

The Wild Hunt

The Tallest Man on Earth

There is a crow moon comin' in well you keep looking out
It is the hollow month of march now sweeping in
Lets watch phenomenon's that rise out of the darkness now
Within the light she is my storming heroin
And old machine's abandoned by the ancient racists and
I hear them hummin' down below and hollow earth
Oh hell I guess I know no while I will go under to
But just for now I let the spring and storm return I left my heart to the wild hunt a-comin'
I live until the call
And I plan to be forgotten when I'm gone
Yes I'll be leavin' in the fall And I will sleep out in the glade just by the giant tree
Just to be closer when my spirit's pulled away
I left a nervous little boy out on the trail today
He's just a mortal to the shoutin' cavalcade I left my heart to the wild hunt a-comin'
I live until the call
And I plan to be forgotten when I'm gone
Yes I'll be leavin' in the fall Let's open up the windows have Satan departin' now
And we'll be even when the blues fall down like hail
Hell I don't even care no more about cadejo now
If he's a white one or a black one on the trail I left my heart to the wild hunt a-comin'
I live until the call
And I plan to be forgotten when I'm gone
Yes I'll be leavin' in the fall Yes I'll be leavin' in the fall

Songwriters

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