

DEDICATION

Dedicated to the sacred memory of millions of Jewish Dead of the  
Nazi Regime, and to those who mourn them.

.....

LEST WE FORGET

On the world's face a big bloody smudge!  
Who is guilty? Who should judge?  
Who is guilty? He who put it there.  
Who should judge? His victims! This is but fair!  
Millions of voices rise from the grave,  
They accuse and judge this vicious knave.

This brute, butcher, and murderous rake!  
The stench of death he left in his wake.  
In Auschwitz, he built a real hell.  
Torture, gas, burn, he did these well.  
On his face he wore a terrible crooked smile.  
As six million Jews walked the "last mile."

An agent of the Third Reich, he was esteemed,  
As he killed, tortured, gassed, and maimed.  
There are "people" in this world even today,  
"Eichmann should get a medal", they say.  
He already has a medal, painted in deep red,  
Pinned on his heart by the fingers of the dead.

He was born in Linz, Austria, fifty-five years ago,  
As a boy his vicious blows caused blood to flow.  
He pummelled and killed a Jewish schoolmate,  
But this only aroused his dirty vicious hate.  
After the war he fled to Argentina far away,  
There his victims seized him one sunny day.

He was flown to Jerusalem and put in a cage,  
He was scared he'd be gassed and was in a rage.  
"We warn the living and honor the dead,"  
These are the words good Ben-Gurion said.  
All mankind stands on trial with him,  
In Beit Ha'am Community Center at Jerusalem.

Today we sit very cozily around the TV,  
And very distinctly we can hear and see,  
Many wise old judges from many lands  
Raise their voices and raise their hands.  
Some condemn and decry the action of Israel,  
This they do pitifully and exceedingly well.

Who spoke up to close the concentration camp?  
Ran so "efficiently" by this murdering scamp.  
Of his crimes against humanity, Gideon Hausner will tell,  
This will arouse heaven and earth, and even hell.  
Our consciences revolt as we think of the Cyklon B gas,  
In our time, did these monstrous crimes really come to pass?

"I shall laugh as I jump in my grave," he said,  
"On my conscience six million Jewish dead."  
But today it is difficult for him even to smile,  
For he knows he's about to walk his "last mile."  
What happens to Eichmann humanity will not forget,  
Yet, read this sad poem again, please, lest we forget!