

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 numbers
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 missing
But sometimes it's just roses dying too young
Your 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...
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
I always want to bring you something
But sometimes it's just roses dying too young.

Songwriters

Matsson, KristianPublished by

Lyrics Â© Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>