

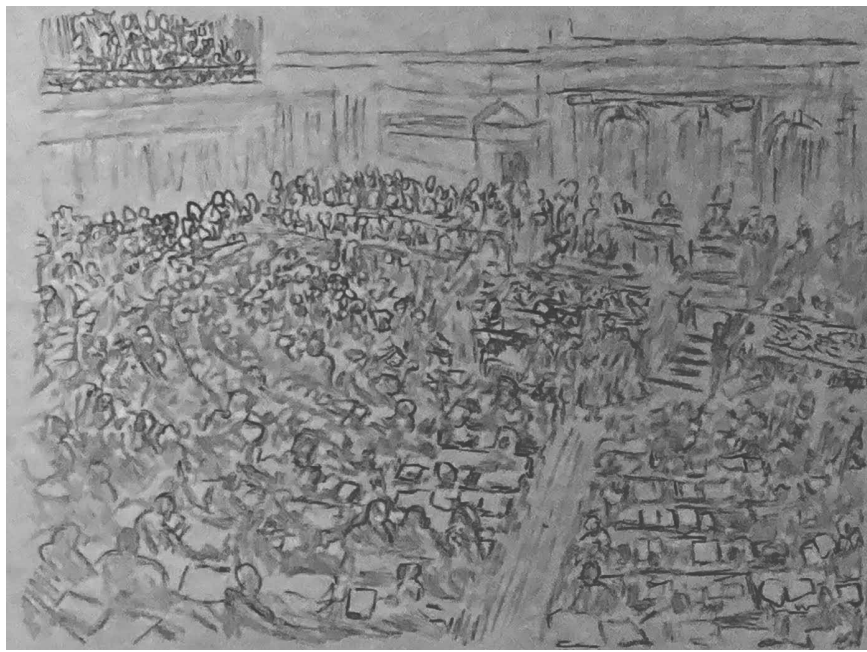
LIFE



CHANGING



Part 1: I Finally Knew Who I Was



We were not people anymore.
I knew
not how it happened,
but I knew
the world was changing.
They could not care about us any less.
To them
our lives were meaningless.
They promised us
relief from our suffering.
There would never be any,
I was certain.





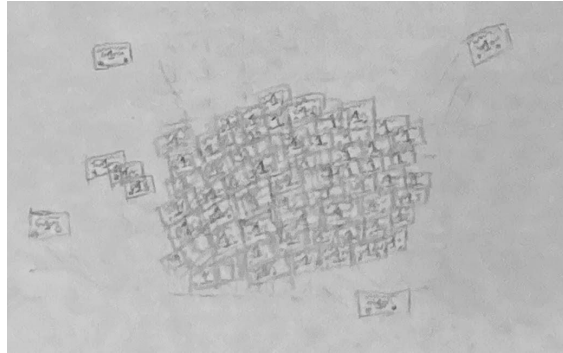
They went on forever,
the lines of people.
Millions of marks:
worthless.

I felt
that I would never again have a loaf
of bread.

