Banshee

Kendra Morris

Loud was the sound of the birds when they landed in spite of
Noise from the boys with the rocks in their fists
Looking to bring a man down to the bottom of a thousand ton wel
l
One tiny push send that man into hell
He hit with a thud there'll be no work tomorrow
Just a funeral for a guy with time that he borrowed

Isn't it crazy?
Ode to the one that'll drag you down
Isn't it crazy?
Ode to the one that'll let you drown
Wait for the call it'll come by tomorrow
Your banshee, your lust, indifferent sorrow
Honey don't run 'cause there's nowhere to go
She's got your number she got your code

Blue is the color your skin fades to when there's no pump of
Blood through your veins or your heart or when you got no love
Trouble is looking for someone to drain
The rattle does roll when there's something to gain
Was it the shove that done did that man in
Or the lady who came and blew in with the wind?

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Hail to the mother
Tell your brother, your friends
Can't lock your doors 'cause she's already in
Dressed all in black with a staff in her fist
She wails to her hounds
Sink their fangs with a kiss

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