

# Rasputina, Killing Comb

The Summer I  
Simmered simple in the sand,  
No tongue- tied  
Mum and dumb,

The comb, it just  
Found itself in my hand  
I stood when I  
Should I run.

A conspiracy  
Those fellows and me  
And the comb, the way it's going  
Hardly I  
Hardly I  
Hardly I knew him  
But he had to die.

To establish  
Whereabouts, where for?  
If guilty, flawed or more  
The world would find me  
Sprawled on the floor  
A vulgar foreigner  
A conspiracy  
Those fellows and me  
And the comb, the way it's going  
Hardly I  
Hardly I  
Hardly I knew him  
But he had to die.