

Ilsa Koch

I'm here in Buchenwald.
My number's on my skin.
Old Ilsa Koch is here.
The prisoners walk the grounds.
The hounds have killed a girl.
The guards have shot a man.
Some more have starved to death.
Here comes the prisoner's car.
They dump them in the pen.
They load them down the schute.
The trooper cracks their skulls.
He steals their teeth of gold.
He shoves them on the belt.
He swings that furnace door.
He slides their corpses in.
I see the chimney smoke.
I see their ashes hauled.
I see their bones in piles.
Lamp shades are made from skins.
I'm choking on the smoke.
The stink is killing me.
Old Ilsy Koch was jailed.
Old Ilsy Koch went free.
I've got to hush my song.
Here comes the super man.
I'll see you later on.
I've got to duck and run.