

Elemental Child

Marc Bolan

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 love of Truth.

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