

Madonna, Lament

(Eva:)

The choice was mine, and mine completely
I could have any prize that I desired
I could burn with the splendor of the brightest fire
Or else, or else I could choose time
Remember I was very young then
And a year was forever and a day
So what use could fifty, sixty, seventy be?
I saw the lights, and I was on my way
And how I lived, how they shone
But how soon the lights were gone

(Che:)

The choice was yours and noone else's
You can cry for a body in despair
Hang your head because she is no longer there
To shine, to dazzle, or betray
How she lived, how she shone
But how soon the lights were gone

(Embalmers:)

Eyes, hair, face, image
All must be preserved
Still life displayed forever
No less than she deserved