

# Ren, Su!cide

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

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

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

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

Suicide, suicide, suicide  
Suicide, suicide, suicide  
Suicide, suicide, suicide  
Suicide, suicide, suicide

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