

The People in the Attic

Ice Nine Kills

It's difficult in times like these: ideals,
dreams and cherished hopes rise within us,
only to be crushed by grim reality
(These are the words that set me free)

We are the last of what used to be
Every breath, every moment
They're getting closer and closer to me
Stripping my dignity with every brick as it's broken
Stealing hope from my whole family
Lights out
The path that God has lit grows ever darker
But my faith goes further now
I didn't want to be a fucking martyr
But I can't put my pen down

I stare through the cracks of my life in slow motion
As my world crumbles down around me
I write the words that set me free

Always glued to the radio
Getting lost in the static as the attic is taking its toll
Can't we all just go? I'm fucking sick of the inside
We're alive yet deprived and alone but never on our own
Alive yet deprived and alone but never on our own

I stare through the cracks of my life in slow motion
As my world crumbles down around me
I write the words that set me free
These are the words that set me free
These are the words that set me free, yeah

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