

Write It Right

Into It. Over It.

I'm surrounded by martyrs
An unknown group of famous authors
Self-important men with an opinion and a pen
Rewriting songs the way they've always been

I hear your position
But the noise is much too loud
I couldn't make it out
Force fed the static
Dressed head to toe in black
Could you repeat this?
Do you honestly believe this?
The definition's dead

So print to nonfiction
A fluid guide to better diction
And never leave the house
Just rip the bookshelves out
We'd only need the one you're writing now

I fear your position
But the noise is much too loud
And I couldn't blame you now
New social status
Dressed head to toe in black
Could you repeat this?
Do you honestly believe it?
The definition's dead

What have I read?
You're not just a muse
You're also amusing
You keep throwing bricks
And I'll pretend you're building
You look so confused
I guess it's confusing
Trying to keep score
When you can't tell who is winning

We print this to fiction
Acquire unfair descriptions
Sadly, there's something so important
I can say that you will never get it right
You will never write it right