

# Guantanamo

## The Divine Comedy

They haven't departed  
They haven't gone home  
The trials haven't started  
No evidence shown  
They don't get no visits  
They don't get no calls  
And nobody tells them  
Nothing at all

The headphones and the blindfolds  
The days and the weeks  
The overalls of orange  
The manacled feet  
A Kafka-esque nightmare  
A legal black hole  
A corner of Cuba  
Named Guantanamo

The warmongers tell us  
They gave up their rights  
When they attacked us  
And our way of life  
Oh but our way of life  
Depends on the law  
On liberty and freedom  
And justice for all

Well they talk about justice  
In the US of A  
It's the land of the free  
And the home of the brave  
Yeah, but outside of America  
Anything goes  
From Bagram to Abu Ghraib  
To Guantanamo

In 70's Ulster  
The government thought  
If they locked up the suspects  
The terror would stop  
But all that internment  
Actually did  
Was provide the Provos  
With more angry kids

Oh but sometimes I wonder  
If our leaders really care?  
They rely on these demons  
To keep people scared  
And unwilling to question  
The fate of those poor souls  
Who lie rotting in the cages  
Of Guantanamo

Try them or let them go...

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