

Revelation Blues

The Tallest Man on Earth

I was more than just a coward
I was handsome too
I felt nothing when your flood came down

Holding fines that made me wonder
If the lights were wrong
With my hands that never touched no ground

When your talent is in number
Of the many times you're gone
I could lie I don't care about forgiving
But sometimes it's just roses dying too young

As I'm fencing up the hours
In the fields of red
While you think I'm on a loveless straight

In the letters from the lovers
In a land gone wrong
Explanations always written late

When your talent curse the framing
Of the crying you heard sung
I could lie I don't care about what's forgiving
But sometimes it's just roses dying too young

Will you train of thoughts
Is always passing here
With its falling paint
And its broken gears

It's the damn revelation blues
When you see the path
And you know you won't be the last
Oh Lord, oh Lord

I was more than just a terror
I was crying too
But you showed me in the gusts between

That a wind is sometimes broken
And its flying path
Has no meaning nor a ghost within

When your talent is in hiding
That your feeling is always wrong
And I always want to bring you something
But sometimes it's just roses dying too young

When your talent is in hiding
That your feeling is always wrong
And I always want to bring you something
But sometimes it's just roses dying too young