

Twisting, turning,
Dance, Ballerina
Dance, Ballerina
Dance in your little glass ball of snow
Tiptoe
Around your metal stand
The styrofoam around you descending
Is it nice in that round dome?
Is it cozy in your forever home?

Oh, Ballerina,
Your beauty is staggering
Can I open up your precious cage?
No, you'll break
Why haven't you drowned?
You still dance in your princess gown
Leg outstretched
Twisting, turning,
To the metallic rhythm
Of your prison

What drives you, Ballerina?
Let me peek under your latch
Open up that box beneath the globe
You call home
Let us glimpse at your mechanisms
Twisting, turning,
It's staggering how music
Works like a clock

I see now, Ballerina
Now that you've opened like a clam
Your wooden box of wonders
Is split
In a way it was never meant to
Resting on my cushioned bed
Pressing against your glass dome head
Still you spin
Still you spin
Unaware that the spiders inside you
Are dead