

## Emilie Autumn

### "Art Of Suicide"

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The art of suicide, nightgowns and hair  
Curls flying every which-way  
The fate too pure to hide  
Ridges of size  
Meant to conceal lovers lies

Under the arches of moonlight and sky  
Suddenly easy to contemplate why  
Why  
Why live a life  
That's painted with pity and sadness and strife  
Why dream a dream  
That's tainted with trouble and less than it seems  
Why bother bothering  
Just for a poem or another sad song to sing  
Why live a lie  
Why live a lie

The art of suicide, gritty and clean  
Conveys a theatrical scene  
Alas, I've gone she cried  
Veins displayed  
Melodramatically laid

Under the arches of moonlight and sky  
Suddenly easy to contemplate why  
Why  
Why live a life  
That's painted with pity and sadness and strife  
Why dream a dream  
That's tainted with trouble and less than it seems  
Why bother bothering  
Just for a poem or another sad song to sing  
Why live a lie  
Why live a lie

Why live a life  
That's painted with pity and sadness and strife  
Why dream a dream  
That's tainted with trouble and less than it seems  
Why bother bothering

Just for a poem or another sad song to sing  
Why live a lie  
Why live a lie  
Why live a lie  
Why live a lie

Life is not like a gloomy Sunday  
With a second ending where the people are disturbed  
Well they should be disturbed  
Because there's a story that ought to be heard

Life is not like a gloomy Sunday  
With a second ending where the people are disturbed  
Well they should be disturbed  
Because there's a lesson that really ought to be  
learned

The world is full of poets  
We don't need any more  
The world is full of singers  
We don't need any more  
The world is full of lovers  
We don't need any more

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