

## Cursive

### "This House Alive"

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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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