

Alex Lifeson, At The End

He opens the books-
Looks at scenes from yesterday
How they laughed and loved
And lived before
They grew old and grey
Now he sits alone in his room
And the clock ticks away
Together they enjoyed
All life's beauty
And all it's fears
The lonely cry of his soul
Falls only on his ears
Each page's photo marked
With the stain of his tears

He didn't know what to do
He didn't know what might come

Nothing was all
That was left of him
Nothing was left
When she was gone

The heart has
A memory so strong
It remembers every right
And every wrong
On those pages of his long
Lonely life
He can only see his wife
He said "Pluck out my eyes"
He said "Plug up my ears"
He said "Silence my tongue"
He said "Take away my empty years"

One last wish
To see her face
One last breath
He's calling out to death
One last look up at the sun
As he picks up the gun

As he steadies the gun
As he finally aims the gun