

Ghost Writer

Cursive

I'm at your secretary
Writing quips in your diary
Inflating your life story
Poor taste and rich hyperbole

Nobody asked me to do this
Yet, here I am
These exorcisms are useless
But then again...
If it's the last note I'm writing
I'll make it a grand finale

Rampant politicizing
This constant finger wagging
It's not a drama anymore
How'd your life become one big horror

Nobody asked my opinion
Yet, here it is
We're in an unholy union
With arrogance
This is the last note I'm writing
This world has never felt less inviting to me
There you go again

It's just a simple entry
Some light prose, sad and sweet
You had to go and fuck with the wording
You gotta shit on everything

Ghostwrite your wrongs

Nobody asked for an encore
Yet, here I am
This epilogue is an eyesore
It makes no sense

This is the last note I'm singing
Can you imagine such hubris got me this far?