

## Remembering the Past

Abandoned streets paved with  
Gravestones, blood, and tears.  
The distant winds of the past  
Rolling ash and dust over  
What once was.

Faint whispers and pleas  
Of the dead still linger.  
That memory being  
Carried by those who  
Survived the ordeal.

The scars burned  
Into their minds,  
And into their history.

They are left with  
The burden of those memories,  
And the task to  
Pass down the small flame to  
The next generation.

So that one doesn't forget  
What happened,  
And that the world shall  
Never go silent.

Because when we forget  
The enemy shall triumph  
Over the Innocent,  
Over Good,  
And over those who survived.

We must continue to carry on the torch.  
For the children,  
Separated from their mothers and fathers.  
For the people who rebelled.  
Those who were brave enough to speak out,  
And stand up for what is right.  
For Everyone.

Let them be remembered.