

Marc Bolan

"Frowning Atahuallpa"

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Sitting all alone, looking at the throne of the one I used
to love

Sitting all alone, looking at the stone of my lovely inca
love

The huntress stands, with peacock hands she'd take
me to where she lie
She sighs so deep, it rocks the river of her stomach sky

The oval moon, it tans the faun who holds grapes for
my love
Sitting all alone, sitting in the throne of my lovely inca
love

hare krishna

I come from a time where the burning of trees was a
crime,
I lived by a sea where to be was a thing of true joy,
My people were fair and had sky in their hair,
But now they're content to wear stars on their brows.

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