

Emilie Autumn, 306

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 only one day
If it was a game
Then why couldn't I play
I am the abandoner
But still I remain
And my frozen pulse quickens
As the black plot thickens

Like this story I heard
A lifetime ago
Where a girl
(And this is funny)
Took her life
But 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 overglorified
My reasons to live
Were my reasons to die
But at least they were mine
Now I've 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
As the black plot thickens

Like this story I heard
A lifetime ago
Where a girl
(And this is funny)
Took her life
But 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