

Corb Lund Band

"A Leader On Losing Control"

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I tried my best to stop them, yes, I tried to make them wait

And I appealed to their decency, show mercy on this day

I issued them strong orders on pain of death and disarray

But in the end they would not listen and raised their lances anyway

Men of no account they were, their breeding, crude and low

With not a trace of wisdom, grace or virtue in their souls

Yet trained them, long and hard I did to bend them to the crown

To act as tools of justice, follow edict handed down

You see these were not militia men, a-fighting for their homes

Nor fathers, sons nor husbands, sire, but foreigners on loan

Mercenary killers, career soldiers to a man

Lashing out with vengeance one cannot accept or understand

I could not instill the discipline, 'twas duty to inspire

And they responded in the end to instincts of the basest kind

Now on my knee before you here, I drop my eyes in shame

Albeit little consolation, take my head for I'm to blame

Oh, so spoke a leader on losing control

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