

Sixfeetdeep

"Broken Tree"

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Maybe the limbs of a broken tree will heal themselves
in time
Or maybe the limbs from that broken tree will petrify...
Hard as stone
As I peel back the layers I find thing I never knew were
there
And as I listen to my prayers I hear myself confused
and scared
This broken tree feels like it's part of me somehow
controlling
My destiny
Has the seed of a broken promise decided what I will
be?
And I, left to myself can only hope to survive
And I, left to myself can only slowly die
How long will I drift? Would I not know the difference?
Have I weathered so long that I've been shaped by this
ocean?
Will the legacy live on in me? Life father, like son?
I don't believe that what I am is determined by what
Precedes me
And now I have to realize the past is not my future
And in Christ I'm a brand new creature
And I, left to myself can only hope to survive
And I, left to myself can only slowly die
But given grace I know I can
Given grace I can learn to forgive
In the face of all of this
Given grace I can truly live

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