

# Razorlight, The House

There's a full moon over this ancient town  
A clock faced the colour of the sky  
And every street that we walk down  
Belongs to the house, where my father died  
Where prisoners march in luck step with each other  
Reavers test the limit of their reign  
Dragging their dead weight from the other  
While I claim my place, centre stage  
I've been thrown by the thrashing of his going  
Chained to his unseen stride  
I've walked in luck step without knowing  
My indifference, my only disguise  
Now it comes through me like an injection  
Anonymous pain throbbing reel inside  
And every pulse in my body  
Belongs to the house, where my father died  
Won't catch his spirit in a candle  
On alive finished guttering glow  
And death comes through these streets like a scandal  
Bent up and beaten, oh bitter body blow  
And in bars and shaded back rooms  
Those who can't cope just get high  
But every place this drink takes me to  
Belongs to the house, where my father died  
And there's a full moon over this ancient town  
Head lights numb the banner of the sky  
Rain rages the steadings and the open ground  
I'm a child fighting shadows with tears in my eyes  
And the valley cannons and thunder  
Trees blow beneath the bruising of the sky  
Like centuries shield the lake from my wonder  
And I'm as helpless as a child hiding from life  
And the face from my mind is fading  
I could old wounds for the very first time  
Tonight there's going to be a reckoning  
I'm entering the house, where my father die