

The Art of Suicide

Emilie Autumn

The art of suicide, nightgowns and hair
Curls flying every which way
The pain too pure to hide
Ridges of size
Meant to conceal lover's 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
Ankles displayed
Melodramatically laid

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Life is not like gloomy Sunday
With a second ending when the people are disturbed
Well they should be disturbed
Because there's a story that ought to be heard
Life is not like gloomy Sunday
With a second ending when 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 anymore
The world is full of singers

We don't need anymore
The world is full of lovers
We don't need anymore