

# Rasputina, Gingerbread Coffin

We found an old doll that was out in the grass,  
She had special powers, we said a Black Mass.  
We sat in a circle all holding hands the doll-bed  
Held together with old rubberbands.

She'll rise,  
she'll rise  
she'll rise

Oh lay her down in her gingerbread coffin.  
She's so pretty all layed out in white.  
Lay her down in her gingerbread coffin.  
When we need her she'll rise in the light.

We looked down at the ground and into her eyes  
Passed around an old teacup filled up with dead flies.  
(Surprise, surprise!)  
Were brought but not used: a collection of knives.  
We'd remember this moment for all of our lives.

She'll rise  
she'll rise  
she'll rise

Lay her down in her ginger bread coffin.  
She's so pretty all layed out in white.  
Lay her down in her gingerbread coffin.  
(It's a flickering beautiful sight.)  
When we need her she'll rise to the light.