

Ben Nichols

"The Last Pale Light In The West"

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In my hands, I hold the ashes
In my veins, black pitch drums
In my chest, if I can catch this
In my way, the setting sun
Dark clouds gather 'round me
Due northwest, the soul is bound
And I will go on ahead, free
There's a light yet to be found

The last pale light in the west
The last pale light in the west

And I ask for no redemption
In this cold and barren place
Still I see the faint reflection
And so by it, I got my way

The last pale light in the west
The last pale light in the west

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