

## **Men As Trees**

### **"If There Was Any Wisdom Left"**

Visit "[If There Was Any Wisdom Left](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Between my two calloused hands  
A copia of rusted horns  
That sound together  
Yet tuned apart  
And I with them a scream a scream  
Rent from my two unshorn lips  
Beast-sounds defeated marking the  
Violence of an age  
Milestone cruelty that all  
Permit and all perceive  
Tod und Verkl  rung now just empty  
Sounds beauty of thirty minutes  
Dragged through thirty misery-years  
One for the dead  
One for the triumphant  
Makes sense to me  
Sense to me  
What is our century  
How can this be  
Can this be  
My hair is matted my voice is gone  
My note from the underground  
No one is listening

Visit [Men As Trees](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.