

# Arrowhead

## State Faults

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?