

Ghosts Of Dachau

The Style Council

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