

28th November 2007 Concentration Camps Shannon Keen

People came in by the thousands,
They all looked terribly sad,
Just because they were different,
Not because they were bad.

It was all because of Hitler,
He was leader to the Germans,
He hated people who were different,
And he was very very determined.

If you were not a true German,
Didn't have blue eyes,
Hitler he would hate you,
And you would have to say goodbye.

You'd have to leave your loved ones,
Your family left behind,
Leave all your prized possessions,
You didn't know you'd be confined.

As you entered the concentration camp,
They'd give you a small coloured tag,
According to your background,
You'd still be treated bad.

Thousands cramped together,
The ladies and the men,
Even little children,
With their screaming again and again.

To serve your time at the camp,
You'd get beaten and worked so hard,
The pain would become unbearable,
And it would leave your insides scarred.

As your time was up,
The camp needed more space,
They'd take you to the gas chamber,
With a memory no one could replace.