

Wars With Words

Lower Than Atlantis

I'm wasting today
Just like I did yesterday
And I'm frustrated
The words won't come out of my mouth
Nothing to write about
And I'm tearing out this page

Inspiration lost in thoughts
I've got writer's block and I'm against the clock
Hopefully, the melody accompanied by phrasing
And delivery should be enough
It'll have to be because I'm giving up

White paper black
It's ink-filled and cross-hatched
And I'm fucking knackered
It's late and I'm drained, blaming brains
Two weeks to get to this stage
Wars with words rage