

# 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