you believe?  
(Won't you help me tear it down?)  
Bring down the throne  
Tear down the altar.

And after all the years they tricked us into stacking bricks, w  
on't you help me tear it down, so we can rebuild it?  
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