

# Marc Bolan, Evenings Of Damask

The evenings of Damask are falling  
The youth of truth chest  
Feeds a starling  
With his heart.

A chosen man begged by the wayside  
A horse came soon and died before him  
And said eat.

The icy claws of earth are crawling  
Upon my baby's brow and calling  
Please come home.

The boy unlike the man was smiling  
For gulleys, streams and hills would hide him  
Like a swan.

A vagabond, a weaver warrior  
Produced a loom, a cheese and chopper  
And said choose.

My sandled feet are fleet like water  
I kiss the limbs is Earthess daughter  
A little tree.