

## Chariots of Silk

T. Rex

The toad road licked my wheels like a sabre  
Winds of the marsh lightly blew  
Stone jars stacked with stars on her shoulders  
Hunters of pity she slew.

Chariots of silk she rode  
Stallions of gold she owned.

A mad Mage with a maid on his eyebrows  
Hunteth the realm for a God  
Who could teach him the craft of decanting  
The glassy entrails of a frog.

The Bard of my birth with his ballet  
Walked the wild worlds in the chase  
For the black chested canary  
Who as a moose can sing bass.