

# 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.  
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