

## Pluto Was Never Really A Planet Either Even

Hot Mulligan

Help me call you back  
'Cause I'm afraid of the ringing  
I know I'm fucked, but I'm still steadily fixing  
The gears in my guts, 'cause they're all twisted up  
I feel tight in my chest through the smoke in my lungs  
But hold your tongue 'til you see what I'm making  
How everything else ended simple and lonely  
But this isn't me, it's my final critique  
Of my bones, of my skin, of the hate killing me  
I'm cold on skin contact, blue as a newborn's lips  
'Cause on the day I was born I was horrified to take a breath

And I miss the water  
'Cause it meant nothing without anyone else around  
But I thought that it's all that I wanted  
I've grown to fear the isolation I chose to take a part of  
Now I get how clichés came to be  
Though I spent so much time thinking they were below me  
Simple, the truth that my father had told  
There is nothing to do if you're constantly alone

I'd lose everything  
To make up for the person I've been  
I'd lose everything  
To make up for the person I've been  
I'd lose everything  
I'd lose everything