

Unicorns, The "Zoetrope"

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I am walking in the silent rain,
where the young one's free,
the old man's sane,
I am walking it alone, this magic lane.

The sap of those who shall remain,
regain the throne of redulence, unify the
leprechauns and go.

Renew the sapid sword
Welcome. They return.
The turbid mere will quail.

Zoetrope.
Turning around in circles as we live.
The gyration has made it turn.

The tot that touches the tottery turf
He's wishing it would be a birch
so that he could taste the cosy bark.

I am dreaming of a branch of lime.
Knowing it would heal his maul, trying
hard to misgive his chief.

The minx a jinx with whisk??
And it is waiting to reform.
The torsive hedgehog won't!!

Zoetrope...
Watch how it burns!

Oh, for how long?
Do we have to wait for infinity?
Oh, for how long?
Do we have to wait for infinity now?

Now you've heard the weirdest tale.
Phrases that's unentaled.
Now fold your rod and come along
to where those tales began...Go!

You have taken all what you are!

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