

# The Art of Suicide

## Emilie Autumn

The art of suicide, nightgowns and hair  
Curls flying every which-way  
The fate 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, veins 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 a gloomy Sunday  
With a second ending where the people are disturbed  
Well, they should be disturbed  
Because there's a story that ought to be heard Life is not like a gloomy Sunday  
With a second ending where 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 any more  
The world is full of singers, we don't need any more  
The world is full of lovers, we don't need any more

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