

Marc Bolan

"Aznagel The Mage"

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Woven deep beneath the caves of melted steel
Stalks a Mage, a necromancer heel,
Tortured runic clasps of Aztecetian skill,
The condor flies scared skies in search of Aznagel.

Below the sun his withered weasel scurries deep.
The streams of doom contrive to kiss his sculptured
feet.
His raven legs all churned and ruined through towers
of pride
Above the sun the princely guardian condor flies.
A beauty ruby fain it's worth twelve lives or more.
He stammers as he slugs over the staggered floor.
A chilled moment his dolphin eyes maul jewels of war
O joy the sunlit condor unearths Aznagel's door.

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