**The Sister’s Fate**

Me and my sister were hanged for display

While everyone else just watched as we sway

My sister is taller, a total cliché

We meet once an hour for a moment each day

We meet for eleven, you’re looking for three

We are death’s right hand so precise you must be.

Strength is my challenge to dex’s dismay

Once I start moving, you’ll have moment’s delay

Disaster lies when we move together

You’ll have better chance with my beloved sister

With each of our movements you all draw a bit even,

Behind us lies chaos, but further is haven.