

Marc Bolan, Trelawny Lawn

The flowing mane of pain swells on Trelawny Lawn
Stark handsome eyes decide the unicorn
Is a beast of borrowed wisdom
Like a thrush in the yielding harvest field
The prophet deems snow.

The silent stork of sadness scans Trelawny Lawn
The lion, the unicorn it's horn in the lap of Beth
Laments the dawn
Beguiled, the scriblish jacket-man his cap a skull-of-rat
Is but a pawn.

O sky, your eyes embrace is too vicious for my wheat
The foaming Earthguard whinneys to his leaden feet
The bullfinch rumbles
The lavish lion aslanically scythes the hay
The unicorn bids you stay.