The Step Sisters

The sisters just wanted happily ever after
But a stranger appeared, decked in pearls.
Though only one man danced with her,
He was the only one that really mattered.

The stranger ran away, still decked in pearls,
But a golden slipper stayed behind.
It was the only one that really mattered
It was too nice to be any shoe of theirs.

That night, the golden slipper came to their door,
Held up by a man that mattered.
It was too nice to be any shoe of theirs
But they knew the right size would be loved.

A man that mattered held it up.
The eldest knew her toes were too long,
But she knew the right size would be loved.
“Off with them then,” whispered her mother.

The first knew her toes were too long
And the slipper did not fit at all.
“Off with them then,” whispered her mother,
And so the toes came off.

And the shoe now fit perfectly
But it was soaked through with blood,
Because the toes had come off
And the servant took the shoe back.

It was soaked through with blood
But things might be better this time
So the younger snatched it away,
But her heel did not quite fit.

Things might be better this time.
“Off with it then,” whispered her mother.
And her heel finally fit,
The golden slipper was now red.

“Off with it then,” whispered her prince,
And the younger allowed a servant to take it.
The golden slipper was now red
Once upon a time, lost to blood.