

Gary Moore, After The War

So many came before you,
The prisoners of fate.
A history of bloodshed,
A legacy of hate.
But where will you be standing
When the battles have been won?
Inside your lonely fortress
The battle's just begun.

After the war
Who will you be fighting for?
After the war is over.
After the fire
Is burning to its dying embers.
After the war.

A letter from the draft board,
Put pain to all your dreams.
You're just another number
In military schemes.
They marched you in a uniform
You wore against your will.
With lies of hope and glory,
They taught you how to kill.

After the war
Who will you be fighting for?
After the war is over.
After the fire
Is burning to its dying embers.
After the war.

After the war,
You thought you'd be a hero.
After all that you survived.
If hell was meant for heroes,
You'd surely have arrived.

After the war.
After the war.

After the war
who will you be fighting for?
After the war
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is burning to its dying embers.
After the war.