

## Marc Bolan

# "The Mage Aznageel"

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Aznageel....

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 Aznageel

Below the sun is 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 its worth twelve lives or more.

he stammers as he slugs ever the staggered floor

A chilled moment his dolphin eyes maul jewels of war.

O joy! The sunlit condor unearths Aznageel's door.

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