The Aftermath

Origin

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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