

# 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 favorite toy  
When the world's dead to me  
In my soft [unverified] fortunate cushion of pins [unverified]  
Is a soldier [unverified]  
The unfortunate truth sneaking in

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>