

The Circle

Kris Kristofferson

Written about Layla Al-Atar, a cherished Iraqi artist who was killed when a missile struck her home, instead of its intended target, a building where a trial was taking place concerning the assassination attempt of George

Bush snr. The missiles were fired by the Clinton government.

And for the Argentinean disappeared, Los Olvidados. Who killed this woman this artist this mother?

Who broke the candle and snuffed out her light

Along with her husband and wounded her children

And sauntered away like a beast in the night? "Not I" said the soldier

"I just follow orders and it was my duty to do my job well"

"Not I" said the leader who ordered the slaughter

"I'm saddened it happened, but then, war is hell" "Not us" said the others who heard of the horror

Turned a cold shoulder on all that was done

In all the confusion a single conclusion

The circle of sorrow has only begun And in Argentina... Straight to the circle on Sundays

Down through the canyons they come

Bearing names of their mothers and daughters

Names of their fathers and sons Stolen away with no warning, never to ever return

On el Rio del Muerto, All the bridges are burned

Los desaparecidos, lost in the darkness alone

Gone from the face of the earth

With no trace left behind them to mark with a stone

And the faces of Los Olvidados, only survivors recall

But for the pain and the heartbreak, did they matter at all? Slowly the circle of sadness, spins in the Plaza Mayor

Lonesome remains of the madness and pain

In a world gone insane in a war And the song of those broken survivors, dancing alone in the dark

With the silence of Los Olvidados, like a hole in the heart Los desaparecidos, lost in the darkness alone

Gone from the face of the earth

With no trace left behind them to mark with a stone

And the faces of Los Olvidados, only survivors recall

But for the pain and the heartbreak, did they matter at all?

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