Forwhy so early have you come?
Your advent's not for many leaf.
I planned your journey here, Therefrom,
Ensuring passage through my fief,

But without bid you cross my lands? Was your estate to your dismay? I fashioned you with mine own hands, Spent ages toiling lifeless clay;

Wove enigmatic webs of fate, For you to live and love and play. So child of mine, my most ornate, I ask: what words have you to say?

My beauty was considered ill.

And so my kin, the humans kill.