

## Marc Bolan "Iscariot"

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A box of doves  
I placed beside your chest  
Liar  
A stork of silk  
With rubies in it's nest  
Fire  
Of my love  
Will burn thee to a wizened word  
For ere to go unheard.

A mare of wood  
Elder, elm and oak  
Liar  
Will keep you fair  
If you jest me no joke  
Fire  
Of my love  
Will burn thee to a wizened word  
For ere to go unheard.

I'm old and bruised  
But my fate is that of youth  
Liar  
Trickster you  
Be a grisly dragon's tooth  
Fire  
Of my love  
Will burn thee to a wizened word  
For ere to go unheard.

You gashed the heart of my heart  
Like a Portuguese  
Witch,  
I'd planned for you this land  
But you devoured my hand.

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