

Manic Street Preachers, The Intense Humming O

The court has come.
The court of the Nations and into the courtroom will come
the martyrs of Majdanek and Oswiecim.
From the ditch of Kerch the dead will rise,
they will arise from the graves,
they will arise from flames bringing with them the acrid smoke
and the deathly odour of scorched and martyred Europe.
And the children they too will come, stern and merciless.
The butchers had no pity on them.
Now the victims will judge the butchers.
Today the tear of the child is the judge.
The grief of the mother is the prosecutor.

You were what you were
Clean cut, unbecoming
Recreation for the masses
You always mistook fists for flowers

Welcome welcome soldier smiling
Funeral march for agony's last edge
6 Million screaming souls
Maybe misery - maybe nothing at all
Lives that wouldn't have changed a thing
Never counted - never mattered - never be

Arbeit macht frei
Transports of invalids
Hartheim Castle breathes us in
In block 5 we worship malaria
Lagerstrasse, poplar trees
Beauty lost, dignity gone
Rascher surveys us butcher bacteria

Welcome welcome soldier smiling
Soon infected, nails broken, hunger's a word
6 Million screaming souls
Maybe misery - maybe nothing at all
Lives that wouldn't have changed a thing
Never counted - never mattered - never be

Drink it away, every tear is false
Churchill no different
Wished the workers bled to a machine