

What is it all for?  
I've asked myself that question so many times now  
It's become more worn than my Reebok classics  
I'm a slave to frivolous habits  
Of introspection with out any destination  
Ruminating thoughts in constant rotation  
Is this what it means to be conscious?  
To constantly question our conscious  
Despondently fall on my back horizontally  
Under my bed there are monsters  
They visit me when I try to sleep  
They're those thoughts that play on repeat  
They say Ren  
You're always gonna suffer Ren  
You're always gonna suffer  
And I boomerang between optimism and pessimism  
So much that my sanctuary could be a prison  
What blinds me could give me vision  
And what finds me is this indecision  
Of what to do with these questions  
Is there purpose?  
Is there God?  
And if there is God then God why?  
Do I feel like this God  
Are we not sculpted in your image?  
And if so do you feel that pain?  
Un-relinquishing pain like my brain got put under a  
Bunsen burner and torched until the membranes became flame

I hate not sleeping  
I like the weekend because other people don't sleep either  
Mindless TV shows irritate me  
But they're my messiah  
Because I can become brain dead  
Wasted  
Lost in trails of dry saliva  
But I'm a survivor, a child of destiny  
But this night has been testing me  
Question the mess that's progressing undressing me  
Stripping me naked and stuffing the stress in me  
I used to use drinking as a way to stop thinking  
And my problems with drinking made me feel like I was sinking  
So I dried up my drink  
And then I couldn't sleep a wink  
And now I'm thinking, now I'm thinking  
Now I'm thinking, now I'm thinking about nothing  
Fucking nothing, and everything, and nothing  
I hate not sleeping  
So I lie here trying to count sheep  
And their bleating's repeating  
My bleeding heart it is beating  
And beating eaten  
My sleep is depleting  
Pleading for healing is fleeting  
Longing for sleepless or [?]  
Peak in, I weep in the sheets  
It's doubling doubley troubled

It's ugly bleak, it's so bleak, it's so bleak  
And I lost my mind  
On a line  
I hate not sleeping  
I hate not sleeping