

A Northern Chorus, Prisoners Of Circumstance

And so it was planned that morning.

An armed attack, units forging.

"Cannons, fire at will and halt escape. We'll help them if we can, prisoners of circumstance

A few arrived - weak, torn, tongue tied.

They told of eyes desperate and blind.

" Please now send troops. They're dying in the fields. We've seen the view."

Haste on this mile has formed our constant reprise, it's given promise for now.

We took the hill, men they laid still.

And in the ground spirit flags found.

" Hands up prisoners of circumstance. We'll get you out alive but you've got to fight."

Help us if you can, arm our minds.

Concede to solid plans of first desires