

# Emilie Autumn, The Art Of Suicide

The art of suicide  
Nightgowns and hair  
Curls flying every which where  
The pain too pure to hide  
Bridges of Sighs  
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 life  
Why live a life

The art of suicide  
Pretty and clean  
Conveys a theatrical scene  
Alas, I'm gone! she cried  
Ankles 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 life  
Why live a life

Life is not like Gloomy Sunday  
With a second ending  
When 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  
When 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