

Marc Bolan And T. Rex "Evenings Of Damask"

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The evenings of Damask are falling
The youth of truth chest
Feeds a starling
With his heart.
A chosen man begged by the wayside
A horse came soon and died before him
And said eat.
The icy claws of earth are crawling
Upon my baby's brow and calling
Please come home.
The boy unlike the man was smiling
For gulleys, streams and hills would hide him
Like a swan.
A vagabond, a weaver warrior
Produced a loom, a cheese and chopper
And said choose.
My sandled feet are fleet like water
I kiss the limbs is Earthess daughter
A little tree.

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