

## Rasputina

### "The Pruning"

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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.

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