

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 stoleIn 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 longIn the battle and the poetry
Brave and dashing I will beAnd when foes came ten to one
Was a foul game and I won
While I made rhymes with the wit swordAnd when love came light which glows
Was my sad shame: heart or nose
Nose she choseFalls the curtain
Making certain
I'm not shadow of my friend
But the glory
Wrote my story
True love I'll defend
To the endBut the drama had
Words behind good appearance
His beauty was clad
With my spirit and romanceBut the beauty died
And soon the voice was got mute
Letters dulcified
Turn into spoilt fruitIn my dreams and false illusions
Sweetest lover I will beAnd when love came light which glows
Was my sad shame: heart or nose
Nose she choseI'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 meHero 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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