

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 million shadows plays with silent calmness
I dive strenuously 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 in a 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 irreversibility 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
And 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