

Sing o goddess, sing o muse,
Sing us some unhappy news,
That battler in her size twelve shoes,
Brave Hilda.

They say Hilda was strong, and Hilda was mean,
With long red hair and all six-foot-three,
And she loved a girl that she called Patty,
Was Hilda.

When on a walk she'd found two pups,
The one named Sea she'd given up,
Fergus, her dad, did treat it rough,
And killed her.

Her dad demanded the one named Bee,
To replace one that was lost by he,
"This'll be the last that he insults me,"
Claimed Hilda.

So she bundled herself for all times comin',
Safe and sound from the battle runnin'
Between the Paredes, and her family Brunnan,
Safe Hilda.

For the truth, you see, of these families,
Their work was building, up walls, down trees,
So there came a violent rivalry,
Dragged Hilda.

The Paredes' boy was Hector by name,
In fightin' and tumblin' had earned himself fame,
Of beatin' and bruisin' he made quite a game,
"We need Hilda."

So her father sent the young kid Fletcher,
To tell some jokes, to cheer and fetch her,
But from her bed he couldn't wrench her,
That's Hilda.

In desperation, they sent Patty her lass,
And Hilda said "You know, you could pass,
As me, my clothes, and a hoodie to mask,"
Poor Hilda.

So Patty was sent by Hector to scare,
But he knew of Hilda by her long red hair,
So an awful thing took place right there,
'Cause Hilda.

So Patty came back all teary and red,
And wished that she could just be dead,
Unmoving she laid by Hilda in bed,
Cried Hilda.

"Mourned by those who've been helped by we,
And not near the least of them all by me,
You've been stole from me by this evil sleep,"
Wept Hilda.

So she put on duds and got in her old truck,
For shit got real, and she'd fuck shit up,
She was born of battle, she's show him "Tough,"
Raged Hilda.

She drove to the house of the Paredes,
Smirkin' on the lawn Hector twirled stolen panties,
But with one flyin' punch he was smited by she,
Great Hilda.

With his family watching from the dirty glass window,
In the sight of his weepin' and brand new widow,
With his body in the trunk back home did she go,
Tired Hilda.

She got back in bed with the live corpse of Patty,
Until late at night, when along came the daddy,
Of the Paredes clan, asked his son's body sadly.
Granted Hilda.

So they buried the boy that once crashed a Mercedes,
Did the funeral rites, and in the ground did lay he,
And so ends this one tale of the battling lady,
Brave Hilda.