

Why It Scares Me

La Dispute

At times Iâ€™ve shouted out unprovoked, at the world and you,
Just to see if the people around me react.
Sometimes I think theyâ€™re all acting,
At times Iâ€™m scared that Iâ€™m acting too. Like,
My movements or stage directions?
Was that a change in topic or a beat in a scene?
Have I been taking my emotional cues from a script I wrote at sixteen?

Maybe I just think about it all so much
That that the fear stays close to all the ghosts Iâ€™ve touched.
Makes me question
Was it love or just lust?
Caked in blood or old rust?
I donâ€™t know.

Donâ€™t we remember all the moments we remember the best
Framed in poems and in pictures, sang aloud in refrains?
Does this cycle of pain and disdain for the past
Not work exactly the same?

Maybe itâ€™s just as much about what comes our way as it is how we react.
Just as much about the things that weâ€™ve still got as it is about the things we lack.
I know, we wonâ€™t always keep around all we feel we need-
some are fading in frames, some were born to leave-
But if weâ€™re still here, and we still breathe,
At least weâ€™ve still got time to figure it out,
To know what to do,
To know how to feel,
Know the things that Iâ€™ve been making up inside my head,
And to know whatâ€™s real.
I want to believe that the way I am is just the way it goes.
For the things that came, not the things I chose
to come.
I want to know if I had any control.
I want to know if itâ€™d comfort me.

And if my heart just stops, pack my memories in it-
I want to know all the love Iâ€™ve got.
And if my heart just stops, keep me alive for a minute-
I want to know if a curtain drops.

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