

The Explosion

"Sonderkommando"

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In streams of anxiety I catch a breath of present time
And open a hidden door in a floor with the imprinted
hand

Once again I begin a night descent toward my cellar
worlds

Where the past of milion shadows plays with silent
calmness

I dive strenously in an element of unwanted visions
Painted with pangs of conscience, fed with sadness
And helpless I stand among demons from the former
life

The one tragically led ina treadmill of inhuman cruelty

Detested by the enemy, condemned by my co-brothers
I carry my burden of loneliness through the striped
crowd

I pass dreams, hopes, I proceed among bitterness and
tears

Unceasingly closing eyes of those who desire the
sunrise

I silence my heart, forget the prayers, reject all
thoughts

As I live in the irreversibleness of stupor just to last
I welcome trust, surprise, I say goodbye to faith and
pride

And I write down the tragedy of humankind turned to
dust

Being dead alive I await stepping out of the row
A moment of last crossing the hellish threshold
Eternal chimneys don't forgive their foster sons
Ant they consume the testimony of extermination
system

Devastated by the claims of abstract past
I am awaking to reality created in shade
Where from a victim of humanity burying times
I become an executioner in eyes of justice
Weary of life I examine myself in a mirror of sorrow
And my senile reflection is flowing with the last tear

Ready for meeting faces faded long ago by time
I join the rest of the damned from Sonderkommando

Here comes the time to dream

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