

# T. Rex, She Was Born To Be My Unicorn

She was born to be my Unicorn  
Robed head of ferns  
Cat child tutored by the learned.

Darkly ghostish host  
Haggard vizier of the moats  
Seeks the sandled shores of Gods  
Baby of the moors.

The night-mare's mauve mashed mind  
Sights the visions of the blinds  
Shoreside stream of steam  
Cooking kings in cream of scream.

Jackdaw winter head  
Cleans his chalcedony bed  
A silken word of kind  
Was returned from Nijinsky Hind.

Giant of Inca hill  
Loosed his boar to gorely kill  
The dancing one horned waife  
In doublet of puffin-bill.

The beast in feast of sound  
Kittened lamb on God's ground  
Ridden by the born of horn  
Jigged like a muse on life's lawn.