

Corn King

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It's that time of year once more and again
When the green turns golden brown
And the summer sun shall fade to winter sky
Old Oak King, it's time for you to die

The King, the Corn are born to fall
And all must die in sacrifice
Underneath the Harvest Moon
Hide your pride, let time decide
Who must live and who must die
Underneath the Harvest Moon

The Reaper comes for the barley and the rye
And all must fall beneath his scythe
Seasons change and we wait for darker days
The Old Oak King is a-sleeping in his grave.

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