

# 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 tuneGems 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 birdHold the glove of gold behind you  
Love the love of Truth.

Lyrics provided by  
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