

A Hope For Home "Withering Branches"

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But what gods are we? For thousands of years we have
been unable to
Transcend our basic animalistic passions for hate,
greed, and violence
Towards our fellow man. The Greeks envisioned their
gods just as humans,
Imperfect, flawed, violent. Modern philosophy
envisions the God of theism
As embodying perfection, justice, and mercy. Surely,
these are qualities
Far from our reach. Nietzsche's overman, then, seems
to become what it set
Out to destroy: an otherworldly idea.

Oh what a wide world to conquer, it rests in the palm of
our hands.

The lines blur between corruption and where we sit
upon our thrones.
And we draw blood as if it's our right to, but is it our
right to?

We've been swaying for centuries and we've dug in our
roots as we drink up
The sea of divinity.
But we can't seem to shed our affliction.

What pitiful deities we make if we can't reach beyond
ourselves. Such lowly
Gods we
Create when we only believe in what our hands can
touch and our eyes can
See.

We've been swaying for centuries and we've dug in our
roots as we drink up
The sea of divinity.
But we can't seem to shed our affliction.

What pitiful deities we make if we can't reach beyond
ourselves. Such lowly
Gods we

Create when we only believe in what our hands can
touch and our eyes can
See...
... what our eyes can see.

Oh what a wide world to conquer, it falls apart in our
hands.

(We are withering branches, we are sick and dying
vines.)

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