

From this desolate peak
I feel the tops of trees pointing back at me
Like a million teeth
Wishing the wind would come and swallow me
I'm cursed to spend this weary life
Throwing ghosts into forever
But they never disappear
They come to life in my sleep shivers
So I'll crack my baby teeth on these platinum dreams
They're falling down, we're falling down

Its so cold I can see my breath, is there a second death?
Is there something I missed?
What have I become? Am I far gone?
Its so cold and there's nothing left, is there a second death?
Is it something I said?
What have I become? Am I far gone?

Its my life staring back at me
Its this dirt stuck in my teeth
Its these machines hooked up to me
Is this life? Are we alive?

Its so cold I can see my breath, is there a second death?
Is there something I missed?
What have I become? Am I far gone?
Its so cold and there's nothing left, is there a second death?
Is it something I said?
What have I become? Am I far gone?