

# Rasputina, In Old Yellowcake

Smoke rises from the ice factory on the edge,  
On the edge of a city that exist in perpetual gloom.  
I snatch a note from the basket of a passing bicycle -  
It says, &quot;Go to the flour factory. There's something waiting there for you.&quot;

Under the window, covered by curtains,  
All lacy and splattered with blood,  
We find crutches in the corner and bullets on the shelves,  
Which I dismiss at once as being equivalent, irrelevant, in and of themselves.

Underneath a staircase is a mast which flies a flag.  
Despite dankness beyond imagining, it floats on to a higher hole.  
In tunnels gouged beneath the basement rooms are, unmistakably,  
Sets of bloody handprints on a crumbling wall.

Oh won't you be there with me for it, tonight?  
In this hut-to-hut witch hunt, down the tunnels of Old Yellowcake,  
When all the souls in a city go drowning by starlight,  
Where each choice you make is a fierce firefight or a new mistake?

Inside of a room is a cage, is a cage.  
It's made out of chain and class.  
It's about forty feet high and three feet wide,  
And it was built to last.  
It's against a brick wall  
In an old muddy corner of a basement tunnel room.  
There's a man in the cage in the old, muddy corner.  
He's asleep, but he'll wake up soon.

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