

Troubles

RÉN

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I don't reach into the past very much for these shards of shattered glass and harsh paper cuts
Leave me stuck when I reach in, memories are seeped in hydrochloric acid, I go to war and get passive and freeze up
But music helped the ice to thaw
Put a chisel in the middle swing the hammer of Thor
Pull it out of the impossible
Excalibur sword
Etching note pads full of reasons why my feelings are sore
The first day that I got sick ejected from cockpit of living
Nineteen, young teen, waking up Bitten
Posters up, man hunt, Ren went missing
Hard to have faith when the gods don't listen
The first year maybe was the hardest
Waking in a body that was buried like a carcass
Brain in the lions den
Body in a shark pit
Waking up in pain again
Aching brokenhearted
Persistent little bugger I was bouncing from a doctor to a doctor to a doctor like a table tennis game that has no end
So be the fate of Ren
Every single question answered with a question on the end
The second year I came to terms with giving up my dreams mind was severed from the means that helped me write these rhyme schemes
Brain was inflamed
The fatigue was Crushing
Hard to remain sane with your brain combusting
And the third year was murder
Living in a purgatory full of worry wouldn't live to be thirty
Life style style hurt me
Always in my bed tomb
Re-arrange the alphabet and all the letters spell doom
Light hurt my eyes
Popping pills to survive
When you're twenty-three and mentally you steadily decline
Twenty-four I was poor disability benefits
What's the benefit of disability it's irrelevant
Twenty-five and the scars that were etched...
They cracked
Elastic bands only stretch so far and then snap
Deep in psychosis
Hallucinations, troubled vision
Visits from the underworld were conjuring my Superstition
Twenty-five, living back at home with my mum
But not because I'm a bum

Alone and physically done
So thin, so frail, so weak I'd become
And my skin so pale, never kissed by the sun
One time I carved a whole in my chest, just to feel
I wish that was a metaphor, the struggle was real
When you're living in a holocaust you buckle and kneel
There's relief in the teeth of the kiss of cold steel

Facts

Twenty-six I'm highly medicated and the pain sophisticated while I'm laying
broke and naked on my back
I brought my microphone into my Coffin, started droppin' raw thoughts with t
he grim reaper knocking on the track
Then man, lo and behold
I heard an angel beckon on this treacherous road
Was a stem cell doctor with a generous glow
And a cell transplant brought Me out of the Cold
And my skin got younger
And my body got stronger
And my stomach felt hunger for a door that was closed
And my soul heard music for the first time
Beauty was a word I'd use for this gift of gold
Oh Lord I forgive you
Lord I forgive you
Lord I forgive you
Make me whole
This music I give you
Pain that I live through
Everything I been through
Is yours to hold

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