

Marc Bolan, Scenescof Dynasty

Meeting behind the iron sling
My brandy tongue was like a caterpillar thing
Suzy-hung up on Joan of Arc
Cloudily gave me the key to the dark
Scraping the lice from my bed
I sussed we were teleported into his head
A wormy blood train expected our feet
But I cradled Suzy's head in my lap
And fitted the stair to her gap
And led her off the Astral plane
Sculpting her features in flesh
Her Alice eyes scan the mythical scene
And rose on the veiny snake train
And prayed to his bastille sky brain
The driver was a cancer growth cell
His words were just recorded tapes of Hell
He left us in the room of faded scrolls
In a window wall we saw a good thought chained
But knifed into a portion of his brain
Was a whitish through back to the green Amazon leach
It was interlocked between his angel eyes
Which were bleached transparent
And his marble lips were paralysed
We swum and ran knee deep in plasma
The cello stairs reduced in size
The sunken landscape eclipsing into
A pair of blue Tazmanian eyes
Scenescof then became a midget
Scratching at the bone in my knee
Then an eat without a body
Listening to my mental sea
Suzy sat behind some loose flesh
Her pirate thoughts were both young and old
Reduced to wearing blonde lot earrings
She held me near she felt the cold
We ran just like young fauns
And me I fought a great worm
Sent to taste my jaguar feet
And used his skin to make my wings begin
I sussed and stole a scene from Icarus
And flew us above some uncooked meat
A plastic hook pierced through my Instep
I flew too near his Brutus heart
But Suzy hip to all the future
Played the Victorian heroin's part
With my basted leg and rusty head
And Suzy in a Hipolite dream
I brandished my breathing machette
While Scenescof prepared his Gorgon machine
It flew out from its eyelid island
It's Vulcan teeth and hydra spray
It's scale y tang claws ripping rainbows
It moved it's cave lips in worlds of movement
It makes a sound it seemed to say
Keep cool the satin sun is yours
I see your youthy aura's bright
Expell your tears and jungle fears
I'm here it's going to be alright
Then Scenescof screamed his charlatan hair
Quick silvered from black to grey
Then the Gorgon moved the lizard dial
And was transformed into Grecian dust
And from the sand was born a blacked horned storm
With a charger and a spear

As he moved his limbs
The legend shaft sliced Scenescof from ear to ear.