

"... die Menschen geben nicht an verlorenen Kriegen zugrunde sondern am Verlust jener Widerstandskraft, die aus dem reinen Blute zu eignen ist."

"Mein Kampf", edit. 1939,  
p. 324.

"Ein Staat, der im Zeitalter der Hassvergiftung sich der Fliege seiner besten russischen Elemente widmet, muss eines Tages zum Herrn der Erde werden."

"Mein Kampf", edit. 1939,  
p. 782.

and time rolls on... and every empty day <sup>L</sup><sub>o</sub> slowly fades away,  
as uneventful as any other one, into the mist of unrecorded history,  
bearing us, along our strenuous way, nearer the heart's desire of the  
vengeful, nearer the doom of those whom we resist, nearer the unfai-  
ling end of this atrocious night, nearer the yet well-hidden goal for  
which we fight, — the one unchanging dream for which we live,  
while we never forget, never forgive.

and time rolls on... and every dreary hour that passes by into  
eternity, glaringly shows the soundness of our claim, and tells the  
world the inanity of Thy enemies victory, while bringing Thy dismembered  
Nation new strength and new prosperity, new hopes of unity, with the  
increasing certainty of our return to power, and both our persecutors  
further fears of unavoidable annihilation.

and thus we march invincibly towards our lofty Aim, along the way of  
blood and tears. It matters not what price we gave, it matters not wh-  
price we shall yet give, to see all those who hated Thee descend into

xx the grave, after they groan under our whip for years and years,  
— while we never forget, never forgive.

And time rolls on... and every passing second brings us further away  
from the long nightmare of defeat; nearer the glory of our dawning Day;  
nearer the time we shall begin again; nearer the morn of Thy unending  
reign, when Thy adoring People will repeat the now forbidden words of  
faith and pride in frenzied spell-like cheers, and when, for countless  
scores of years, the nations of the West that have refused to side with  
Thee and fight the common foe, and live, will lie in ruins at our feet,  
— while we never forget, never forgive.

And time rolls on.... With us they had not reckoned, when setting  
forth their vast utopian schemes. They thought Thee dead, and us also;  
they thought our faith had slackened; they thought, — the fools —  
they could rely upon our loyalty to values which we hate; they thought  
they could send us to die, without us ever asking why, while we had  
grown too weary to say "no". They thought they had become the masters of  
our fate; but here we rise, and here we stand, and give the world to  
understand that we shall never fight but for our same old dreams: for  
honour and for might, and what we know is right; for the joy of asserting  
the privileges of our birth; for Thee, for Greater Germany, for Aryan xx  
ruin upon this earth — the Gospel of <sup>perennial</sup> eternal Truth in its new form,  
came to proclaim, and, which is more,  
which we ~~have come~~ to live, while we never forget, never forgive.

and time rolls on... nothing can break our spirit,  
 nor alter our allegiance to Thee and to the German Reich, home of  
<sup>02</sup>  
 the best, stronghold and hope of Aryan mankind in the west. all ~~know~~  
 Thy enemies might say or do to gain our favour that they so require,  
 nothing can shake our faith, nothing can ever move our loyalty to the  
 old oath; nothing can kill our will to rise again. Every new step of  
 the former "great Allies" made towards us we meet with a new grievance;  
 no threat can force us to believe their lies; no bribery can keep our  
 hearts from hating both.

Happier as the storm draws nigh, we wait and watch events go by...  
 we wait and watch the signs of war — the hopes of liberation; the  
 coming chances of Thy Nation to seize the lead of sunset lands once  
 more, and we are confident in our own strength and we are grateful to  
 the immortal Gods who made us free, serene even in hell and loving  
 only Thee, having nothing to lose and all to give, — faithful when  
 all become unfaithful, while we never forget, never forgive.

Santosh Mukherjee