

Sick Boi

RÉN

"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 your physical body. Have you ever heard of the trauma response?"

"I don't think so."

"Basically, our bodies can get stuck in a negative feedback loop. Our subconscious can repeat patterns from the past which can have a pretty drastic downstream effect on our biology. Essentially, your mind is making you sick."

Sick boy, sick boy, bitten by a tick boy
Looking for that fix boy, anabolic steroids
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, inflammation, 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 keeping you stuck. What can you tell me about your childhood?"

"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 bleed in myself, I bleed in my brain
While I'm bleeding, I'm the reason cause I'm doing the same