

## Hosh

### "Corn Mummy"

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As a young boy I was told  
A story 'bout a women, old,  
And her breath kills children  
When she pulls them into her field  
Mother said: "Don't lose your way!  
When she calls you it's too late."  
It sounds like wind in the corn  
There she stands just waiting for you  
In your eyes burns dusty seed  
Stalks, so sharp, pushed in your feet  
Knowing not where you are  
You're in fear - unable to cry  
Mother's words come to your mind  
No way out that you can find  
Helpless, down on your knees  
And you already feel her hands...

And remember what she said  
About the Corn-Mummy-Death

...And beware of this day  
When she calls you'll lose your way  
Singing wind's silent voice  
Yellow corn, you've got no choice  
Feel her hands, smell her breath  
And die the Corn-Mummy-Death

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