



FREE AT LAST

Aranka Klein

April 15, 1945 – Bergen Belsen

White flags flew inside the gates
Heavy British tanks were shaking our
barracks
As they rolled outside the gates
It was music to my ears
I knew, I'll be freed

"Let's go!" I cried
"To greet our liberators."
I and some friends, ran outside
The guards saw us
"Aim, fire" the bullets were flying

The passion to shoot
With our liberation didn't stop
Just shoot one more, kill us all
Was their bequest
The Nazis' last call.

Some of us were injured
Some were dead...
I wished that I was dead.

But it wasn't the wish of God
He restored my faith
He helped me survive
The heroic British Army
Opened the gate
I was free.

Yes, I was liberated
Fifty years ago
-Oh, precious freedom-
But my soul is still
Prisoner of the war.

On sleepless nights
I hear the Nazis shouting
I feel my parent's hands
Holding mine tight
But the Nazis tore us apart
-My feet are numb
-They are frozen
-From walking
-The icy roads
-In wooden shoes.

-The wind is playing peek-a-boo
-Through the holes in my dress
-The raindrops are dancing
-On my shaved head.

Yes, I live free
In this great Country
Of the USA
But my mind is sentenced for life.