

NUREMBERG

by

Santiago Sanguinetti

translation: Alejandra Artigalás

in some minutes they will be coming for me
when my mobile rings
and I'll come out
and get in the black van without asking any questions
everything is well planned
everything is ready
everything
the black van is going to come
a call to the mobile
and I'll come out
and get in the van without asking any questions
comrades I'm ready
don't ask any questions they told me
the gun comes with me

I've been practicing all week
from there to the embassy
like a normal guy
quietly
breathing quietly
this is big
it is the beginning of the end of the world
I'll arrive at the embassy
fast
like a shadow
aim at the head
two shots at the head

two in the back

and the other two wherever I want

I choose

they told me I could choose

I was born in a quiet neighbourhood

one of those built round a square

one of those with friends

I'm a student

I go to university

I like listening to music

all kinds

classical

there's a composer I can't stop listening to

wagner

and a band

rammstein

or "rammstein" like I use to say

music gives me peace

my father died when I was four

I barely knew him

I know he wanted the best for the country

like I do

he was a military man

the kind who likes order

not a marxist nor a liberal
because those are jewish
and dominate the world
and the world is wrong
the world is quite wrong

as a boy I wanted to be a pianist
but my mother opened my eyes
there is no music other than that of the soldiers' boots
nor any melody other than military marches
the country was in a war
and still is

when I was twenty I joined the national socialist workers' movement
it is still clandestine
only those who can understand it know about it
and the police
who want to dismantle it
the national socialist workers' movement
because we live at war
there's a war out there
and in war only the strongest win
it is just a matter of opening your eyes
freedom is around the corner
that's it
freedom
freedom

freedom

freedom

defend the nation from foreign abuses

from the immigrant filth

from the corrupt rubbish

from ignorant masses

from tramps

from junkies

from degenerates

cleaning

purifying society

we only want what everyone wants

we are not monsters

I ate well

my last meal

men like me have a refined palate

and a taste of ambrosia in the throat

I'm a good cook

I don't eat meat

dogs eat it and get tired fast

horses and elephants don't

this is big

it is just a matter of time

torture will put an end to this shit

let them come one by one

I am prepared

give me a stick and I will make good use of it

I will sharpen it with the heads of queers

at night

I'll go into the jews' shops and beat them to a pulp

like the son of a bitch who reported us to the police

sixteen stabs

nine hammer blows

two in the head

three cuts

on the jugular vein and the carotid artery

and the police keeps investigating

and they won't find us

because we are invisible

they can only see the marks we leave

but not the blows we give

because the future belongs to the best

and the best are those who can prove who they are

because they kill their detractors

openly

not like anarchists

cowards

traitors

with my comrades we like falling upon them with the strength of our hatred

so they can draw on the walls of the hospitals rather than on the streets

that belong to all of us

that are ours

are ours

are ours

I went to an ordinary school

a school in a neighbourhood

I was a model student

I was a happy boy

because somewhere I am still a happy boy

I always smiled for photographs

I still do whenever I can

at school I didn't know how to defend myself

the older boys

me

always

I was still a happy boy

and smiled for the photographs

a call to the mobile

and I will go out

and get in the black van without asking any questions

with food I won the love of my life

come in

yes I cooked this myself

you like it

thanks

will you marry me

she didn't answer

of course she didn't

I am still waiting

with my comrades we get out of the van with polarized windows

and we beat up fucking queers and transvestites

until we get tired

the scum of our time

like that queer who signaled for us to give him a lift

he thought we wanted to fuck

that annoyed us all

a scar on the head

minus fifteen teeth

three broken ribs

and the middle finger mutilated

the son of a bitch won't be able to curse anyone

without remembering us

but today is different

this is sinking and we are the ones who are going to change things

no more silence

because *he who addresses the first word to the world is always right*

always

always

always

josephgoebbels

we are not alone

we owe them this

if we don't go on

everything they did will have been of no use

they lacked time

they just lacked time

we are here to finish their work

they founded hate and violence

they suffered defeat

yes it's true

but they left us fear

fear that now feeds us

that is what they wanted

we have won

that was their aim

we are here

and we are immune to defeat

because we know there will always be more

there will always be more

always

always

one night I went out and got lost

it was a neighbourhood of abandoned factories

I needed to piss
and opened up my pants
I moved up to the corner of a broken down wall
what are you doing a guy asked me
and behind him a horde of queers
you can't pee here
I was alone

if we lost before it was to return stronger
if they hadn't killed them we wouldn't be here
and we wouldn't hate the way we do
because our best comes from the hatred
fuck mercy
fuck compassion
fuck helping the human being
fuck forgiveness
fuck humility
fuck submission
fuck

