

Dancing in the Temple (of the Mad Queen Bee)

Candlemass

Dancing in the temple of the mad queen bee
Deep in the cinnamon forest
She offers me crickets, she offers me tea
In the court of her enchanted palace Asks me if I want to stay
Sing with the trolls and the fae
Swim in her emerald lake
I'm dancing in the temple of the mad queen bee The jesters are weeping, the cyclops are gone
She sits on a throne made of bees
She's weaving at night, she knits all day long
Her children made out of fleas And there, in a state of trance
She sees me and gives me her hand
I see the ogre polish the rainbow
As I'm dancing in the temple of the mad queen bee A sip from the well
I am locked in a spell
Trapped in a grim fairytale
Endless the fun
I wish I had a gun
But I'm dancing forever... from room to room... We dance the fandango,
We do minuet
Waltz in her shadow palais
Listen to the strings of a goblin quartet
See the magic ballet Asks me if I wanna stay
Sing with the trolls and the fae
Swim in her emerald lake
I'm dancing in the temple of the mad queen bee A sip from the well
I am locked in a spell
Trapped in a grim fairytale
Endless the fun
I wish I had a gun
I'm dancing in the temple of the mad queen bee

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