

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 Olbidados'.

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

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 Olbidados, 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 Olbidados, like a hole in the heart