

I Don't Understand

Emilie Autumn

Let me take your picture...

Is that a camera?

Yes, it is. And when I light the powder...

Ah! How long does it take?

Well, are you very good at sitting still?

Why do you ask?

For, if you're not, then we'll have to clamp your head in place...

You really do that?

You'd be surprised how often.

I've had enough of clamps...

I don't understand...

He doesn't, does he...

What are all these bruises?

Does he know where he is?

These lacerations... may I look?

What's all this for?

Why is she here? She doesn't seem to be insane at all...

Would you allow me to place these flowers in your hair?

He seems so nervous...

Pardon me...

He's very pretty...

There now... better then by far.

Should we hide the scar?

No! The scar is beautiful... it's like a heart...

I'm like Ophelia again. Is it ever over? Will never end? What accounts for this morbid fascination with this suicidal girls? Pretend you're drowning... moan and sigh... only thing you're not told is the reason why. This obsession is madness at its most perverse. My God, what in the world could be the purpose of this game when every time it ends the same? Poor Shakespeare's turning in his grave! Still I must behave... Doctor's little slave...

No! No, that's perfect! Don't move an inch! That's far more real.

I've never seen a face like hers... the world should look upon it...

Well, I suppose that's why they've brought me here. Miss I thank you...

I've done nothing...

She's done more than she knows...

I haven't heard those words in years... The Chaser's coming for me...

Why must she be chained? I don't understand...

He doesn't, does he...