I knew

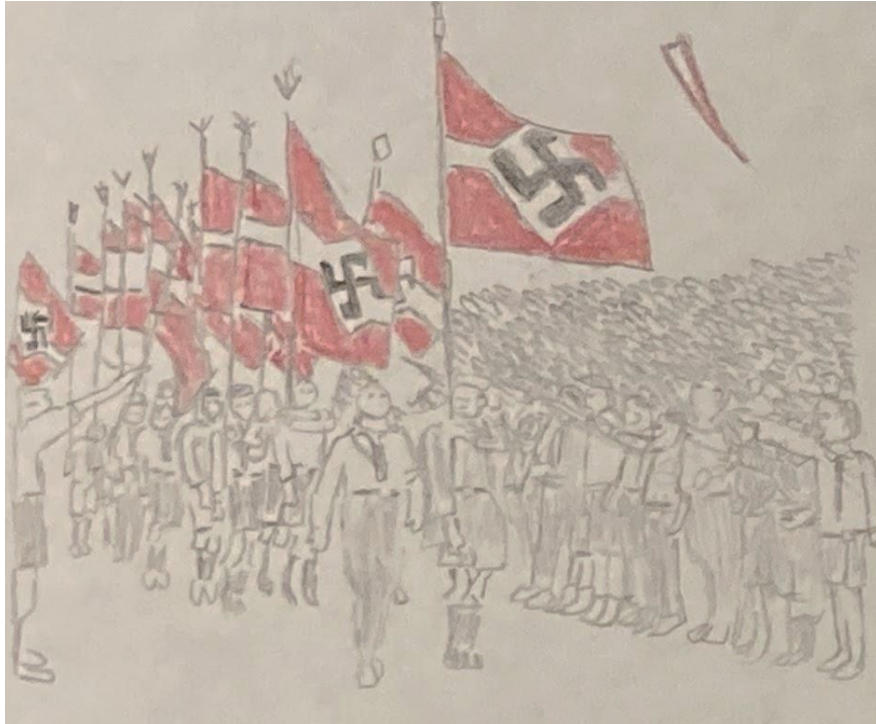
I had no home anymore,
but

I desperately wanted to go home.





All I could think was:
how can I stop this?
I needed help.
And there they were.



With arms saluting,
they marched around:
ordinary people.

No longer
frauds, phoney, liars
were our leaders.

These people
truly cared about us.
I knew none of them
would bring more pain.
Surely they
would end our suffering.

As they gained more and more power, I knew no one
would live in hardship for much longer.

Certainly we
could rise up.

We

were strong.

If only we

all would support the cause.

They claimed

I was just a person

no more,

I was a German.



The Jews were Germany's enemy.

I had to accept it,

but

how could it be so?

Someone would explain to me:

if only

Germany

no longer had

the Jews,

they claimed,

Germany could be glorious.

I insisted

it wasn't true.

They had bankrupted us,

my brother had to sell his store,

I had to move in with my sister.

I knew it had happened,

but

how could these ordinary people, my friends, really want to hurt us?

Had it all just been a pretext while deep inside they were monsters?



My neighbor, she was so sweet and kind.
When I did not have enough money to buy it
myself,
my neighbor, she had given me flour.
Had they all just been liars?
Could it be correct?
I wondered.



More and more people joined the party.

As

life for Jews became harder,

persecution increased,

my country was a catastrophe

no more;

Germany flourished.

As time went on,

I realized

at some point

it was true.

Right is, what is good

for the German people.



I knew who I was.

I accepted the responsibility.

A German,

A patriot:

I held up the flag high,

and

I fought for Germany throughout the whole war.

Part 2: I Used to Know Who I Was



I fought for Germany throughout the whole war,
and
I held up the flag high:
A patriot,
A German.
I accepted the responsibility.
I knew who I was.
For the German people,
right is what is good.
It was true,
at some point.



“For Aryans Only”

I realized
as time went on,
Germany flourished
no more.
My country was a catastrophe.
Persecution increased.
Life for Jews became harder.



As
more and more people joined the party,
I wondered,
could it be correct?
Had they all just been liars?
My neighbor, she had given me flour
when I did not have enough money to buy it myself.
My neighbor, she was so sweet and kind.
Had it all just been a pretext while deep inside they were monsters?
How could these ordinary people, my friends, really want to hurt us?



But

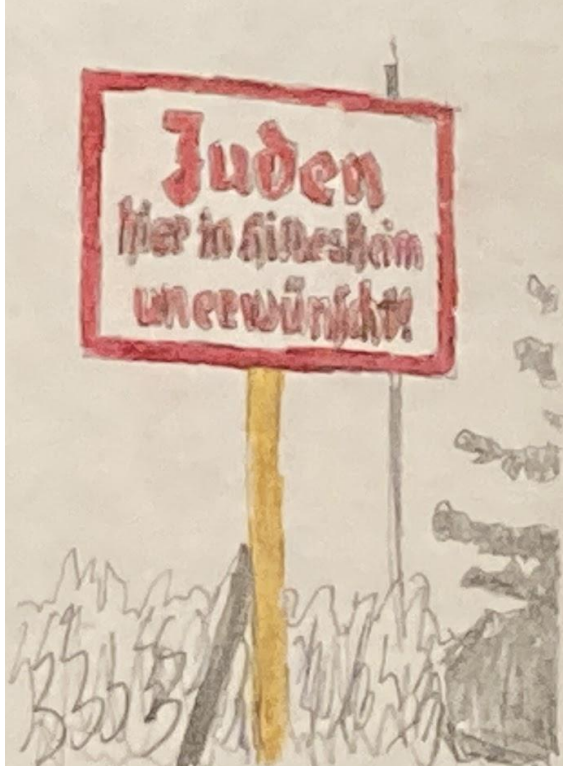
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my brother had to sell his store,
they had bankrupted us.

