

Marc Bolan, Catblack (The Wizard's Hat)

Catblack the wizard's hat
Spun in lore from Dagamoor
The skull of jade was pearl inlaid
The silks, skin spun, repelled the Sun
A tusk of boar with dwarfish awe
Sobs on the door where stood before
A mountain man with sky-blue teeth
Upon his head a python's wreath
A deer he slew in the dawning's dew
Her heart was a dagger for a murderer's brew.

A toad of jet on a sill cast in brass
Portrayed for his sight mysteries of the past
A yellow orphan dancer rich in Nature's costly gold
Wept for the jailer of time to bless her old
But his kiss he held and shadowed for the spell of nights are strong
And spiralled like a whirlwind in the childhood of a song

Catblack the wizard's back
Daubed in doom in his tounge tombed room
We of the wind must rejoice and speak
And kiss all our starbrowed brothers on the cheek.