

Little Hammer

Pale Saints

Pounding away in the back of my head
Until I've almost lost myself
And those red and black patterns
In which nothing happens
Have made me sleep

A beautiful voice is a nail
Being pulled out of wood
Carry on little hammer
You were always my favourite toy

When the world's dead to me
In my soft fortunate cushion of pins
Is a soldier
Slicing thin through thin
The unfortunate truth sneaking in