

# 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 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  
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

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