

# A Northern Chorus, Prisoners Of Circumstance

And so it was planned that morning.

An armed attack, units forging.

&quot;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.

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

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.

&quot;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