

# 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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