

# T. Rex, 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.