

Rasputina, The Olde Headboard:

He has agreed
To take me
To the ice hotel from the magazine
What we will need
Is a gleaming key
Made of ice as well
By the finest ice machine.
It's there that no one will stare
At your jaws and your long fur
The claws in your fingers.
It's the past when the passerby laughed
At your strange way of speaking
Your batteries leaking
Oh no
Oh god no
They don't know
The new zero.
Uniforms worn
So leisurely.
The reindeer skins
The privacy
How was he born?
He's asking me
Flapping his fins
Very impressively.
It's there that no one will stare
At your jaws and your long fur
The claws in your fingers.
It's the past when the passerby laughed
At your strange way of speaking
Your batteries leaking
Oh no
Oh god no-----he has agreed
They don't know---to take me
The new zero-----to the ice hotel
I really don't care and neither does he
If this hotel melts into the sea
Polished and so rare, this way that we see.
The coldness helps, it's our favorite remedy.
It's there that no one will stare
At your jaws and your long fur
The claws in your fingers.
It's the past when the passerby laughed
At your strange way of speaking
Your batteries leaking, oh no!
Oh god no-----he has agreed
They don't know---to take me
The new zero-----to the ice hotel