

Marc Bolan, Dragon's Ear

Dragon's ear and druid's spear
Protects you while the *Dworns are here
The winds of wrath chill cold the cloth
Which drapes her shape from fangs of fear

I love you my love
Please taketh this heart which I bear
O heal my sorrow
Weareth my arms like a charm
Through the dales of your doom

Our lives are merely trees of possibilities.

(*Dworn-Machinery of war, a bronze frame with wheels of white ivory and the horns of a gazelle for