

Neptune

Sleeping at Last

Pitch black, pale blue,
It was a stained glass
Variation of the truth
And I felt empty handed.

You let me set sail
With cheap wood.
So I patched up
Every leak that I could,
'Til the blame grew too heavy.

Stitch by stitch I tear apart.
If brokenness is a form of art,
I must be a poster child prodigy.
Thread by thread I come apart.
If brokenness is a work of art,
Surely this must be my masterpiece.

I'm only honest when it rains.
If I time it right, the thunder breaks
When I open my mouth.
I want to tell you but I don't know how.

I'm only honest when it rains,
An open book with a torn out page,
And my ink's run out.
I want to love you but I don't know how.

I don't know how,
No I don't know how.
I don't know how.
I want to love you but I don't know how.

I want to love you...

Pitch black, pale blue,
These wild oceans
Shake what's left of me loose
Just to hear me cry mercy.

A strong wind at my back,
So I lift up the only sail that I have,
This tired white flag.

I'm only honest when it rains.
If I time it right, the thunder breaks
When I open my mouth.
I want to tell you but I don't know how.

I'm only honest when it rains,
An open book with a torn out page,
And my ink's run out.
I want to love you but I don't know how.

I don't know how, know how, know how,
I want to love you but I don't know how.

I want to love you...

PLUTO

I woke up from the same dream:
Falling backwards, falling backwards
'Til it turned me inside out.

Now I live a waking life
Of looking backwards, looking backwards;
A model citizen of doubt.

Until one day I had enough
Of this exercise of trust.
I leaned in and let it hurt,
And let my body feel the dirt.
When I break pattern, I break ground.
I rebuild when I break down.
I wake up more awake than I've ever been before.

Still I'm pinned under the weight
Of what I believed would keep me safe.
So show me where my armor ends,
Show me where my skin begins.
Like a final puzzle piece
It all makes perfect sense to me...
The heaviness that I hold in my heart belongs to gravity.
The heaviness that I hold in my heart's been crushing me.

I've been worried all my life,
A nervous wreck most of the time.
I've always been afraid of heights,
Of falling backwards, falling backwards.
I've been worried all my life.

'Til one day I had enough
Of this exercise of trust.
I leaned in and let it hurt,
Let my body feel the dirt.
When I break pattern, I break ground.
I rebuild when I break down.
I wake up more awake than I've ever been before.

Still I'm pinned under the weight
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