

# Rasputina, Saline The Salt Lake Queen

In a prehistoric dried up lake,  
a million years after the last earthquake,  
there lived a little girl who loved to bake.  
The only thing she'd make was cake,  
and all she used was salt  
That's all she had, it's not her fault.  
Saline the Salt Lake Queen  
She used a rudimental substance for  
an ingrediant that she could pour  
into a chalice she carved out of stone.  
her only friend, it was a big black crow  
who flew with love,  
he would fly high above,  
look back at her below.  
Oh Saline, only seventeen  
swollen up with pride.  
Oh Saline, under desert's skies  
She's a bromide.  
She makes green fire  
In a tunnel of thorns  
and she's got yellow eyes.  
She'd cook alone amid a brutal ruin  
It's hard to tell exactly what she's doing.  
An incantation and a crow flew in  
Ooooooh Ooooooh  
And then she took a taste  
The black crow looked into her face  
Saline the Salt Lake Queen  
Ooooooh, ooooooh  
Oh Saline, the desert queen  
Oh Saline, only seventeen  
swollen up with pride.  
Oh Saline, under desert's skies  
She's a bromide.  
She makes green fire  
in a tunnel of thorns  
and she's got yellow eyes.