

Martin Nievera

"The Door"

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Hannah is dreaming
She's young once again
She stands with her brother
With thousands of men
Her head has been shaven
By a black uniform
She's one of God's children
That waits at the door

Tears on her pillow
She tightens her lips
Touches the number
Tattooed on her wrist
The sign says "Treblinka"
Again she can't breathe
For all of the children
She'll always see

They're her constant companions
Six hundred souls
In the doors of the chambers
there's one door of hope
That would open to the forest
And fields covered green
Where all of God's children
Again would be free

And they came out of the tunnels
Went over in waves
She'd run with the others
Over the graves
As the watchtowers tumble
In an ocean of fire
Some of God's children
Escaped through the wire

Slowly 'round
The raven flies
Scours the trees
Where they hide
The beast he threatens

"You won't survive"
She raises her fist
And whispers in her sleep
"I am going to live!
I am going to live!"

Sunlight has risen
In her garden today
Hannah is watching
Her grandchildren play
She hears the bells ringing
In a town far away
For all of God's children
Who died for this day

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