

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.

Still I'm pinned under the weight
Of what I believed would keep me safe.
So show me where my armor ends,
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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 in my heart belongs to gravity.