

Soft Spoken

Unlike Pluto

If the words ain't right, yeah
Bottle em up inside
And I keep rerunning
These moments in my life
Like I'm hiding something
The truth inside the lie
What am I becoming?
Can't say it loud

Soft spoken
I am not one to open up
I'm broken
But I'm slowly warming up

Got my heartbeat drumming
And it makes me feel alive
Then my mouth starts running
Initiate decline
And the gears keep spinning
Who else can I blame?
So I shut it all down, yeah
And pulling all the plugs

Soft spoken
I am not one to open up
I'm broken
But I'm slowly warming up

Spoken, broken
Spoken, broken

I'm moving fast but all the doors are closing
Stuck running in place, any time of day
On repeat, my inner clock is broken
Infinite pursuit, nothing gained to lose

Soft spoken
I am not one to open up
I'm broken
But I'm slowly warming up

Spoken, broken
Spoken, broken