## Melanie Martinez, MILK OF THE SIREN

Drink from the leche of sirens Summon the sailors in town Strangle the fear of deciding Which one's deserving to drown

(Drown, drown) (Drown, drown)

Engraved in our memory, the harm that was done Our mothers, the witches they banished and burned All of our sisters were killed and abused By sword-swinging men who would always accuse

The worst of a woman who fights for our right To be where we belong at the front of the line Tired of silence and being polite Your legs turn to shimmering scales in the night

Drink from the leche of sirens Summon the sailors in town Strangle the fear of deciding Which ones deserving to drown Don't feel bad when these fuckers all drown

Let them drown (Drown) Let them drown (Drown) Let them drown (Drown, drown)

Tenderness worn on the skin like a dress Nurture these men, pull them out of their mess They steal the resources, destroy all the land Belittle the power of the feminine hand

The milk from the rivers of every moon Cradle you tight like you're back in the womb Bury their souls in a cove by the light Celestial dip all that ego and pride

Drink from the leche of sirens Summon the sailors in town Strangle the fear of deciding Which ones deserving to drown

Let them drown (Drown) Let them drown (Drown) Let them drown (Drown, drown)

Nothing wrong with a little havoc It's fun when shit hits the fan So guillotine their heads by shouting Cut 'em off, leave waters red Nothing wrong with a little havoc It's fun when shit hits the fan So guillotine their heads by shouting Cut 'em off, leave water's red Nothing wrong with a little havoc It's fun when shit hits the fan (Drink from the leche of sirens) So guillotine their heads by shouting Cut 'em off, leave water's red (Summon the sailors in town) Nothing wrong with a little havoc It's fun when shit hits the fan (Strangle the fear of deciding) So guillotine their heads by shouting Cut 'em off, leave water's red (Which ones deserving to drown) (Don't feel bad when these fuckers all drown)

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