

# Cruella

## White Rose Movement

How the story rolls  
Magic's taught and history's told  
A glory hole  
Which through gazed her eyes of gold  
Those veins run cold  
Mystery's wife evades her soul  
Scaring to and froTearing through the snow  
As she makes her darling coat  
Hoarding all the shawls  
Now her evil highness roseKind of like Shakespearean prose  
Without the rose  
Avid as she sows, Cruella grows  
Horace and Jasper stole  
So let the horror flowBlack and white in hair  
Elegantly gaunt in frame  
A bony flare  
Which christened Cruel with creepy graceAlways smoky air  
Circling one lurch, Hepburn face  
In her head which filled the space  
Was the one hellacious taste  
As she aims her fate  
Nothing flees her sore embraceAs the biggest mistake  
That Cruel ever made  
Was when she left her cave  
And started to reignAs the love for her fades  
Our feelings won't change  
So my darling, Cruella  
We see through the grayIn her cold glare  
Loveliest and rare  
Frightened, you'll soon wear  
And this elegant haunting is so fairThere's no reason to part  
From her cold lair  
She has all of the loveliest and rare  
Things which frighten at first  
But she'll soon wearShe's a regional spark from this nowhere  
(And this elegant haunting is so fair)  
Taking strolls through the dark by the moon's glare  
(Cruel, you're so fair)  
As she listens for barks in the night air

(Cruel, you're so fair) Always searching for marks on the white hair

(Cruel, you're so fair)

She's a regional spark from this nowhere

(Cruel, you're so fair)

Cruel, you're so fair

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