

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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