

Ren, Sick Boi

Hi Ren, thank you for coming in today

Thanks for seeing me-

Looking at your file here it seems there's a very apparent interplay with your emotional state and yo

I don't think so-

Basically, our bodies can get stuck in a negative feedback loop. Our subconscious can repeat patten

Sick boy, sick boy, bitten by a tick boy

Looking for that fix boy, anabolic sterroroids

Stem Cell poster boy, pass out, white noise

Quick fix, snake oil, I'm about to break boy

Oh, what a shame, he's in pain. Have another go

Take another pill, here, take a couple more

Let's see how you're doing in another week or so

You'll be feeling worse when the side effects will show

De-realization, medical patient

Losing patience with the process, walking hand in hand with Satan

Complications with the medications, information dehydration

Inhalation aggravation, building up a toleration

Drown sucker, drown sucker, drown sucker, drown

I've been feeling like I'm drowning with my feet upon the ground

I've been screaming, I've been shouting, but I never make a sound

I've been looking for a way out, but I always seem to drown

Is this all making sense, Ren?

Uh, yeah, I think so-

Good. What I propose we do is we try to pinpoint the exact experiences from the past that are keep

Um, I can't really think-

It's okay if nothing comes up right away. What I'd like you to do is take some deep breaths with me

In, and out

In, and out

Good, now tell me the first thing that comes to your mind

I feel like it's not me, it's the world that's sick

We're given everything we need and we commoditize it

We consume, we destroy, like we're parasitic

Science tells us that it's suicide and still we commit

I'm not sick, we are sick, we are standing on a cliff

In the name of progress, we jump off the precipice

I'm not sick, I'm the virus, you're the virus, hypocrite

How can you sit there with that smile on and tell me that I'm sick?

Sick boy, sick boy, looking for a fix boy

Push it down in public, quick, pose for the pic, boy

Record label meetings that commodify your gift, boy

Why you so upset? Don't you wanna be a rich boy?

Fuck no, industry is cutthroat

I've been doing bits by myself swimming backstroke

Walking on a tightrope, rapping with a slit throat

The way that we persist is like the ending of a bad joke

As the people evolve, we're complacent to assailants and we do what we're told

Counter-intelligence, a sight to behold

Rape the earth of all resources, and we bleed it for gold

And we bleed it for wealth, we bleed it for fame

But when you bleed it can you tell me what the fuck will remain?

And I'm bleeding myself, I'm bleeding my brain

While I'm bleeding, I'm the reason cause I'm doing the same