

The Grain Kings

The Legendary Pink Dots

We will sow the seeds together. We shall feed the fertile ground. We will
Wait then we shall gather fruits to feed our hungry mouths. We'll feast,
We'll toast the one who sends the storm, who shapes the corn. We line the
Circles. In the Fall, we fall..... Come the dawn he'll stretch his hands
And take the last born to the land beyond our tidy tidy lawns,
and no, no
Lamb of ours will be deformed!