

Asia, After The War

(Wetton/Downes)

For those that are able
To go underground
Missiles disenable
They hit faster than sound
They're coming and you have no choice
The helpless with one human foice
That will categorically say
This underdog will have his day

One more dead is one more than it ought to be
A travesty
One more missed will be kissed to eternity
Or purgatory

After the war

Red button he's pressing
But he knows not why
He's programming orders
War lights up the sky
He's on the hotline tonight
His mind is high as a kite
His fingers decide wrong or right
This man has it all in his sights

Used as tools to believe in autonomy
Minorities are no more
Men are fools, one last cry to humanity
No sanity any more

After the war

On my arm, a tattoo for my sons to be
That numbers you and me
There's a scar on my face
That is photographed for all to see

After the war