

# After the Day

## Barclay James Harvest

The eyes of night march slowly by  
The last grain falls  
The kneeling man just sighs Protected by the one great wall  
Of colored parts  
He probes his clouded mind If he takes a look around him  
Is there nothing left to see?  
Is there nothing left at all?  
After the day With trembling hands  
He wipes his eyes  
He tries to stand  
But does not feel the need The morning sun shines on  
The multicolored cross  
Left standing through it all If he takes a look around him  
Is there nothing left to see?  
Is there nothing left at all?  
After the day If he takes a look around him  
Is there nothing left to see?  
Is there nothing left at all?  
After the day

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