

# Pluto

## Sleeping at Last

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.

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Of what I believed would keep me safe.  
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