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**8th grade, Einstein Middle School, Shoreline. Teacher: Kim Pesik
Holocaust Writing, Art, and Film Contest 2019**

My face is red from crying
The lights have gone out
The candles finally melted
And stowed away my heart
My truthfulness forgotten and replaced with flaws
What the point of being perfect? What's the story for the cause?

The children once were laughing
Now there memories are ash
The snow has finally fallen
And covered up the past
The hope that once stood high above the clouds will Surely fade. Why do we act and pretend
until we take the stage?

CHORUS

Whisper, whisper, whisper in the wind
Finding, finding the horror and the sin
The grave diggers Will was buried with his faith
Hopefully his daughter was safe
Lightning, lightning, shadows of the past
Moving, moving, never looking back
The downpour on the streets, I'm dancing in the rain
You watch me with an aching heart and cry in vain
You watch me with a smile as I hide away my pain
(So here I am- once again; 2nd time only)

The dogs have finished howling
These crowded streets are gone
I'm still laying here
Waiting for dawn
The hope we have forgotten and replaced with fret. The story isn't over I'm not done with you
yet.

The colors of my past
Blue, white and black
I'm running through the woods
I'm never looking back
I've held my hand to plenty, and they've all left me to die
I understand if you don't care about me

Neither do I~

CHORUS

Black and grey with a silver lining
Blue and red makes pain
Crying blood because you want to
Were clinically insane

Hiding where they'll never find me
Until I break
Holding everything inside me
I think I know this place

(Back to beginning paragraph than to CHORUS)