

The Tallest Man on Earth "On Every Page"

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On every page
When you just tell them what I cannot say
when you just shine upon the ghosts along my way
I drop the game of throwing knives alone
there must be marks on every tree
from the past to our home

Only the mayfly used to tell me so
now here is august, drop your weight, just let go
now midnight sun takes turns with northern lights
will I ever have to feel what those blades were about?

In that sound of sighing, that empty howl
and all the everloving bends in the line of your tries
some ends forgotten and some others believed
whatever happened to the boy is now a tale for the
seas
when you know you're already young
like the grass wither to become
again and free,
it's all we'll ever be

I don't remember where i learned to dive
but I am humble for the rocks when I try
and somehow I am lowered onto the waves
now with you I feel the sun and the salt on my face

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