we are men
we are heroes
we demand to be remembered
you don't make history with praying and begging
you make it with hatred
with strength
with signs on the flesh

not with servile christian timidity

with anger

with strength

we are strong

and here the strongest wins

heil Hitler

this is not easy for me

I am a quiet guy

I run errands

I buy fruit and vegetables

I am not excited by violence

I was born without a violent vocation

I am almost a saint

a couple of weeks ago we found a poor guy painting the streets

a tramp

a vagrant

in a dark corner

at midnight

jesus loves you

come we said to him

the rest looked at me

and I approached him

you don't dare

I won't hurt you

what are you writing

jesus loves you

jesus loves you

how do you know that jesus loves you

does he kiss you good night

does he tuck you up at night

does he prepare breakfast in the morning

when he was about to answer I hit him with an iron bar

and he was lying on the street

bleeding

next to jesus loves you

I approached his ear and talked to him

next time write with your blood on your own flesh

I'm leaving

I'll shoot

and I'll stay there

clean

with nothing but my flesh

and my blood

and I know I won't return

a phone call

and I'll come out

and get in the black van

and I won't return

it is our duty to ensure our race's existence

and a future for white children
those who still don't know how to defend themselves
as we didn't know when we were just children
our nation is not made with queers or junkies
nor with niggers, addicts or ignoramuses
without purity only death awaits us
disappearance
the most terrible part is not the death of the flesh but the death of the blood
we must learn to live with that
defend our blood to be ourselves
to end with all this
to be someone in the world

comrade I am alone
I am unarmed
I am just one
and the horde of queers was looking at me hungrily
and my fly was still undone
comrade I am alone
I am just one
let me go

the love of my life
is beautiful
fragile
if you happen to see her tell her I love her
and I'll miss her

and I love only her

and no one else

if you ever meet her

ever

at noon I was returning from school

walking on the street alone

in the middle of the street

alone

skipping over loose tiles

like anybody else

smiling

just in case someone took a picture of me unaware

in some minutes they will be coming for me

I am not afraid

I won't do anything bad

I am not a bad man

I am not a murderer or an animal

there are certain words that do not define us

there are certain words from which we should run away

as the devil runs away from holy water

and among them are sabotage and murder

it will just be an act of rebellion

the beginning of a new world

a world dominated by hatred

a world dominated by violence

a world dominated by war

we are all those things

us

sometimes I keep hearing my mum's voice

when she kissed me

back from school

she used to make chocolate cookies

and cocoa

and the horde of queers started to come nearer

and my fly was still undone

and when I was about to close it

they told me it wasn't necessary

they trust me

my comrades

because someone who has no one

has his comrades

who are father and mother

blood

muscle

and flesh

we don't fight for a country

we fight for everything

for a new order

for justice and freedom

like the Führer

heil Hitler

heil Hitler

heil Hitler

I know this is my last time

the last time I'll work out as a free man

the last music I'll listen to

my last memories

I thought one chose what to remember at moments like this

but no

memories stifle us

I used to have my hair cut like my dad's

he used to have it cut it like his

we used to have it cut it together

I looked good

I know dad liked it

at the first meeting with the national socialist workers' union

after having passed the specified tests

the conversations via the internet

the greetings

the pseudonyms

and finally the truth

seeing my comrades' faces

those who allow me to die for them today

my dad was buried with honors

at the cemetery they were all well dressed

it was raining

and they were all wearing military suits

four queers grabbed me from the back and pushed me onto to the ground

and I shouted

and shouted

comrades

comrade my ass they said

and we started struggling

at home we didn't save up money

because that was jewish

one day mum found some coins I had

she hit me

she hit me hard

she kept me locked up in the toilet for three days

in the dark

on the last day she came in with scissors

and cut all my hair off

so that you learn how to be a jew she said

november 22 1992 a homosexual dancer is attacked by three young skinheads in a central square while he was walking with his partner both legs were broken january 12 1994 four skinheads engraved a swastika on the face of a disabled 17 year-old girl on a wheel chair for

refusing to shout heil Hitler and disabled to the gas chamber june 15 1995 a black brazilian tourist is humiliated raped and thrown naked onto a kerb by three men one of them skinhead
october 25 1999 in days prior to national elections three skinheads set fire to a seventeen year-old girl leaving a political meeting using a homemade flamethrower severe burns on head and arms
june 23 2003 five young skinheads between seventeen and twenty years doused a tramp with kerosene while he was sleeping on a street in the suburbs and set him on fire

