

Using lyrics from Ilse Weber's Wiegala, a song she wrote for the children of the camps as they were taken to the gas chambers.

In a hotel room in Krakow

My shoes are caked in the dirt, the dust

In the silence I hear the song of *die Nachtigall*¹

And I look at the soles

I see it in every groove

I see you in every groove

I hear it all play on the breeze

*Der wind spielt auf der Leier*²

I heard it there too

My head snapped at barking dogs

And footsteps and bootsteps

Then they were just mine

And now I see the remains

The shoes that got to leave

I saw the photos before

In a dusty box in the office

Eyes at the hall

Waiting for you

They're waiting for you

Who it is, I can't tell

¹ The nightingale

² The wind plays on the lyre

Yellow glow off a camera flash

*und schaut hernieder auf die Welt*³

I see your rooms, your walls, your void through the metal bars

Remind me I've never been here before

Please tell me I've never been here before.

*Der Monde ist die Lanterne*⁴

Where is my *Lanterne*?

Never been there before,

Got to leave so easily.

That dust, the dirt, they did too

So I place the shoes in the trash can

Crushing down on the tissues and wrapper and snapped rubber band

I won't walk and spread your dust

*er steht am dunklen Himmelszelt*⁵

Can you see it through all that's *dunklen*?

Can you see me from up there, up there?

Will we be in the *Himmelszelt* too?

Not yet, too soon.

³ And gazes down on the world

⁴ The moon is a lantern

⁵ It stands in the darkened firmament