

Zwillinge

He didn't save us

Now we know

He just kept us alive

For himself, that's all

We were only 11

Tattoo still printed,

On my arm I remember

The angel of death, Josef Mengele

He came and asked around

Are there any twins, any twins

Our mother silent until

The last time he asked

She said yes immediately

Then he grabbed us,

And took us away

We couldn't say goodbye

We had been in line

For the gas chambers,

When we were taken

Our mother and sister still waiting

Mengele, fascinated

Took and tested us

Measuring heads,

And blood drawn

Young kids and women

Sent to die

But being twins

Kept us alive

