Who will come?

Bright clothes at the wake, not black.
She loved these colours, it says here.
Mark her life, don't wish her back.
Gone too soon, forever dear.
A life well-lived, her friends agree,
Did anything for anyone.
Much loved by all who knew her, see,
How she was charming, warm and fun.

She must have been a special soul
Devoted, noble, wise and true
Each flaw erased by woman's role
A wife, a mother, sister too.
No voice is raised to speak the truth,
No word is spoken to defend
For death makes perfect more than youth
And those who knew her still pretend.

Is this the place where love unites
The greatest number gathered here?
In hymns and prayers, in words and rites
Where memory need not be clear.
Not every life is rich and blessed,
Not every life's work will ascend

And who will come to mourn for me

When my life meets its final end?