

The Last Climb

Mostly Autumn

Heavenly times, the world at your fingertips
Light purple dawn on a shadowless sky;

In a place where the heroes swing hammers and axes
An old man moves graciously for the last time.

On a great frozen waterfall, smashing and kicking
The old man is tired, an old man is tired.

Woman, I miss you, I'd like to come home
But there's nothing inside and I'm very alone.

This body won't take it, I know I won't make it.

But I'll hold on
Dream of me then