

Ren, Seven Sins

Salwch yw fy athrawen
Fe dorrodd fy ngwên
Mae fy esgyrn yn teimlo'n hen
Yma y gorwedd corff Ren

I lay broken on the kitchen floor
I clawed at the laminate
Pain wandered my body, an uninvited guest
Bones of a home where the devil could rest
I cursed the gods, cursed my messiah, cursed my maker, I cursed all of creation
There I lay, feeble and thin
(Sick boi, sick boi, seven my sins)

Have you ever felt pain?
Stomach wrenching, unrelenting, tell me
Have you ever felt pain?
Condescending, muscles clenching, tell me
Have you ever felt pain?
A rose emerges from the pavement cracks
They'll write my eulogy with broken glass
Eternal parallax, pain

Pain - the author, I accept this
Pain the teacher, bruised apprentice
Pain resisting, pain will come
Pain the mother, I'm the son
Pain that splits you in two when it hits you
The dark and the light are converged to one
Pain that twists you, the Heavens dismiss you
The Father, the Ghost, and the Holy Son

Body bags, body bags, body-bagging me
Zip it up quick if things don't be
I search for peace in the belly of a beast
Sick boi, sick boi, onomatopoeia
Running up a fever, followin' a leader
Wanna be me, ha? Grass isn't greener
Bright light seizure, dynamite dealer (Hya)
Dine at the table of the coroner, eat up, fuck
Thirteen years and I've been feelin' so stuck
Lucky number thirteen, just my luck (Shi)
Empires tumble, rubbles and dust
The universe shrinks and the planets combust (Bla)
In God we trust
God tied a noose to his neck and he walked to the edge and he jumped
Angels wept
And I beared witness watching the whole thing unfold from my bed
A bed where I never deep rest, a bed where I'm always depressed
A bed with a human oppressed
A bed for the tomb where I slept
A bed in this room that's a womb for this mess
Sick boi, bitten by a tick boy, tell me how it feels to be buried while you breathe (Bla)
Stones and sticks, boy, pain is a gift, boy, hard to make a stand when you crawl on your knees and

I kneel at the altar of my own disease and I beg
I begged the sky for mercy
Mercy never came, life did me dirty
Thirty-three and hurting, cursing
Jesus died at thirty-three and still, my sins are lurking
Gears are turning, future stays uncertain
Surgeon incision, murder ambition
(Fear of the unknown preserves a religion
Denounced the gods when my body went missing)

Back then, the pain sprayed ricocheted like a MAC-10
Hot lead, hit the bed I was trapped in
Red wings, seraphim, one of God's grace
Cried tears from Heaven like Clapton
Stick pins in a voodoo, Hendrix
Thick skin, stay humble, Kendrick
Stay skeptic, check the biometrics
Bloodstain, crime scene, forensics

Lights on, lights out
Fade into the background
Slow down, slow down
Runnin' from the silhouette of self-doubt
By now, by now
Really should've figured this shit out
Lights on, lights out
Smackdown

Let it be, let it be, quote John Lennon
Click-clack, John got shot for attention
What does that tell you about the good of intentions?
Bitterness formed in the storm of aggression
Prophets get dropped, imagining heaven
Martin Luther, Mahatma - deadened
Six, six, followed by six and seven
Build 'em, praise 'em, bury 'em, dead 'em

I was born to be half a man with half a chance
My heart is in half; half-righteous, half is damned
And half a gram, heart goes, troubles end
Thoughts stay darker than Uruk-Hai's masterplan
Sharper than glass, shards splinter and
Sinner man, sinner man, irony could kill a man
Pain makes money when the music lands, expand
Pay me my cheese, rain down parmesan

Six followed by seven
Seven whole sins for a self-made Armageddon
Sin one: Pride
Pride makes a man kill a man for his ego to survive
Sin two: Lust
Lust makes the grass look greener, crucifies trust
Sin three: Gluttony
Humans consume and consume, planet Earth gets a frontal lobotomy
Four: Sloth
Rinse and repeat, reruns, repeat, time lost
Sin five: Envy
That's when one man's win is an another man's frenzy
Sin six: Wrath
Rage, vengeance, kill it, psychopath
Sin seven: Greed
Greed plants a seed that will destroy us all if we succumb to greed
If we take what we need, then take more than we need, then our oceans will bleed
Still, we feed and we feed and we sleep and repeat
Then we exile the shepherds and follow the sheep
We inherit the mean
We inherit this world that we bruised and we beat
We inherit this vanity, circles of greed
Inherit the liars, the murderous thieves
One sin for every one day of the week