

# Page Martin, The Door

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