

# 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

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 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