

Marc Bolan, The Throat Of Winter

O the throat of winter is upon us
The barren barley fields refuse to sway
Before the Husky hag of early darkness
In her hoods of snowy grey.

Winter winter winter
Are you but a servant of the bad one.

Lo the frozen blue birds in the belfries
The bluebells in their hearts are surely prey
Unto the grasping bats-wing of the winter pincer
Hoods of snowy grey.