

Emilie Autumn, Marry Me

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 menstruwell, 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