

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