

Barclay James Harvest "After The Day"

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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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