

Ben Nichols, The Last Pale Light In The West

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