

Matches And Nails

Lemon Demon

Hello, you tiny cardboard box with matches inside.
Hell, you wooden match, hello the light you provide.
You keep me warm, you keep me safe.
You know that darkness isn't good.
But nothing lasts forever.
You're only two inches of flammable wood.
And when the sun comes back,
There won't be any lack of lumination in any way.
But on the other hand,
I'll never understand why it disappears after every day.
Now I've forgotten what I wanted to say.

Hello, you railroad nail, so sharp, so rusty and red.
Hello, you sledgehammer, implanting it into my head.
And with it comes a stream of thoughts,
And soon ideas begin to form.
So I must thank you for it.
The nail in my head is the eye of the storm.
And with my new found mind I make the world unwind,
As if the planet is made of clay.
This is a tragic mix of wayward magic tricks and giant robots from far away.
Now I've forgotten what I wanted to say.