

# Luca Turilli's Dreamquest, 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

Beloved Mother

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