

# Hold On

RÉN

I got tears on my sleeves, hold on  
And holes in these jeans, hold on  
I haven't slept in weeks, hold on  
I haven't found no peace, hold on  
I get mighty tired, hold on  
And these tears run dry, hold on  
Two bloodshot eyes, hold on  
Two bloodshot eyes

I don't belong here in the place where life has left me  
I'm 25 going on 150, my body feels old and I'm trying to lift the  
Weight from my soul but it's moving against me  
I've emptied out my tear ducts I lift my middle finger up  
I'm screaming fuck you to all the demons here that keep me stuck  
The pain is sharp like paper cuts  
I hate them much but yes I trust  
I must combust, I must blow up  
And muster all this courage up

Boom, sparks fill the room, I feeling the rhythm I move  
My soul is more worn than the soles in my shoes  
Nike trainer blues, a man with none to lose  
I think I lost my sanity calamity ensues  
Poor choice make up, I'll rip out the pages of faith  
And I'll roll them up like rizla paper, Descartes  
Lung full of destiny a man with no path is a very strange entity

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Do you ever question your fate, (huh?)  
The questions I make  
Is this all predetermined the script or a play  
Am I the protagonist in this tragedy  
Or will I be the author of stories unmade  
If so, I'll dip in my quill to my ink pot  
Keep on writing never stop until my beating heart it flops  
I'll write a whole different story  
Seen one a boy full of hope, a boy full of glory  
Who st-st-st-st Stutters I'm at-at I would rather be tougher  
Than live it smoothly like butter but not so bitter ricotta  
But so I sit up and shut up it's like I a little bit struck up  
The courage never to fuck up and now I'm feeling the ruckus  
Feeling the static and now I'm feeling the flames  
And now I'm feeling the strength inside the room with my pain  
My boxing gloves are my hope that I trust to bust an uppercut  
Cut my demons up (what?)

Boom like a tsunami, smooth like a poonani  
Bending words like origami, Salvador I'll be the Dali  
Only love like Bob Marley, golden ticket call me Charlie

Riding Harley, Bengali Tiger style, call me Arnie (I'll be back)  
And I cut the slack, track your back, relax your inner beast  
And then seek your inner peace  
And I'll reach the cannopees and yes we climbing  
Building a brave new world inside a whole new designing

With all this fire we burn like the sun  
A new dawn is rising, the new dawn it come  
(Ya) Diggity diggity down with all these corporation  
They burn up the land for the greed that they run  
Runs deep with the roots but their roots can be lifted  
I'll be a renegade, yes I'll make a fist kid  
Tried to seek truth in the kingdom of lies  
A boy so lost with two bloodshot eyes

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