

Halloween (Downstairs)

Ruston Kelly

Halloween is here with me you left in this home
Stitches on my body, closets full of bones
Blood that won't stop running 'cause this wound won't ever clot
Like the ringing in my ears that don't ever seem to stop
I hear voices from the basement, scratching on the roof
Seeing visions of you wasted, mumbling to the moon
Conjuring some darkness from the shadows in your room
Where I sold my hallelujah when I laid my soul in you

Love ain't nothing more than black magic
You better want what you wish for
It might happen...