

Barclay James Harvest, After The Day

The eyes of night march slowly by
The last grain falls
The kneeling man just sighs
Protected by the one great wall
Of coloured 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 multicoloured 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

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