

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 'rond 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

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

down
tear it down
tear it down