

We Will Never Forget - Auschwitz

by Alexander Kimel - Holocaust Survivor

We will never forget the selections at Auschwitz,
where Black Jackals condemned millions to gas,
right - death, left - life, right death... death... death.
The black finger, surrounded with parking dogs,
works like the Angel of Death, creating living hell.

Children are torn apart from the tender embrace
of mothers, clinging to their treasures.
Babies wailing from hunger,
parents parting tearfully with their children.
Fathers shaken with helpless rage.
The condemned form a column of trembling fear.

Soon the mass of fainting humanity
is lead to the clean foyer of death.
Disrobe quickly, take a shower and you will be fed.
Food! Food! The hungry mass of disoriented humanity
awakens runs and fights to get into the chamber of gas.

The heavy door closes and the cyclone dropped.
Soon the parents choke and turn blue,
later the children turn rigid with death
the people become a twisted load,
of intertwined limbs and heads glued with blood.

When the human pulp is ready for the works,
sondercommando quickly pull,
the bodies apart, peel the gold from the mouths.
Where the bones are cleaned with fire,
and the fat drained for human soap.

Six days a week the Jackals drink beer,
and rejoice doing the Devi's work.
Sunday is the day of rest, the day
when the Jackals ride to the Church, to praise God
and assure the Salvation of their pious souls.

Deutschland, Deutschland Uber Alles!
In this Kingdom of Evil,
there is no peace for the Righteous.
It is the wicked that inherited
this tortured World, engulfed
in the red, milky, cry-absorbing fog,
guarding the wilted conscience of man.