

She roams, looking for something, yet, not sure what...  
Her heart has gone, so subtly she didn't take note.  
Her robe flows behind her.  
Dark eyes piercing her victims that stand before her,  
Forced to grovel at her feet to say their piece  
Shaking in her presence as they state their case  
She cares not for their pain...  
She cares only for what she can gain.

