

# Cyrano of Bergerac

## Dark Moor

This is the story of more than a man  
A notable gentleman (born in Bergerac)  
Who his life gave for impossible goals  
That both time and fortune stole  
In a soulless world  
Where all is such cold as false  
Where all has been whirled  
As if was a mad waltz  
I mean to be like  
The warm spirit of a song  
Noble and dreamlike  
Now and for so long  
In the battle and the poetry  
Brave and dashing I will be  
And when foes came ten to one  
Was a foul game and I won  
While I made rhymes with the wit sword  
And when love came light which glows  
Was my sad shame: heart or nose  
Nose she chose  
Falls the curtain  
Making certain  
I'm not shadow of my friend  
But the glory  
Wrote my story  
True love I'll defend  
To the end  
But the drama had  
Words behind good appearance  
His beauty was clad  
With my spirit and romance  
But the beauty died  
And soon the voice was got mute  
Letters dulcified  
Turn into spoilt fruit  
In my dreams and false illusions  
Sweetest lover I will be  
And when love came light which glows  
Was my sad shame: heart or nose  
Nose she chose  
I'm dying  
Death can't catch  
A sole thing, my penache!  
Now I see  
What my soul didn't  
Ideal true love, real would be  
If my eyes has been my heart  
My eyes show pain now I know he's free  
And he'll never be close to me  
Hero who romantically died  
Poet who made people sadly cry

Your mind, can't find, can't find  
A strong bind, a sure bind  
Lover who can love with no reward  
Gentleman whom will sing all the bards  
Your mind, can find, can find  
A solid sign for world is not so blind

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