The sea beasts scull the waters Feeling fear for thee The hawks that tamed the skies Wish you so well to be.

A Foal in the fields
With the bless of the hills your
Shore and you're poor and your sore feetys
Ne'er to be bore
By man's claw.

The horned dog guarding grandly Daughters of the Sun At night in twilight groves His pray for you is begun.

You foal in the fields
With the bless of the hills on your
Shore and you're poor and your sore feetys
Ne'er to be bore By man's claw.

The bull of gold that's old Beyond the songs of man Keeps watch upon the fates When they misweave your strand.

O Foal in the fields
With the bless of the hills on your
Shore and you're poor and your sore feetys
Ne'er to be bore
By man's claw.

UFO, UFO you are UFO, UFO you are UFO, UFO you are, a colt.