

Cruella

Deadsy

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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