

# Black Milk, Small Believer

what am I  
I'm sitting in an armchair, humming  
silent prayers again  
what am I  
I'm spilling soda water  
for the whisper of a name  
unspoken words  
penetrate the light  
broken birds  
prepare to fly

I am still a small believer  
I am just the wall beneath you  
won't you have a try  
and tear it down

what am I  
I'm searching for the shadows you have  
left for me to find  
what am I  
I'm dancing 'round in circles  
in the corner of my mind  
the moment will conceal  
there's nothing to be said  
all I've ever been  
will fall in shreds

I am still a small believer  
I am just the wall beneath you  
won't you have a try  
and tear it down

hear me I'm the voice that calls you  
and I crawl and rise and fall to  
find a way so you  
could tear it down

who am I to love  
who am I to feel  
who am I to judge  
whatever you may be  
who am I to claim  
I could be the one  
the one

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down  
tear it down  
tear it down