

Rasputina, The Pruning

On the border of an orchard, on a cultivated lawn,
Where they practice horticulture, there they know what's going on.
They're not afraid to cut it.
Well then, the best get picked from this virtuous thicket,
By scythe or scissor, by instrument and implement.
That's how they cut it.
It's time to trim and thin an invasive vine.
The roots are lifted, the leaves are dry.
From natural laws to material things, nothing in the truth can be changed.
Oh perilous world - You're showing every sign of losing your heart.
Fledgling and tattered during these strange later days,
just before it all fell apart.
You can build such fantastic palaces on foundations of straw,
on weird promises, but with one fatal flaw.
The seedling is taken as a delicacy, by the sower who's mowing down the nursery.
The reaper is hiding in the flowerbeds.
They're both thinking over what the other said.
They said, "We each disturb the earth, but you my friend,
Yeah, you did it first, yes you did."
Oh you perilous garden. Forever dying.