

Emilie Autumn

"Marry Me"

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Marry me he said through his rotten teeth, bad breath
and then
Marry me instead of that strapping young goatherd but
when
I was in his bed and my father had sold me
I knew I hadn't any choice, hushed my voice
Did what any girl would do

And when I'm beheaded at least I was wedded
And when I am buried at least I was married
I'll hide my behavior with wine as my savior

But oh, what beautiful things I'll wear
What beautiful dresses and hair
I'm lucky to share his bed
Especially since I'll soon be dead

Marry me he said, God he's ugly but fortune is ours
Running in the gardens enjoying men, women and
flowers
Then I break a glass and I slit my own innermost thigh
So that I can pretend that I'm menstru, well unavailable

My life is arranged but this union's deranged
So I'll fuck who I choose for I've nothing to lose
And when master's displeased I'll be down on my
knees again

Oh, what beautiful things I'll wear
What beautiful dresses and hair
I'm lucky to share his bed
Especially since I'll soon be dead

When dining on peacock I know I won't swallow
Through balls, births and bridge games I know what
will follow
We're coupled together through hell, hurt and hunger
Or at least until husband finds someone younger

Yes, fertilization is part of my station
I laugh as he drabs me in anticipation
Of sons who will run things when I'm under covers

But whose children are they? Why mine and my lover's

But oh, what beautiful things I'll wear
What beautiful dresses and hair
I'm lucky to share his bed
Especially since I'll soon be dead

What beautiful things I'll wear
What beautiful dresses and hair
I'm lucky to share his bed
So why do I wish I was

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