

Eloy, Imprisonment

I'm sitting here in my empty cell,
it's dark and drab and damp.
They throw me crusts to eat
Drink water from the well.
I was playing my part in this dreadful war
when someone ran me through:
They bound me up in chains,
and that's the last I knew.

The guards are watching day and night
and they observe each move I make
I wonder if they'll let me out alive -
I know there's no way to escape

I know the feeling of dejection:
To be imprisoned for no crime
So God please take me out of here
You are my one hope at this time.

Why are those people shouting?
Is the battle lost or won?
Now the footsteps of the guards -
will my chains be tightened or undone?