

Ren, Lost All Faith

-Oi, oi, you, you, you, you, you
-Ah, mate, I'm in a bit of a rush right now
-You're a sick guy, fam
-Ah, thanks, mate, I've... I've-yeah, I-
-You're a sick boi
-I've, I've gotta get the train, mate, I'm, really sorry
-Yeah, you know who I'm talking to, boi! Hey, hey, hey! Can I get a quick picture, mate?
-Um, nah, mate, I've gotta go, mate
-Oh, come on, mate, just a little cheeky picure for the Instagram, yeah?
-I've really gotta go, mate, I'm sorry, man
-Nah, nah, nah, nah, come on, come on!
-Aight, aight, fine, quickly
-I knew it was you, I knew it was you!

Oi! I'm a charming fella, I like drinking cans of Stella
See I'm living for the weekend, bad kebabs and Salmonella
Cinderella story, rags to riches, spin it full propeller
I'm Nigela Lawson stacking mozzarella

Only joking, I'm an introvert, alone inside my room because my insides hurt
I contemplate existence with consistence in my polo shirt
Then reassert my confidence with compliments I don't deserve
I calm my nerves by plotting for the day that I might leave this Earth

I lift up my eyes to the hills
Pain is my shepherd, my sword, and my shield
I find my refuge in patience and pills
A patient that's patiently waiting for help

I don't ever seem to feel well
Can anybody save me from myself?
There's blood on the leaves where I fell
Coming down

Burn the border, sons and daughters
Law and order, crave disorder
Praise my selfish ways, I've come too late
I've lost my faith, I've lost my faith

Oi, you've awoke a beast
I'm a geezer on the streets
Mona Lisa, this is art
Make her moan, at least she needs my meat
Eenie meenie minie Mohammed, I be Ali
Pleased to meet ya, mate, who's the G?
Not me - an irregular guy
Halitosis with psychosis, omens etched in my mind
Overdosed on pills and potions, a collection of mine
Split a valium with a Xanny and I mix it with wine

Oi, pull yourself together, mate, pull your socks up, stand up straight
Look at you, you're such a mug, God, you're such a fucking state
Honestly, I wouldn't be seen dead with you in public
Depressed and disorderly, it's like you fucking love it, mug

Maybe you're right, maybe it's Ren, do it again and again and again
Maybe I'm high, maybe I'm meant to live in a cycle of anti-survival, amen!
In a prism light bends, shut the iris on the lens
Make believe and play pretend, God's my witness in the end

With God as my witness
I walk through the valley of the shadow of sickness
I fear no evil, I need no forgiveness
Deliver me from temptation, He never listens

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