

The Last Pale Light In the West

[Ben Nichols](#)

In my hands, I hold the ashes
In my veins, black pitch runs
In my chest, the fire catches
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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