

In shadows deep, where whispers die,
A young heart wept, but could not cry.
Anna stood where darkness fell,
A world undone, a living hell.

The trains, they rumbled, cold and fast,
A future stolen, tied to the past.
Her name erased, but not her will,
In bitter silence, time stood still.

The days were dark, the nights were long,
The earth beneath, both harsh and strong.
Her sister's hands, a final touch,
Her sister's eyes, they meant so much.

In ghettos cramped, the hunger grew,
The hope inside her, still it knew.
Her spirit soared where none would see,
A flame inside, forever free.

A girl of sixteen, her heart was scarred,
Yet every wound made her less marred.
She walked through fire, through pain and strife,
A fragile thread, the edge of life.

Clutching gunpowder, she ran to fight,
Hoping at the end of this struggle, there would be light.
Sticking with her sister, through thick and through thin,
She knew the flame inside would win.

But from those ashes, she did rise,
A survivor, seen through tortured eyes.
In whispered prayers, in broken song,
She found her voice, she carried on.

She speaks of what was lost,
Millions of souls, the countless cost.
But in her heart, a fire remains,
Anna Heilman, free from chains.