

## Madd Maxxx

### "Lepke"

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Let me tell you a story in its' purest form  
About a young man caught in a hellfire storm  
He was born mid-1920s in Poland  
So I think you might know where this is goin  
Maybe it was fate  
Jewish in a town called Rod in a beautiful place,  
The middle of five children four didn't escape  
But wait that hasn't happened yet. This man was  
named Lepke  
He was not a soldier he was just the son of a  
blacksmith  
He used to roughhouse with his brothers for practice  
A child to smile and laugh with  
But trouble brewed  
A little more than 4 years before 1942  
Lepke was at school a few miles from home  
About to have his mom blown  
Him and his friend on one bike  
Riding home for the Sabbath on Friday night  
As they crested the hill what a terrible sight  
The village was so brown, fire  
Screams of a demon's choir  
All in the name of the Nazi desire  
They looked at eachother and they cried and slurred  
They knew they had to fly like birds  
They couldn't even check their homes,  
Who was dead who was alive they did not know  
Only place they could go was the forest where they  
used to play  
And it's where they stayed  
They knew every cave and stream  
Spend the day searching and the night sleeping in  
trees  
Just to avoid sentries and Gestapo patrols  
Winter in Poland is cold.  
Lepke was 14 years old  
And every single member of his family was gone  
How could this happen it feels so wrong  
But he knew that he had to stay strong  
And carried on  
Meeting people away living just the same as they were

They banded together to survive in nature  
And it worked for a little while.  
Eventually the group got pinned down  
Looks like there's no way to live or to win now  
See a man named Teview was was basing one night  
and he gave their position away  
Couldn't stay, couldn't flee  
But there was a Russian squadron where they used to  
be  
And so Lepke was chosen to leave the group  
On this extremely important pursuit

(This is the most important moment of his life. Any kind  
of sound would draw fire. Which would mean death for  
them. Old and young. Male and female alike. So it  
goes...)

So he crawled through the forests in the dark of the  
night  
Doing his best to avoid all of the soldier's sights  
And the moon was so bright, it lit his path  
But the feeling of relief would pass  
No one could see him but they were closing in  
And Lepke knew that his group would be doomed  
If he was captured or killed so he had to move  
Didn't really know what to do what he saw was a trap  
So he maneuvered around to the back of the patrol  
Saw one soldier standing alone and he had to go  
He attacked, a fight began  
Kept trying to cover the soldier's mouth with his hands  
But he cried out for help  
Another one heard and he came by himself  
And he threw a grenade  
It didn't explode, Lepke knew what he had to do  
Strangled that Nazi blue!  
Put his body on the bomb and then when it finally blew  
The diversion gave him time to escape  
Running at a grueling pace  
The cold sweat dropped down his face  
When he finally found the place the Russians were he  
was panting  
Vision blurred  
Told him his problem and the Nazi's location  
And soon thereafter the artillery rained in  
They took em all out, the group was safe  
Reunited with his friend Haish  
The same one he lost his home with  
The war's not over though they both know it  
The Russians gave Lepke weapons and food  
Because they knew what he was able to do  
This whole story is true

The name is the same and the details too  
And it doesn't end there  
More is to come  
Many Nazi's fell to my grandfather's gun  
And he was just one of many parties and forces in the  
woods and slums  
And that's why on my arms "Survivor" is stamped.  
The Holocaust was more than camps.

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