Corn King

Inkubus Sukkubus

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 dieThe 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 MoonThe 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.3xThe 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

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