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)