Sefronia - The King's Chain

Tim Buckley

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 meThe 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

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