

# 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  
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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