

Genesis

RÉN

When I'm by myself I find my mind starts drifting somewhere else
It's not inside this dimension, it's definitely somewhere else
I wrestle with my thoughts, constant wrestle with my mental health
I'm put on life-support, I've been put upon the highest shelf

My whole life I've been fighting
This cake it don't have icing
These mantras I'm reciting
They're mean to keep me sane
I don't know if they're working
Cerebral cortex hurting
Maybe it's all learning?
Maybe it's cause...

Life is a lottery, what an anomaly
Sometimes it's riches, and sometimes it's poverty
Sometimes your nerves have been fried by neuropathy
Begging the surgeon to have a lobotomy
Honestly, I'm a speak honestly, honestly
Life is ironically fucking me chronically
I have been ill in myself and it bothers me
License for killing myself, call me Connery

Ah, I'ma be straight with you now
I'ma go straight for the heart
Pupils dilate in the dark
People die-late in the dark
Noah was late for the ark
Hmm, Noah was late for the ark
Genesis rain and it rain when it starts
Genesis pain in the art
Genesis aim for the heart
Genesis
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When I'm by myself I find my mind starts drifting somewhere else
It's not inside this realm of though, it's definitely somewhere else
Wage war upon my demons, I've been knocking down the gates of hell
A heretic, a heathen, I've been screaming in this padded cell

It's pain making, my pain waking, it's painstakingly cold
My soul aching, my bones breaking when holding onto control
Wrap yellow tape round the body shape, put the body in the bag zip close
It's malignant, it's mutating, it's such a sight to behold

Ah ha, mh hm
Let me be real for a second, mhm
Tongue is a gun, it's a weapon, hm
Reload blat, beat, dead em, mhm
Beast mode, Armageddon, get em
Let me take the wheel for a second
Hit a hoop like Shaquille O'Neal with aggression
Regroup with a three point steal in succession
Swish swoop and I'm making them feel the profession

Making them feel the profession
Making them feel the profession

Time is the author, the lesson
Time is a murderous weapon
Time is a curse and a blessing
Time is confined in the eye of my mind
That reminds me that life is just slipping right by
Take my piece of the pie
And then feed and unwind
I find freedom in rhymes
To defy my depression

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