

# Lucero, The Last Pale Light In The West

In my hands  
I hold the ashes  
In my veins  
Black pitch runs  
In my chest  
The fire catches  
In my way  
A setting sun  
Dark clouds  
Gather round me  
To the West  
My soul is bound  
But I will go  
On ahead free  
There is a light  
Yet to be found  
And I ask  
For no redemption  
In this cold  
And barren place  
Still I see  
A faint reflection  
And so by it  
Guide my way