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The War of Life – Sung by Jean du Lys

Suggested A-list Recording and Performing Artist(s):

Il Divo, The Paris Boys Choir, The Philadelphia Boys Choir, Amici Forever, Michael Bublé, Andrea Bocelli, Harry Styles, Josh Groban, Patrizio Buanne, Garou, Daniel Lavoie, Russell Watson, Michael Bolton, Ryan Dan, Justin Bieber, David Foster, The Priests, Celtic Thunder,

The Tenors, etc.

(Featuring Celine Dion, female vocalist)

Verse 1

How goes the war of life, she'd ask, tongue in cheek
Surviving, I'd retort to her mastery of the art of serious subtleties
Conversation commencing, the meeting of two minds
Strategies, a dozen moves, maybe more, at one time
Positioning players on the board
Kings and Queens, rulers of the famous deck
With words cloaked in superior's speak, deception packaged in disguise, so they couldn't, wouldn't win
Their Trojan Horse in a game called war, the politics of strife she called, The War of Life
Always conscious of the brief time we might have remaining
She'd, quizzically, ask, day after day, How goes, The war of life?

Chorus

She has been slain, laid down to rest
The war goddess no longer living, tragically, succumbed to death
Every day a battle, her fight to stay alive; bravery like hers I am fortunate to not know
She led the charge, blazed a trail, urged everyone, this way, come on, let's go!
Riding in this Jeanne d'Arc, a leader in her own right, all knowing, all seeing, all hearing, gifted, different standing out from and above the rest
Wolves, they were, the furor of their howling, sounding more like savage animals than men
enjoying watching others wailing, screaming, dying
The war goddess was eaten alive; despondent, I, the one, who, sadly, saw it coming
She knew no one would listen to Little Jean, the master mind, standing, silently, in her shadow
Quietly riding up from the rear, guarding her flank, so they wouldn't charge up alongside, get near
And stab her in the back or cut her throat, while in her signature monumental action

Verse 2

Accused of doing nothing, fabled glory, mere cajoling, the truth, never to be utter
Told, not then, not now, her guardian angel, watching over the war goddess from the trenches,
down in the gutters
They fuelled the fire brutal enough to burn a heretic at the stake; she's been silenced, now,
forevermore
Never, again, will they enter using as guise a gift and come through the front entrance gate
Approaching, now, from the rear, attackers circling, covertly surrounding
I called the charge, seeking troops for reinforcement, with no Cavalry's trampling, trumpeting
sounds
I stood my ground, alone, with no visible help in sight, and
Watched as the war goddess succumbed, slowly, fading into the darkness of night
The war goddess, a candle, a bright light extinguished, forevermore, not by a gust of wind
But, to my chagrin, and in her very own words succumbed to what she referred to once more
as, The war of life

Bridge 1

She knew, I knew, something was amiss, a nasty coup, and she trusted me to tell her the honest
to God truth
Honesty, about who was attacking from inside the Trojan Horse
I was smart, supposedly, the one, all hearing, all seeing, all knowing
Fabled half man, half god, walking by her side, sent to protect her from every imaginable
wretched sin conceived down, here, on this earth
Yet, I knew the inevitable truth, the enemy had been concealed inside her regiment, her very
own military troop
And, now, she's gone; the war of life has ended, feeling sad and alone, I lost my military general
and best friend, a simple woman, a saint in the making
Her memory, now, in my hands, about which I could write, could say much
Her story will live on through my words; I hold the pen and must fulfill my promise to carry her
legacy on
A war of words, her war of life, to be published, by my hand, another day
When the pain subsides, tearful eyes are dry, and my vision not nearly as this blurry

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Verse 3

The words I pen, today and ever after, will live on and never die
A narrative arising out of her ashes, a story crafted from respect, the title her namesake, a testament to her glory and her God Almighty power
The war goddess, more than a military leader in the making
She liked simplicity not complication without solution or question without answer
Answers to questions that only Socrates could aptly formulate a rationale response
Listen, in the distance, you'll hear her war cry, we will (or shall) live and be victorious even though we may die!
Your spirit hidden within my message, a Trojan Horse, all its own
The imprint your life made on my soul, obliges me to eternal duty in your honour
So, I carry on your, worldly, mission, fighting for our very way of life
Do you see me still, look down upon me, standing next to your remains, an urn full of ashes

Bridge 2

Saluting goodbye, I think you knew that day not so long ago, I think I saw it in your eyes
During the short time we shared on this earth you often prayed, asking God to protect me, save
me from the very worst

Rest in peace, now, where you may live, no longer in the presence of bigotry, of hatred and of
grief

A place of sanctuary, serenity, where you may enjoy the peace that rises from kindness,
forgiveness, and love

Those same virtues you've always been the one to so graciously beseech

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