

# Deadsy, Cruella

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 fro

Tearing through the snow  
As she makes her darling coat  
Hoarding all the shawls  
Now her evil highness rose

Kind of like Shakespearean prose  
Without the rose  
Avid as she sows  
Cruella grows  
Horace and Jasper stole  
So let the horror flow

Black and white in hair  
Elegantly gaunt in frame  
A boney flare  
Which christened Cruel with creepy grace  
Always smokey 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 embrace

As the biggest mistake that Cruel ever made  
Was when she left her cave and started to reign  
As the love for her fades  
Our feelings won't change  
So my darling Cruella  
We see through the grey

In her cold glare  
Loveliest and rare  
Frightened you'll soon wear  
And this elegantly haunting is so fair  
Theres 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 wear

She's a regional spark from this nowhere  
And this elegant loveliness so fair  
Taking strolls through the dark by the moon's glare  
As she listens for barks in the night air  
Always searching for marks on the white hair

Cruel, you're so fair