

## 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