The Door

Martin Page

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 doorTears 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 seeThey'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 freeAnd 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 wireSlowly '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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