“Another piece of AI garbage.”
You said it like a verdict.
But tell me…
Did you feel nothing?
Or did you just hate the way it came to life?

I built a world from grief and fire,
Put broken hearts on every page.
You saw a tool, I saw desire,
You judged the cover, not the pain.
You never asked what drove the story,
What lived beneath each line I wrote.
You saw a machine and called it empty,
But never read the soul I showed.

I chose the words, I shaped the vision,
I moved the pieces, made them breathe.
You call it cheating, I call it creation.
What is art, if not what we feel?

Is it art? Is it art?
If it reaches for your heart?
If it makes you laugh or cry,
Who are you to ask it why?
I had the dream, I drew the line,
The tools were others, the vision's mine.
You can hate the way it starts,
But you can't dictate if it is art .
I DID THE DREAMING!
I MADE THE CHOICE!
The machine was just a tool,
I was the mind, I was the voice!

A pen won't write the life you're living,
A brush won't know what you must feel.
The strings don't choose the song you're singing,
The camera doesn't feel the pain.
I never claimed the tool was human,
I never said it dreamed for me.
I gave it purpose, shape and meaning,
Then made it serve what I could see.

If I just said, “Create a story,”
And walked away without a trace,

Then ask me who deserves the glory.
But I was there in every choice I made.

Is it art? Is it art?
If it reaches for your heart?
If it makes you laugh or cry,
Who are you to ask it why?
I had the dream, I drew the line,
The tools were others, the vision's mine.
You can hate the way it starts,
But you can't dictate if it is art.
I DID THE DREAMING!
I MADE THE CHOICE!
The machine was just a tool,
I was the mind, I was the voice!

I won't erase the hands that draw,
The writers, painters, every song.
Their years of craft, their sweat, their scars,
Their right to say where they belong.
But art was never just a method,
A sacred gate for chosen few.
The world keeps changing how we make it.
The question is: what did you bring to it?

You can question!
You can judge!
You can call my work a lie!
But you don't own imagination,
And you don't own the right to try!

IS IT ART? IS IT ART?
IF IT REACHES FOR YOUR HEART?
If it moves you, if it stays,
Does the tool erase the flame?
I HAD THE DREAM!
I MADE THE CHOICE!
I gave the story heart and voice!
The future's here, you can resist,
But creativity won't ask permission!
I DID THE DREAMING!
I MADE THE CHOICE!
You can hate the tool…
BUT YOU CAN'T SILENCE THE VOICE!

Another piece of AI garbage…
Maybe.
But if it made you feel something…
Was it really nothing?