

A beauty rests in the heart of the earth
Most say she's a witch
Magic in the hands that she was born with
But the truth is her heart's more violet than black

She is dangerous they say
She bends metal with her mind
She can turn water into wine
She can make all the flowers die

Fiery mane like a lion, like no being alive
Rubi is your princess, a body that can survive
She talks to the trees like they're her friends
They talk right back as the branches break and bend
But the truth is her heart's more violet than black

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In the dead light of the moon
It's brighter out there on her own
She'll billow herself all in black
And she's never running back
Never running back

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