

# the Aftermath

Lloyd Page

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 machine  
Curse the name of liberty  
Marching on as if they should  
Mix in the dirt our brothers' blood  
In 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 all?  
Once a ploughman hitched his team  
Here he sowed his little dream  
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?  
In 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 all?  
After the war  
Left feeling no one has won  
After the war  
What does a soldier become?  
After the war  
Left feeling no one has won

After the war  
What does a soldier become?  
What is it all when the battles are done?

After the war  
I mean no one has won  
I'm just a soldier  
After the war  
Left feeling no one has won  
After the war  
What does a soldier become?

After the war  
Left feeling no one has won  
After the war  
What does a soldier become?

Ohh, ohh  
Ohh, ohh  
Ohh, ohh

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