

She likes to think she is a Queen

But her heart is colder than the ice

She waves a white wand,

Of which she’s terribly fond

But there’s nothing about her that’s nice! It’s true,

There’s nothing about her that’s nice!

She thinks her power will rule supreme

But her magic can melt like winter ice

For Aslan the King

Has changed the season to Spring

And the witch disappears in a trice! It’s true,

the witch disappears in a trice!