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Iron Maiden "Aftermath"

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Silently to silence fall in the fields of futile war Toys of death are spitting lead where the 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 barb wire 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 at home when the battles are done? After the war and when no one has won I'm just a soldier

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