

# Lemon Demon, Matches And Nails

Hello, you tiny cardboard box with matches inside.  
Hello, 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 thought,  
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 newfound 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.