

# Elemental Child

**T. Rex**

Torch girl of the marshes  
Her kiss is a whip of the moon  
Dawn's damsels are dancing  
To the hum of her sunny young tune.  
Gems hemmed in the heart's head  
The shield of the rivers is hers  
She one told me to think white  
And the night disappeared like a bird.  
Hold the glove of gold behind you  
Love the glove of Truth.

Songwriters

MARC BOLANPublished by  
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