

Never Move On

Twass' the summer bloom of 38'
Your warmth shines bright as you awake
The comfort of your gentle hand
Our perfect life in our northern homeland
Newlywed, your mother filled with elation
Bought our first home, proud citizens of our nation
We dreamt, we worked, talked of children of our own
Oh how I wish I could have known

Twass' the creeping autumn of 39'
The maples stained red like your favourite wine
My blood runs cold as I held the news
The war had begun against the Jews
Envisioning such evil was quite unfathomable
I grasp for your embrace, the situation unimaginable
Weeks marched on, morning sickness arose
We would have a little girl, by the name of Rose
Named by your favourite flower, romantic as can be
A new father quite ecstatic, for what our future would see
I didn't yet know the desolation of being alone
Oh how I wish I could have known

Twass' the bittersweet summer of 40'
You stood with a poignant starkness in melancholy
One look in your eyes and I instantly knew
The conscription arrived, there was nothing I could do
The midsummer day drew to an end
As did our time together, the last we would spend
"Promise me you'll come home" I cried with bleakness in my tone
Oh how I wish I could have known

Twass a frigid winter evening in '43
As the man approached the doorstep I collapsed to my knees
A widow shattered and broken, I knew you were gone
Oh how I know I will never move on