

# 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!