

The Beast that Is 'H' Block

A Prisoner

You have heard many tales
Of the World's famous jails;
But this tale might come as a shock!
For, it's here, at the Maze,
That a monster was raised –
And it goes by the name of 'H' Block.

Sure they levelled the ground
For some miles all around;
And then built it, with wire, brick, and steel.
As it rose from the mire,
Spewing forth it's barbed-wire,
Britain swore it would bring us to heal.

They invented a cell,
(That's a pure, white-walled Hell!)
With a purpose which burns a man's soul.
Made to make the mind bend;
Never ever to mend –
Till the man's in his grave, oh so cold!

At the start it worked well,
As statistics did tell –
The Beast had its captives all beat.
Until out of the gloom,
And the misery 'n' doom;
Came a protest that knows no defeat!

Prisoners threw off their clothes;
Blue-stripped shirts, belts 'n' bows –
A grey blanket they donned that was coarse.
No more orders they took,
Not from no system's book;
Yes, by God, we're a potent wee force!

With psychology's tricks;
Beating prisoners with sticks;
And all sorts of stunts to get at us!
The great Beast's in a rage,
All within its steel cage –
But, we're here 'til political-status!

Taking all they could take
For our protest to break;
And thinking themselves oh so clever!
But, we've bent, not an inch;
Never once seen to flinch –
We're prepared to protest forever!

Now, the time is at hand,
When this Beast in our land;
Must go down to the Pit, ne're to rise.
Then we all shall go free –
"Prod' and "Mick", you 'n' me!
Peace at last under Ulster's blue skies.

Soon the tables will turn,
And all 'H' Block will burn!
Then this Beast will go down mid the slaughter.
And the fate of its 'Screws',
For their traitorous dues –
Execution! Then hung, drawn 'n' quartered!

"Til that time here we'll bide,
One for all, side by side,
On the 'Blanket' – to Hell with 'em all!
For we know in our hearts,
That we've all played our parts –
That the Beast, that is 'H' Block, must fall.