

Skrewdriver, After The Fire

The fires raged for many years, it was a time of change
The heavens rained with sorrow's tears, then came the brand new day
That day there was a burnt out field, it's earth was black and charred
It's flowers once were peoples' hopes, but now they were their scars

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(chorus)

After the fire, the ruins there did lay
After the fire, would come a brand new day

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The field stood in misery, the years passed it by
A new age was awakening, to bury history's lies
One misty morn as day awoke, that field had come alive
Seeds once sown that now had grown, new life that would not die

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The new age is approaching, and with it we shall be
The field was 1945 and the seeds were you and me