

Ren, Suicide

Oh I, oh I, oh I've
Fallen through the cracks of the night sky
A light goes out on the other side
Suicide, suicide, suicide
Oh I, oh I, oh I'm
Treading on the tracks in the night-time
It never really felt like the right time
Suicide, suicide, suicide

I'm so fucking lonely beneath this
Narcissistic, can't keep a secret
Miscount sheep, I can't sleep, a misfit
Some say troubled, but some say sadistic
Bruises my brother, one time or the other
My skin felt counterfeit, silicone, rubber
Bruises my sister, skin pop the blister
Dig deep, resist the feeling when it hits you

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Sick boi, sick boi, bitten by a tick boi
I feel like it's not me, it's the world that's sick

I'm so fucking washed up and sea sick
Masochistic kid with a split lip
Six feet deep, I can't eat, I'm nervous
Won't stay down 'cause my body purges
Useless my mother, can't keep in my supper
Skin so pale 'cause my cheeks leak colour
Truth is my father, you choose your karma
Draw for the sword then drive through the armour

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It's hard to take off from the ground when your wings are cut
Your stomach burns when you're drinking from an empty cup
You know the entire ocean came from my tear ducts?
I see the world through Fibonacci Sequences and Double Dutch

I guess there's some that's born lucky, there's some that's not
I tried to cut away my bitterness - hatchet job
I locked my youth in a trunk inside a pick up truck
Then dumped the whole thing over the same bridge the night you jumped

I think about that sometimes, vividly

What it felt like to look down and see tranquility
One sudden movement in a world of possibility
Only one movement to expose our fragility

I fucking miss you and I miss myself
I miss thinking that we're indestructible as well
I miss chilling by the pier cave and kicking back
With Callum, Hugo, Sagar, Justin, Stevie and the fuckin' lads
I miss missing that, I numbed myself to close the gap
I never even call 'em up, the distance is my plaster cast
The truth is that the day you jumped my childhood jumped too
But I still can't find the anger, all I find is missing you

Man, I miss you
With all my rhymes
I picture running five minutes quicker, I'm right on time
I picture pulling you back over the edge and then we're crying
And holding you, my brother and telling you that it's fine
That's not the way that I worked
Coz I was late like a jerk
There's not a day where I could find a way to break from the hurt
Your body missing so we never got to wave to the hearse
I hope you're listening
I love you man, I miss you absurd
Fuck