

# Marry Me

Emilie Autumn

Marry me he said through his rotten teeth, bad breath and then  
Marry me instead of that strapping young goatherd but when  
I was in his bed and my father had sold me  
I knew I hadn't any choice, hushed my voice  
Did what any girl would do And when I'm beheaded at least I was wedded  
And when I am buried at least I was married  
I'll hide my behavior with wine as my savior But oh, what beautiful things I'll wear  
What beautiful dresses and hair  
I'm lucky to share his bed  
Especially since I'll soon be dead Marry me he said, God he's ugly but fortune is ours  
Running in the gardens enjoying men, women and flowers  
Then I break a glass and I slit my own innermost thigh  
So that I can pretend that I'm menstruating, well unavailable My life is arranged but this union's deranged  
So I'll fuck who I choose for I've nothing to lose  
And when master's displeased I'll be down on my knees again Oh, what beautiful things I'll wear  
What beautiful dresses and hair  
I'm lucky to share his bed  
Especially since I'll soon be dead When dining on peacock I know I won't swallow  
Through balls, births and bridge games I know what will follow  
We're coupled together through hell, hurt and hunger  
Or at least until husband finds someone younger Yes, fertilization is part of my station  
I laugh as he drabs me in anticipation  
Of sons who will run things when I'm under covers  
But whose children are they? Why mine and my lover's But oh, what beautiful things I'll wear  
What beautiful dresses and hair  
I'm lucky to share his bed  
Especially since I'll soon be dead What beautiful things I'll wear  
What beautiful dresses and hair  
I'm lucky to share his bed  
So why do I wish I was

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>