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 well
One tiny push send that man into hell
He hit with a thud therell be no work tomorrow
Just a funeral for a guy with time that he borrowedChorus
Isnt it crazy?
Ode to the one thatll drag you down
Isnt it crazy?
Ode to the one thatll let you drown
Wait for the call itll come by tomorrow
Your banshee, your lust, indifferent sorrow
Honey dont run cause theres no'where to go
Shes got your number she got your codeBlue
...is the color your skin fades to when theres 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 theres something to gain
Was it the shove that done did that man in
Or the lady who came and blew in with the wind?Chorus

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