

# Freak Kitchen, Mr. Kashchei And The 13 Prostitutes

"New in town? Got it all, ya wanna buy a gram?  
Funny accent, a Russian in Amsterdam?  
Looking for a job or need a place to stay?  
Go see Kashchei..."

What the hell, I said, how bad can it be?  
And checked the address the guy gave to me  
The letters were smudged, "Dead knight district"?!?  
A name for a derelict...

"Zdrastvujtje! My name is Ivan  
Is this the right place? Im here to see a man  
A Mr Kashchei", I was invited in  
To "The House of Sin"...

Then the world exploded, the only thing I recall  
Before I woke up, tied to a concrete wall  
"Let me introduce myself and welcome to my club  
Im your local Beelzebub"

What am I doing here?  
What in the name of a Hun

Powder all around me  
Smoke that makes me dizzy  
Unfamiliar devices  
Women smiling tempting  
Syringes injecting  
Lies and pseudo paradises

Fake paradises...

While tied to the wall, Ivan, who was too naive to fathom the shit he was in, made semi-romantic moans.  
The evil Mr Kashchei and his sinister drug pushers, whom he provisioned with free dope to keep them happy.  
All of a sudden Kashchei opened his eyes and instantly aware of what was going down he unleashed hell.  
A few of the pushers vaguely perceived the tumult but were too stoned to ascertain the circumstances.  
However, one of the girls knew about Kashchei's Achilles heel; (ironically) that hard boiled Satanic, Ivan.  
Ivan and the former 13 prostitutes escaped and took the first available flight out of the country, where they lived.  
Ivan and company now live as suburban idiots, and love it, in a commune outside of Lisbon.  
Mr Kashchei got arrested but avoided custody since drug dealing hardly isn't a crime in the Netherlands.