

Emilie Autumn

Three hundred and six in only six years
 If it was an accident where are the tears?
 I am still unidentified behind the cathedral
 Is where my body hides but I'm not inside Just one of sixteen in early one day
 If it was a game why couldn't I play?
 I am the abandoner but still I remain
 And my frozen pulse quickens and the black plot thickens Like the story I heard a lifetime ago
 Where a girl, and this is funny, took her life
 And what she doesn't know is how long it takes for the water to rise
 And the breath to stop fighting and the cold to close her eyes Morality plays on stages of sin
 The easy way out or the easy way in, I am still over glorified
 My reasons to live were my reasons to die
 But at least they were mine Now I'm freedom unbound, cut the laces of life
 The pistol, the poison, the noose or the knife
 I have chosen my instrument and said no goodbyes
 And my frozen pulse quickens and the black plot thickens Like the story I heard a lifetime ago
 Where a girl, and this is funny, took her life
 And what she didn't know is how long it takes for the water to rise
 And the breath to stop fighting and the cold to close her eyes

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