

The Aftermath

Iron Maiden

Silently to silence fall
In the fields of futile war
Toys of death are spitting lead
Where boys that were our soldiers bled
war horse and war machineCurse the name of liberty
Marching on as if they should
Mix in the dirt our brothers' bloodIn the mud and rain
What are we fighting for
Is it worth the pain is it worth dying for
Who will take the blame
Why did they make a war
Questions that come again
Should we be fighting at allOnce a ploughman hitched his team
Here he sowed his little dream
Now bodies arms and legs are strewn
Where mustard gas and barbwire bloom
Each moment's like a year
I've nothing left inside for tears
Comrades dead or dying lie
I'm left alone asking why

Songwriters

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