

At the Last

Thrice

It's a shame that some must go without,
I was no fool to think it might be my problem.
Needy hands were reaching out,
I kept my spare change and my pride.
And a tight fist.
(And a tight fist!)

Now at the last,
Everything has changed in this pale light
That death has cast on all I've done.
On all I've done.

I'm a good man on the whole.
Who can blame me for the guilt of another one?
I never killed, I never stole.
A small indulgence now and then -- so what of it?
I'm a good man.
I'm a good man.
Am I a good man?
I thought I was...

The rewards of this life now count for naught.
My body soon buried and left to rot.
Good times gone -- how quickly -- an honest past.
My God, now I see how I've squandered each and every breath!

Now at the last,
Everything has changed in this pale light
That death has cast on all I've done.
Now at the last,
Everything has changed in this pale light,
And looking back, I am undone.
I am undone