

The Monolith Deathcult, The White Crematorium

They expect us to die as harmless victims
But our spirit is one with the weeping Mother Russia
Digging the Russian bloodgold with our bare hands
But why am I alive and not dead in this white crematorium?
Snow fills my lungs in this perpetual winter
It is november 1954, I pray for my own death
How can I prolong in this endless winter?
The remoteness and isolation condemn me to this frozen limbo
A simultaneous destruction of people opposed to the Red Monarch
We are all part of the Shamman prophecy, the purge of Stalin
"As "the enemies of the people"
We perish in the goldmines of the cold North
Synonymous with the horrors of the Holocaust
With fear in our eyes we wisper the phrase
"Kolyma means death"
Sickness and cold, bitterness and hunger
In this endless winter grief is never absent
Kolyma means death"
Removing the gold from the frozen ground of Kolyma
We are the lagerniks, the residants of the Gulag Empire
We demand to the snowy mountain peaks
Where the souls of the dead find their eternal rest.
We shall remember the phrase
"Kolyma means death"
Die Partei, die Partei, die hat immer Recht!
Und, Genossen, es bleibe dabei;
Denn wer kmpft fr das Recht,
Der hat immer recht.
Gegen Lge und Ausbeuterei.
Wer das Leben beleidigt,
Ist dumm oder schlecht.
Wer die Menschheit verteidigt,
Hat immer recht.
So, aus Leninschem Geist,
Wchst, von Stalin geschweit,
Die Partei - die Partei - die Partei.