

A Hope For Home

"Affliction: The Witness, The Advocate"

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Assail me and tear me in your anger.
All was once well with me, but I've lead myself here.
My pride pulls. Constantly beckoning me to be
something that I'm not.
If I say: "My hope is in the grave" and to corruption,
"You're my father."
To the worm, "You're my mother" if my hope is in the
grave, then what is
Left for me?

"Did you forget what it takes to walk away? And did you
forget I will never
Take you past the palm of My hand?"

And I am overcome. What miserable comforters in the
arms of sorrow.
With every wound sanctity diminished. With every scar I
feel my soul
Retreat.
Oh earth, do not cover my blood.
May my cries never be laid to rest.
But if I speak, my pain will not be relieved, and if I
refrain, it does not
Go away.

"Did you forget why I've put you here? And do you even
want to know what it
Means to be alive?"

Have we forgotten? And what will be left?
... the pull of my pride takes me away.

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