

## The Movement

### "Big, Strange, Beautiful Hammer"

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Discretion is a must, rising from the dust,  
On your feet but just a bit unsteady  
You want to close your eyes, be taken by surprise  
But not before you're absolutely ready  
So lay low, as time permits  
And you'll know it when it hits:  
It's gonna sound like a big  
It's coming down like a big  
It's gonna pound like a big, strange, beautiful  
Hammer

You're feeling like a saint, powerful but faint  
Like you want to call for an attendant  
Heavy in your hand, courage on demand  
You feel safe, and strangely independent  
Once baptized in pain and light  
You'd be advised to hold on tight  
When you collide with a big  
You coincide with a big  
Filled inside with a big, strange, beautiful  
Hammer

It's coming down on you  
It's gonna drive you home

Hammer, hammer,  
Big hammer, strange hammer

Discretion is a waste, now you've had a taste  
You see yourself as well-maintained and polished  
Existence is a test, we try to do our best  
But we're on a quest to be demolished  
It's your right, so don't be shy  
Day and night you're smitten by  
The might of a big  
The blinding light of a big  
In the night of the big, strange,  
Beautiful hammer

Hammer, hammer,  
Big hammer, strange hammer

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