

Ataraxia, Lady Lazarus

Dying is an art like everything else
I do it exceptionally well
I do it that it feels like hell
I do it that it seems real

I guess you could say I've a call
It's easy enough to do it in a cell
It's easy enough to do it and stay put
It's theatrical, beware !

Herr God, Herr Lucifer beware !
Out of the ash I'll rise with my black hair
and I'll eat men like air
Out of the ash I'll rise with my black hair

Herr God, Herr Lucifer beware!
Out of the ash I'll rise with my black hair
and I'll eat men like air
Out of the ash I'll rise with my black hair

Herr God, Herr Lucifer beware !

[Lyrics by Sylvia Plath.]