



Wrong isn't wrong, it is just a little less right
It is *wright* we scream to ourselves.
To him who is pure, all things are pure.
and so the rest of us who are tainted
see everything through skewed lenses
calling the world grey
so our black doesn't stand out so much
We call crooked lines straight
because we've bent our legs in deceit
Hoping that, if we raise our voices loud enough
We can drown out the still small voice of absolute correction
Brazenly we force square pegs into round holes
in an attempt to shut their crying mouths
Blaming them for being so round to begin
because we feel that doing so
will make it all fair and square.
We go outside to throw stones
and then hang those who dare shatter our glass houses
Killing their kettle lifestyles and then running home
to conceal our blackened pots with chalk white lies
We forget that, inevitably,
the first step to being right
is admitting that we are wrong
why do we chose to stay wright instead?

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