

## WHY

Unlike Pluto

I wanna feel the love, I wanna feel the hate  
Want to take a stand, I wanna run away  
Ego made of glass, cracking in my vein  
Know it's gonna pass, I can feel some pain  
Jumping off an airplane into the sky  
Closest thing I ever had to feeling, high  
Yeah, high

I don't know why I'm here, I don't know why I stayed  
Don't know what I fear, lost in the decay  
Burning every bridge, so I can't escape  
Dig another ditch, isn't that insane?  
Ask me why I do it, I can just deny  
There is nothin' to it, I can always lie  
Yeah, lie

Fake a face, you know you can  
Just pretend, it's in the plan  
We're the same, it's how it ends  
Oh, oh yeah

How can I feel love? How can I feel hate?  
How can I feel anything but this hollow state?  
I can fake a face, I can tell a lie  
I can make you think that I don't even  
Try, yeah  
Try, yeah