This House Alive

Cursive

There are voices in the attic
Wispy whispers past the cabinets
Filled with tawny photographs
I am stolid, I am steadfast
Where there's panic, lingers relapse
Oh, no; those breakdown days are done
This house alive
I can hear the floorboards breathe

Creak, creak

Are these angels come to take me?
If so, I'll wave my white flag willingly
I have shed my snake-skinned past
Clustered flies hinder the windows
For every angel there's a devil
Oh no, make these voices go away

I was a God-fearing boy
Sure, I stumbled more than once
But so did his begotten son

An orphan, thrown out to the wolves
Not prodigal, far worse

I was hustled, I was scorned
Made a criminal...

But I stand here reformed

There are voices in the dead of night
A child screaming, "I am Gemini!"
Oh, what are you, and why?
Are you specter? Are you spirit?
Am I lucid, am I losing it?
Oh no, this macabre facade
These walls, paper thin

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