The winter queen looks up and sighs: I wish that I controlled the skies For up above is where to stand To rule those who walk on the land The summer queen flies by and sees Her realm of butterflies and bees And said, I wish I lived below Instead I sail where breezes blow And the rain came down It tried to seep Into the ground But water deep Pecked and poked And sodden soil Already soaked Began to roil The prince of silence walks below Inside a cave of ice and snow He says "I wonder why?" but words Are locked in glaciers, never heard The prince of music on guitar Neglects to play a single bar But music trapped inside his head Resounds and fills the space instead The winter queen looks up and sighs...