

## The Throat of Winter

T. Rex

O the throat of winter is upon us  
The barren barley fields refuse to sway  
Before the Husky hag of early darkness  
In her hoods of snowy grey.

Winter winter winter  
Are you but a servant of the bad one.

Lo the frozen blue birds in the belfries  
The bluebells in their hearts are surely prey  
Unto the grasping bats-wing of the winter pincer  
Hoods of snowy grey.