

# Marianne's Curse

The jealous queen, she built a box  
A chest with seven silver locks.  
And so the princess, filled with pride  
Was snatched away and locked inside.

One for her beauty,  
One for her grace,  
One for her wisdom,  
And one for her face.  
One for her kingdom,  
One for her crown,  
And one for the terror,  
To muffle the sound.

Seven circles, seven locks  
To seal her nightmares in the box.  
Seven counts of spite and sin,  
To keep the princess locked within.

One for her impudence,  
One for her tongue,  
Two to keep Marianne  
Pretty and young.  
One for her cruelty,  
One for her rage,  
And one more to keep her  
Inside of her cage.