

# The Legendary Pink Dots, The Grain Kings

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!