I am not a torturer or a murderer

I am me

a wolf among lambs

when the field is fertilised and the leader comes here

all the wolves will come out for the hunt

to purge society from blood-sucking parasites

and we will welcome our elites with the roman greeting

and a hurrah for victory

for my father

if there is not a war out there

I will invent one

to fight for what he fought for

to fight for everything

everything

sometimes I keep hearing my mum's voice

when she kissed me

back from school

mum let me go out

mum

I have learned

I swear I have learned

mum

it's cold inside

it is dark

I am alone

don't leave me alone

there are noises

mum turn the lights on

mum

mum

come

I won't do it again

I have learned

I swear I have learned

I will never be a jew mum

never be a jew

never

never

I liked wearing my hair like my dad's

but there is no time for cowards anymore

wagner is a great musician

I found this music in my father's drawers

I listen to it alone

because this is music to be enjoyed when one is alone

wagner

go for a walk one afternoon and not come back to this fucking city

go to the river

under the trees

workout

listen to music

think

who I am

who I am

every living thing thinks above all to discharge its strength

life itself is will to power

friedrichnietzsche

it doesn't matter if we don't survive this

it doesn't matter that we are not the martyrs now

what matters is that blood is flowing

understand that we are fury unleashed

thirst for dominance

because living is dominating or being dominated

and no one wants to be with the weak ones

struggle until death

and after that

freedom

freedom after our death

after our death

this is what we are

martyrs

them

four queers grabbed me and wouldn't let me go

and I shouted

and shouted

comrades

but there was nobody there

there's something that unites all the skinheads in the world

a comrade gave me the machine

I was alone

in front of the mirror

I enjoyed the moment

I felt that my spirit was slowly getting purified

alone

in front of the mirror

with my naked torso

as you face the big things

I stretched my arms

and became a new man

nazism is intrinsically a moral fact

consists of undressing the old man who is vitiated

and dressing the new one

to become transformed in the heat of battle is something simple

but not when the war is invisible
we are the ones who unveil the truth
ours is an act of truth
pure truth
defiance
and courage
courage
and manhood

sometimes I look at my face in the mirror
and I see the child I used to be
so I break all the mirrors
I have already broken all the mirrors at home
I keep buying them just to keep breaking them
in case a child's smile catches me unaware

first meeting with the national socialist workers' movement
everybody encouraged me to speak
in front of dozens of comrades
they were many more in my mind
as if I was seeing the Führer himself talking to the crowds

and the four queers wouldn't let me go
and the rest started to come closer
and suddenly they pulled my trousers down

to become free pride willingness obstinacy and hatred are required

and hatred again comrades

and while some of them were grabbing me by my arms

others splayed my legs

then I felt dirty

impure

a horde of queers

shit

shit

heil Hitler

my father was a military man

heil Hitler

then the clapping started

and screams of war

heil Hitler

jews to the gas chamber

mercy

mercy

I just ask for mercy

help

better death than cowardice

stop it fuck

mercy is weakness

mercy is weakness

mother I will never be a jew

never

never

my father

comrades

comrades

today I'm introducing myself to you

I am one more

this is our time

ours

heil Hitler

freedom is round the corner

help

don't do this to me

queers

faggots

help

help

comrades

always

always

before god and the world

the strongest has the right

to carry through what he wills

history proves

he who doesn't have the strength

doesn't profit from the right

applause went on

comrades

my brothers

don't leave me alone

don't leave me alone again

never

never

don't leave me alone

mum

mum

hatred and nothing but hatred

hatred and hatred again

jesus loves you

I was brutal to him

finishing him off was finishing with the man I used to be

the weak one

the innocent

this is how I die for you

comrades

a call to the mobile

and I'll come out not asking any questions

I'll arrive at the embassy

fast

like a shadow

get out of the van with polarized windows

wait for the right moment

and shoot

they thought they were fighting for a country

but no

they fought for everyone

for all of them

they weren't aware

but their flesh blood willingness and heart knew it

the world is in death throes

this is our time

ours

heil Hitler

I don't regret giving my life

exposing myself to enemies' bullets

it is not the flesh that is on the table

but an ideal of natural justice

if you are somewhere

and if you can hear me

I love you

going back to nature

we are nothing but instinct

hatred envy greed a craving to dominate

we are all those things

us

we are honest with our essence of free men

free

free

free

they founded hatred and violence

they suffered defeat

yes it's true

but they left fear

fear that now feeds us

that was what they wanted

we have won

that was their aim

we are here

and we are immune to defeat

because we know there will always be more

there will always be more

always

always

always

it is raining out there

and I

me

me

me