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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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