

Luca Turilli, Too Late

Shades of weathered statues
Made with hands that carved precious marble
Through the gothic portal
She walks and asks
Where her mother's resting in peace
Where she now rests in peace

Crossing over white paths
She now cries before coming to the tomb
Now covered by all the colours of
The best flowers chosen with love
Chosen with love

Beloved Mother

TOO LATE
NOW IS TOO LATE
FOR A LOVE NEVER REMEMBERED
TO A MOTHER DEAD A STRANGER
FOR A VICTIM OF YOUR SHADOW
PAY YOUR SHAME NOW
CRY ONLY FOR YOURSELF 'CAUSE
SHE DOES NOT DESERVE YOUR TEARS

Where were you when she was ill
Where were you when she was in need of help
To cure her solitude from when her life
Was changed by your father's sad death
By your father's death

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