

# Marc Bolan, Monolith

The throne of time  
Is a kingly thing  
From whence you know  
We all do begin  
And dressed as you are girl  
In your fashions of fate  
Baby it's too late

Shallow all the actions  
Of the children of men  
Fogged was their vision  
Since the ages began  
And lost like a lion  
In the canyons of smoke  
Girl it's no joke.