

In Praise of Cyrano

Emilie Autumn

He had a fault, this is most true
But others have faults greater still
A noble profile was his rue
But many have done greater ill
And yet he would not show
His love, nor let her know
That she was dear
Though he was near
He dared not tell her so.
Now why was he the only man
To see himself not worth his prize?
About myself they plot and plan
How to find favour in my eyes
But never do they guess
That I might think them less
Than one who chose
Due to his nose
To love but not confess

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