King Cobra

Soul of degeneracy
A serpent slithering with corruption
Orbs of the head
Is the hue of the void
Colors colliding that are shown
Protects its home with spirit
Is not a social one
When lush is destroyed
Thinks for itself only
Doesn’t care about others
Empathy at zero
Cannot come back up to be revived
Can only stay in the Underworld
Shows that it is the only one
That can be fitting for the title
King
A beast that cannot be defeated
Hunger made up of greed
With no end for it
The sense of sight has no light
It has no limit for its vengeance
Darkness with no mercy
Feels as if it has no clemency

Bares its fangs and strikes without anything