

Weather Of A Killing Kind

The Tallest Man on Earth

Well I see the clouds, I see the shadow
It's rainin' wolves outside our door
We stand and watch through hesitation
'Cause they'll be spread out there forevermore

You said the sun's behind the fallin'
It's how the creature's heed their paws
And lay their hands on my decisions
And burn right through the books of somber loss

Now there is somethin' in the wild
Here is a weather of a killin' kind

Silently pass their sleeping jaws now
But I hold cymbals in my hands
Don't need no score to play this piece, no
Don't need no violins to lose a man

Now there is somethin' in the wild
Here is a weather of a killin' kind

I drink for something when I'm nothing
I drink for nothing when it's gone
And I feed the clouds, they are my shadow
'Cause I have raised the cubs my self alone

Now there is somethin' in the wild
Here is my weather of a killing kind