

In the Looking Glass

Others see a villain, hiding in the shadows, waiting to pounce,
But I know that my cause is noble, to take from the rich who already have so much;
They say I am an outcast, a thief, a vagabond,
Yet my coat of claret velvet speaks of finery untold;
People call me arrogant, a dandy with no morals,
Though I have a heart that beats with love;
They see my silver rapier glimmering in the moonlight, and fear strikes them down,
But in the looking-glass I see a man who is loved, and I am proud.