

Six Feet Deep "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 things 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? like father, like son?
I don't believe that what I am is determined by what
Precedes me.
And now I have to realize that 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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