

# Ren, Seven Sins

Salwch yw fy athrawen  
Fe dorrodd fy ngwên  
Mae fy esgyrn yn teimlo'n hen  
Yma y gorwedd corff Ren

I lay broken on the kitchen floor  
I clawed at the laminate  
Pain wandered my body, an uninvited guest  
Bones of a home where the devil could rest  
I cursed the gods, cursed my messiah, cursed my maker, I cursed all of creation  
There I lay, feeble and thin  
(Sick boi, sick boi, seven my sins)

Have you ever felt pain?  
Stomach wrenching, unrelenting, tell me  
Have you ever felt pain?  
Condescending, muscles clenching, tell me  
Have you ever felt pain?  
A rose emerges from the pavement cracks  
They'll write my eulogy with broken glass  
Eternal parallax, pain

Pain - the author, I accept this  
Pain the teacher, bruised apprentice  
Pain resisting, pain will come  
Pain the mother, I'm the son  
Pain that splits you in two when it hits you  
The dark and the light are converged to one  
Pain that twists you, the Heavens dismiss you  
The Father, the Ghost, and the Holy Son

Body bags, body bags, body-bagging me  
Zip it up quick if things don't be  
I search for peace in the belly of a beast  
Sick boi, sick boi, onomatopoeia  
Running up a fever, followin' a leader  
Wanna be me, ha? Grass isn't greener  
Bright light seizure, dynamite dealer (Hya)  
Dine at the table of the coroner, eat up, fuck  
Thirteen years and I've been feelin' so stuck  
Lucky number thirteen, just my luck (Shi)  
Empires tumble, rubbles and dust  
The universe shrinks and the planets combust (Bla)  
In God we trust  
God tied a noose to his neck and he walked to the edge and he jumped  
Angels wept  
And I beared witness watching the whole thing unfold from my bed  
A bed where I never deep rest, a bed where I'm always depressed  
A bed with a human oppressed  
A bed for the tomb where I slept  
A bed in this room that's a womb for this mess  
Sick boi, bitten by a tick boy, tell me how it feels to be buried while you breathe (Bla)  
Stones and sticks, boy, pain is a gift, boy, hard to make a stand when you crawl on your knees and

I kneel at the altar of my own disease and I beg  
I begged the sky for mercy  
Mercy never came, life did me dirty  
Thirty-three and hurting, cursing  
Jesus died at thirty-three and still, my sins are lurking  
Gears are turning, future stays uncertain  
Surgeon incision, murder ambition  
(Fear of the unknown preserves a religion  
Denounced the gods when my body went missing)

Back then, the pain sprayed ricocheted like a MAC-10  
Hot lead, hit the bed I was trapped in  
Red wings, seraphim, one of God's grace  
Cried tears from Heaven like Clapton  
Stick pins in a voodoo, Hendrix  
Thick skin, stay humble, Kendrick  
Stay skeptic, check the biometrics  
Bloodstain, crime scene, forensics

Lights on, lights out  
Fade into the background  
Slow down, slow down  
Runnin' from the silhouette of self-doubt  
By now, by now  
Really should've figured this shit out  
Lights on, lights out  
Smackdown

Let it be, let it be, quote John Lennon  
Click-clack, John got shot for attention  
What does that tell you about the good of intentions?  
Bitterness formed in the storm of aggression  
Prophets get dropped, imagining heaven  
Martin Luther, Mahatma - deadened  
Six, six, followed by six and seven  
Build 'em, praise 'em, bury 'em, dead 'em

I was born to be half a man with half a chance  
My heart is in half; half-righteous, half is damned  
And half a gram, heart goes, troubles end  
Thoughts stay darker than Uruk-Hai's masterplan  
Sharper than glass, shards splinter and  
Sinner man, sinner man, irony could kill a man  
Pain makes money when the music lands, expand  
Pay me my cheese, rain down parmesan

Six followed by seven  
Seven whole sins for a self-made Armageddon  
Sin one: Pride  
Pride makes a man kill a man for his ego to survive  
Sin two: Lust  
Lust makes the grass look greener, crucifies trust  
Sin three: Gluttony  
Humans consume and consume, planet Earth gets a frontal lobotomy  
Four: Sloth  
Rinse and repeat, reruns, repeat, time lost  
Sin five: Envy  
That's when one man's win is an another man's frenzy  
Sin six: Wrath  
Rage, vengeance, kill it, psychopath  
Sin seven: Greed  
Greed plants a seed that will destroy us all if we succumb to greed  
If we take what we need, then take more than we need, then our oceans will bleed  
Still, we feed and we feed and we sleep and repeat  
Then we exile the shepherds and follow the sheep  
We inherit the mean  
We inherit this world that we bruised and we beat  
We inherit this vanity, circles of greed  
Inherit the liars, the murderous thieves  
One sin for every one day of the week