

# What You're Scared Of

## Desperate Journalist

The big becomes the little  
And the little comes big  
It rushes into  
My mind like a sieve

And the summer was made  
Of aluminium and rust  
Blood mixed with lemon  
And a breach of trust

With a sun too bright  
With a sun too bright  
With a sun too bright

Finally here they are fading in again  
Feathery with reverie, flicking fast from now to then  
Love is a glamour which means I've been lied to  
Love is a verb and a space where a thousand words can't hide you  
Displacing a moment, a kick in the teeth  
You spit sweat, lips wet, swept off your feet  
Do you even have any principles  
Or are you just in the trust of lust at regular intervals  
First in the infants and last in your teens  
You wander, go under, lover like a bad dream  
Performing your pain in a shadow of fairness  
And who knew that self-loathing is not self-awareness  
That's what you're scared of  
That's what you're scared of)

The big becomes little and the little comes big  
It rushes into my mind like a sieve  
The big becomes little and the little comes big  
It rushes into my mind like a sieve  
My mind like a sieve  
The big becomes little and the little comes big  
My mind like a sieve  
My mind like a sieve

Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>