

The Style Council, Ghosts Of Dachau

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 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