

Atop her head, a wicked crown,  
Wrought from steel and thorns,  
Her chestplate black, her cape around,  
Through countless killings worn.

Her eyes could pierce through space and time,  
And shoot right through your soul,  
Beneath her boots, the world she'd grind,  
And for her heart, a hole.

Her mighty steed would stomp the ground,  
And bray like shattered glass,  
And wherever its hooves would pound,  
You'd find but rotted grass.

The world did churn, and homes she'd burn,  
To flex her Hellish might,  
And with a stab, the knife she'd turn,  
In pain she would delight.

So claims the lies her foes would say,  
With her friends she'd gab and talk,  
She'd bake them cakes on their birthdays,  
Wearing delightful kitten socks.