

Tim Buckley, Sefronia: The King's Chain

I couldn't buy you with a hundred cattle
But you hike in shells and feathers
Up the African beach,
I am king here, tied to this hut by the King's chain
My power's like a tree and green taboo to me

The chameleon lies in your dusty fingers,
And blue flies circle your head like stars;
Jump into me now, I must not see the water,
Let me sip weakness from your dark nipples