

Lapopessa

Paul N. Dion / Allen M. Dion

Deep inside gilded walls of a great society existed a woman of strength.
She commanded respect as no other woman could.
Always knew what to say and what to do.

Had control and no fear, always knew how to get her way.
A force one could never ignore.

No decision too small, no pronouncement above her call.
Every day, power would fuel her soul. Some would say, tyranny took its toll.

CHORUS

Lapopessa was her name, and poping was her game.
A man would come her way, a willing partner she could sway,
Despite the men who named her Lapopessa.

Only one man dared to face her, did his best to circumvent her.
His mission was to displace her. Our Cardinal Tisserant.

Locked inside gilded walls, no one cares or comforts her.
A lonely position to endure. Her man, although groomed,
Can not rise up on his own, needs her desire and passion, lacks her drive.

She was hot. She was cold, caring, yet methodical.
Well-seasoned, politically wise.
She worked hard to promote and protect her holy man.
A nun some would come to despise, some lows with incredible highs.

CHORUS

Lapopessa was her name, and poping was her game.
She fought hard to survive and keep her faith and love alive,
Despite the men who named her Lapopessa.

And to everyone's surprise, she caused her man to rise.
And made him strong, determined that his reign go on for long.
Her role was clearly wrong by the teachings of the church.
But who would testify, who dared condemn this great affair?
Our Cardinal Tisserant.

CHORUS

Lapopessa was her name, and poping was her game.
And once she left the papal chambers, nothing was ever quite the same.