

# Imprisonment

## Cwill

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?

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