

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 I'm menstru--
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 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 will 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 grabs 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

Oh, why do I wish I was...?

Lyrics submitted by Anna Jarvis.

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