

# 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

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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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