Amorphis, The Bee

A fire in the sky Ablaze the spark beyond the stars Its gleaming wings will cut their way Through the silent paths of space

Planets whirl, suns are lit Mountains fly, stars are dimmed Its golden sabres tear through time

In the night of the river of death Fly the silent prince electors

On the banks of Tuonela Bleach the skeletons of kings Their skulls of sugar sickly sweet Their bones piled up on the shore

On bed of mottled rocks Amid flowers cold as ice Pray the weak, the old, the poor

And when the tiny one from heaven comes Crawls inside the chosen skull And when the tiny one it summons the others To crawl inside the chosen skull

They build their castles in the heads of kings Bring life to the empty halls They build their castles in the heads of kings And honey will flow once more, once more

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