It wasn't true,

I insisted

Germany could be glorious.



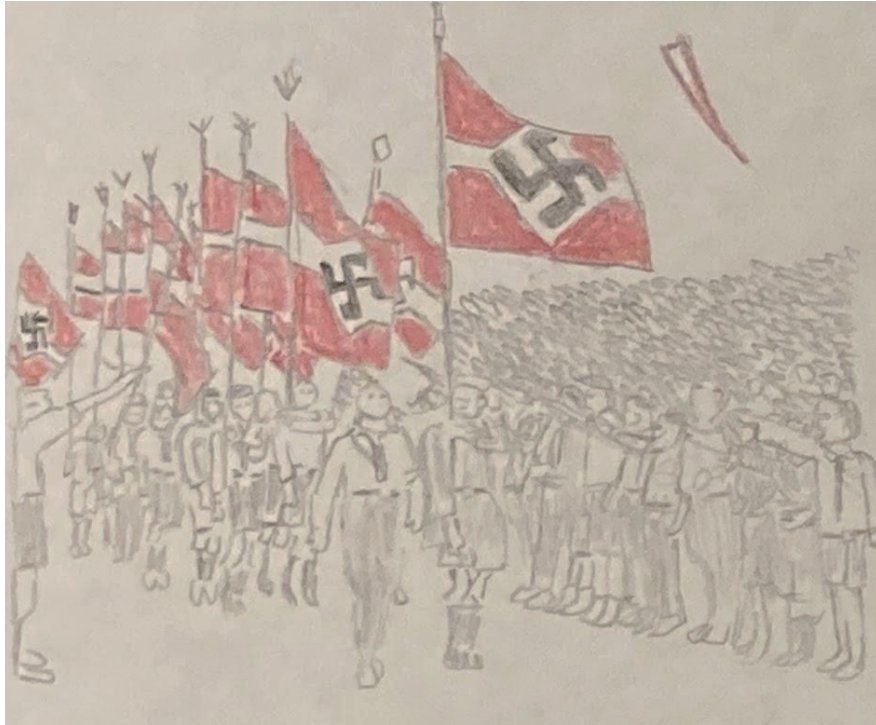
“Jews here in Hildesheim unwanted.”

They claimed
the Jews
no longer had
Germany.
If only
someone would explain to me
how could it be so?
But
I had to accept it.
The Jews were Germany's enemy.
I was a German
no more.
I was just a person.

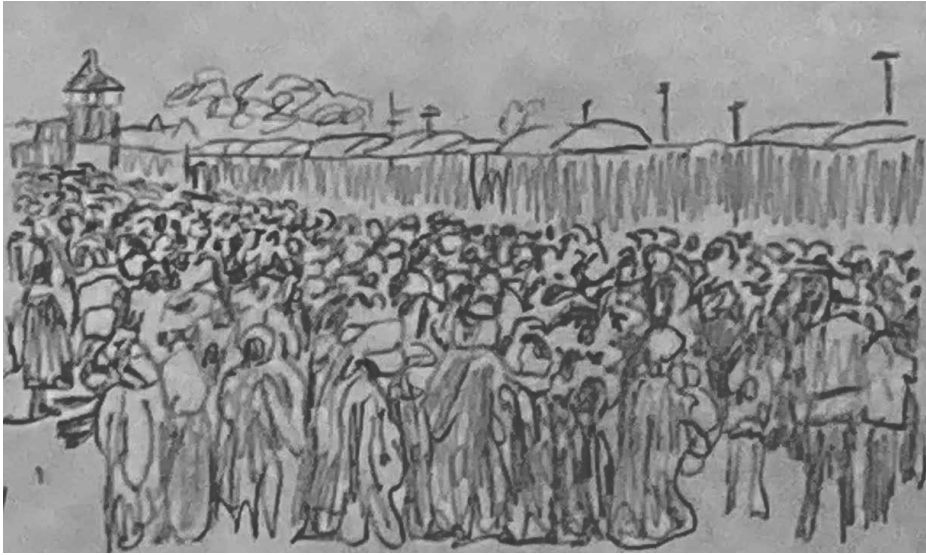


They claimed
all would support the cause.
If only we
were strong,
we
could rise up.
Certainly we
would live in hardship for much longer.
As they gained more and more power, I knew no one
would end our suffering.
Surely they
would bring more pain.
I knew none of them
truly cared about us.





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no longer
ordinary people.
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but
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