

(Aïcha)

Ich fühl mich leer, taub, innerlich zerrissen
Die Gedanken in meinem Kopf
Sie lassen mich nicht los

I feel empty, numb and torn inside
The thoughts in my head,
They don't let go of me

Ich weiß nicht wohin mit mir
Wohin mit diesen Gefühlen
Es ist schön hier
Es ist bedrückend hier

I don't know what to do with myself
Where to direct my feelings
It's beautiful here
It's desolate

Es ist krank

It's sick

Krank, dass wir in Häusern der Aufseherinnen schlafen
Krank, was hier passiert ist
Und krank, dass es trotzdem schön ist hier

Sick, that we are sleeping in the guards' houses
Sick, what happened here
And sick that it's still beautiful here

Dieser Gedanke ist krank
Und lässt mich nicht los
Das Gefühl der Kälte lässt mich nicht los
Die Stille lässt mich nicht los

This thought is sick
And it doesn't let go of me
The feeling of coldness doesn't let go of me
This silence doesn't let go of me

Denn nachts
Wenn es still ist
Dunkel ist
Und kalt

Because at night,
When it is quiet,
Dark
And cold

Packt mich diese Stille und
Wird gefüllt von
Tausend Stimmen die mich festhalten
Vor Augen halten
Wo ich bin
Was hier passiert ist
Und dass die Stille, die ich höre
Keine Stille ist

The silence seizes me
And is filled with
Thousands of voices that take hold of me
And show me
Where I am,
What happened here
And that the silence I am hearing,
Is no silence at all

Dieser Ort ist gefüllt von tausend Stimmen, die gehört
werden wollen
Die frei sein wollen
Die Geschichte erzählen
Und so reißen sie mich aus dem Schlaf und fangen an
zu erzählen

This place is filled with thousands of voices wanting to be
heard,
Wanting to be free,
Sharing history
And so they rip me from my sleep and start telling their
stories

(Guillem, Cinta)

Una vida en blanc
Plors només al néixer
Condemnats cap al barranc
Massa poc temps per créixer

A life in blank
Crying just being born
Condemned to live in a hole in the ground
Too little time to grow up

Sí, és el silenci,
Guanya qui més el venci
Recordar i treure's la corda
I que la vida recomenci

Yes, it is the silence
Who wins is who triumphs
Remembering and taking the chains off
Let the life start over

Les llàgrimes del rostre
I el camí de la memòria
Omplen pàgines i mostren
Que aquí totes fem història

Tears from the face
And the path of the memory
Fill pages and show
That we are all making history

(Broder)

Every wave tells a story,
In the language of the water,
I really wanted to say sorry,
This makes it even harder

Swimming within the words,
Shed a tear when I dive in,
It's hard for me it hurts,
Water me I'm thriving

The words I swallow in your ocean
Plant the seed of hope in me,
Fertilizing my emotion
Rise up to the highest tree.

(Hannah)

Ich fühl mich leer auf mich allein gestellt
Seh' wie meine Vorstellungskraft wie zu Staub zerfällt
Ich kann nicht fassen, nichts erkennen, zu verblichen,
zu alt
Doch spür wie die Geschichte von den Mauern
wiederhallt

(Lena)

With all this silence in my mind
Not a Single word to find.
Don't be quite speak out loud
Come together, shout it out!

(Lou)

Ich sitze auf der Wiese und ich höre den Wind
Während in den Bäumen irgendwo ein Vogel singt
Ich find es kaum erträglich diese Schönheit zu sehen
Und zwei Minuten später auf der Schlacke zu stehen

Die Schlacke, das ist ohnehin nur eine Imitation,
Der Versuch eines Erinnerns, eine Illustration
Dessen was auf ewig unbegreiflich bleibt zeigt sich in
den Spuren der Vergangenheit

Zurück auf der Wiese spür ich diesen Widerspruch
Muss mit der Spannung leben, mit diesem Bruch
Die einzige Möglichkeit damit umzugehen
Ist zu versuchen zu versuchen zu versuchen zu
verstehen

(Bahar)

The silence here is telling me
to not forget the history,
to not forget the past, the people and the mystery

The mystery of this place
and the secret that it keeps.
We shouldn't forget the innocent people who died
because of those creeps.

