

Sarah Brightman, If I Can't Love Her

And in my twisted face
There's not the slightest trace
Of anything that even hints of kindness
And from my tortured shape
No comfort, no escape
I see, but deep within is utter blindness
Hopeless
As my dream dies
As the time flies
Love a lost illusion
Helpless
Unforgiven
Cold and driven
To this sad conclusion
No beauty could move me
No goodness improve me
No power on earth, if I can't love her
No passion could reach me
No lesson could teach me
How I could have love her and made her love me too
If I can't love her, then who?
Long ago I should have seen
All the things I could have been
Careless and unthinking, I moved onward
No pain could be deeper
No life could be cheaper
No point anymore, if I can't love her
No spirit could win me
No hope left within me
Hope I could have loved her and that she'd set me free
But it's not to be
If I can't love her
Let the world be done with me!