

## Style Council

### "Ghosts Of Dachau"

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I close my eyes  
I reach out my hand  
And there you are

Beautiful in scabs  
Caressing my scalp  
Under the mounts of the gun towers

I shout your name  
I kick out in dreams  
And here we are

The searchlight beams  
The siren squeals  
And hopeless shuffle to certainty

The crab lice bite  
The typhoid smells  
And I'm still here

Handsome in rags  
A trouserless man  
Waiting helpless for dignity

Come to me angel  
Don't go to the showers  
Beg, steal or borrow  
Now there's nothing left to take  
Except eternity

And who will come  
To flower our graves?  
With us still here

Covered with dust  
Remembered by few  
But forgotten by the majority

Stay with me angel  
Don't get lost in history  
Don't let all we suffered

Lose it's meaning in the dark  
That we call memory

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