

Ren, Masochist

Kill, kill, kill, kill

Murder, murder there's a killer on the beat
Animal flow, a cannibal and it's time to eat
Eenie meenie miney Mohammed sting like a bee
Float like a butterfly then crucify the beat

Okay, let's switch to role-play, I'll be the court case you be O.J.
Apply the pressure, right to the letter on the probate
My flow is cocaine, stacked by the K.G.
Woop, woop, that's the sound of the police

Fuck the police coming straight out of Brighton Town
Watch me run around with the supersonic ultrasound
I came to bring the pain and turn it back around
Hi, my name is... kill... I'm fucking up your town

Murderer, murderer, third degree burns when I murder ya
Serving ya blood curdling, carving into the furniture
Vertebra hurting ya, breaking your bones to make my furniture
Lurking and murking ya, certainly body bag burning ya

Body bag, zip, zip, that's the catalyst
Take the curve of the earth and I flatten it
Time bomb, tick, tick, boom, anarchist
Don't trip, I'm a motherfucking masochist

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Kill the labels, kill the vultures, kill your greed and kill Jehovah
Kill the broken infrastructure, kill your ego, kill your culture
Kill your masters, kill your maker, kill the dawning of creation
Kill your mother, kill your father, kill yourself, and kill your karma

Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill samsara, reincarnate - reach nirvana
Kill your lover, kill your partner, kill the ones that push you farther
Kill your idols, kill your gods, kill the prophets, kill them off and kill
Kill the one upon the cross

Kill the butcher, kill the baker, kill the tinker, kill the tailer
Kill the soldier, kill the sailor, love thyself and kill thy neighbour
Kill the power, kill the lights, kill them in the dead of night
Kill these metaphors I write to all attachments in this life

Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill
I've been hollow in my sorrow swallow morpheus pill
I can feel, body start to peel, I don't feel real, for real
My mind is ill and it makes me wanna kill

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The host with the most the force of ten men
Rope on my throat, I flow like ocean

Provoking a ghost, ferocious omen
Choking the pope, how well you know Ren?

Could it be him? Could it be Ren? Could he be coming to kill it again?
Could it be real? Could he be back? Could he be ripping up another track?
Could it be? Nah, can't be him! Could have been anybody, hmm...
Nah, nah, nah nah, mate I'm pretty sure that's not him

Could it be possibly, probably, honestly, I'm in a muddle, it's starting to bother me
Swallow my modesty, follow me, follow me, follow me down to the river and honour me
I'm an anomaly, I am an Odyssey, climbing the property ladder, monopoly
Full of philosophy, no one is stopping me... Could it be? Could it be? Could it be? Could it be?

Vim, vim, vroom! That's the sound of a pacifist
Little misguided turned to a masochist
Chilling with a chainsaw, chopping up your mattress
Forgive this blasphemous motherfucking masochist

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