

Woman Scorns' at Empire's Fight

From fire brings light
Through the halls of the righteous few
The prisoner girl is brought to feel Mon Mothma's might
Her Rebellious nature rings true
In her eyes and through the skies
The Death Star is her prize

A woman on a mission
A true rebel with a vision
A scoundrel she is
Her weapon is her wit
Be warned she is no twit

A righteous thing she must do
To complete the mission she must rue
Troopers in white
Will fight with all their might
But know this they will all meet their plight