

After The War

Gary Moore

So many came before you,
The prisoners of fate.
A history of bloodshed,
A legacy of hate.
But where will you be standing
When the battles have been won?
Inside your lonely fortress
The battles just begun.
After the war,
Who will you be fighting for?
After the war is over.
After the fire
Is burning to its dying embers.
After the war.
A letter from the draft board
Put pain to all your dreams.
You're just another number
In military schemes.
They marched you in a uniform
You wore against your will.
With lies of hope and glory,
They taught you how to kill.
After the war,
Who will you be fighting for?
After the war is over.
After the fire
Is burning to its dying embers.
After the war,
You thought you'd be a hero,
After all that you survived.
If hell was meant for heroes,
Then surely you've arrived.
Ah.
After the war,
After the war.
After the war,
Who will you be fighting for?
After the war,
Who will you be fighting for?

After the fire
Is burning to its dying embers.
After the war.

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