

Emilie Autumn

"The 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
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Just for a poem or another sad song to sing

Why live a lie
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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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