(Charlotte, Anissa)

Es ist so sonderbar an diesem Ort zu sein
Der von außen so scheint, so friedvoll und fein
Wer es schafft an diesem Ort die Stille zu finden

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In the language of the water,
I really wanted to say sorry,
This makes it even harder

Swimming within the words,
Shed a tear when I dive in,
It's hard for me it hurts,
Water me I'm thriving

The words I swallow in your ocean
Plant the seed of hope in me,
Fertilizing my emotion
Rise up to the highest tree.

I'm feeling empty, like I'm on my own
See how my power of imagination fades away like dust
I can't grasp, can't see anything it's too faded, too old
But I feel how history is echoing from the walls

With all this silence in my mind
Not a Single word to find.
Don't be quite speak out loud
Come together, shout it out!

I'm sitting on the meadow, listening to the wind
somewhere in the trees there is a bird that sings
All this beauty it's unbearable to see
And standing on the slag two minutes after

The slag is only an imitation anyway
An attempt to remember, an illustration
Of something that will forever be incomprehensible
Which manifests today and in the traces of yesterday

Back on the meadow, I feel this contradiction
Got to live with the tension, with the brokenness
The only way to deal with this
Is trying to try to try to understand

The silence here is telling me
to not forget the history,
to not forget the past, the people and the mystery

The mystery of this place
and the secret that it keeps.
We shouldn't forget the innocent people who died
because of those creeps.

It's so awkward to be at this place
That seems to be so peaceful and nice
The ones who are able to find the silence here

Der kann hier auch die Zukunft und Vergangenheit verbinden

Heute können wir frei sein in der trügerischen Stille
Damals war er nicht gegeben: der freie Wille
Und wenn uns die Stille zu erdrücken scheint
Dann ist es vielleicht grad' die richtige Zeit:

Still zu sein, einzuatmen, in sich zu geh'n
Und voll von Tatendrang in die Zukunft zu sehen
Das Ziel hier ist eine Botschaft zu verbreiten
Und zwar: Lasst euch nicht von Hass leiten!

(Chun Chao)

這是天堂 也是地獄
我們有著不可描述的際遇
我們有著被剝奪的歡愉
只因為我們是晴天中的烏雲

(Pauline)

Eingezäunt, überwacht, Führerhaus leer über Nacht,
umgebracht, nicht mitgedacht, rechte Bewegungen
sind an der Macht
eingeteilt, abgewertet, kategorisiert, als asozial
verfolgt,
damit niemand sie hört – niemand stört!

(Monika)

Sounds in transition, the place speaks to me,
80 years of deeply troubled history
The noise, weeps and cries and then the silence
No space for memories, continuing violence.

I hear the wind in the trees, the chirping of birds
Those who survived were often not heard
Where beauty and death meet and collide
There's still struggle and need to continue the fight

(Hannah, Bahar)

In my body an inner coldness
I feel fire that awakes
We don't give up as long as the last one
Has heard this story

We're building bridges between our nations
Holding each other's hands
We're standing here together to make you understand:
We are no longer silent
We are no longer silent

(all)

We are loud together,
Strong together,
We never surrender,
We'll fight to remember.

We are loud together,
Strong together,
We never surrender,
We'll fight to remember!

Are also able to connect past and present

Today we can be free in the deceptive silence
Back then you didn't have free will
And when it seems that the silence overwhelms us
Maybe it's the right time:

To be silent, to breathe in, to reconsider
And to look forward, full of thirst for action
Our goal here is to spread a message:
Don't let yourself guided by hate!

This is heaven. This is hell.

We have the experience that is not describable.
We have the happiness that is deprived.
Just because we are the dark cloud in the clear sky.

Fenced in, surveilled, guide's house empty overnight,
Killed, not kept in mind, right wing movements are in
power,
Classified, devalued, categorized, persecuted as
"asocial"
So that nobody can hear them until today, so nobody
disrupts the order

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