

# Kataxu, The Manifesto of the Unity

Let the heavy breath of clouds magnify the horizon  
Let all of the matured ultra feelings burn with bloody spew of the Gods' fire  
Let the waters strike with waves of hate!  
Let Ragnarok begin, from the loudest scream of unity!  
A vitreous female - ripped from a womb  
Then and there had passed her palm over to become the first lady  
Then and there the flakes had uncovered the wild attachment  
She cried, covering her vulgar laugh underneath her mask  
She passed her palm over the thousands swirling in a sexual rhythm.  
She envenomed the Gods with a drink...  
To procreate a war monster of a hundred years  
The vitreous female within the web of Orion  
(Do you hear the mighty steps above the waters!?)  
Their calling was heard, but no one saw their demonic wings...)  
(The ages in which begriming the the faith and the race have never been so apt)  
Don't ask, if it is eay to find the key in one of the sources of creation  
If the fall of the hounds' faith is near  
If the wrath of the pantheon still hears its flame at the corners of the world  
Let's throw a shadow of crystal murders  
Because this is the time - where birds can only fly  
Upon the golden formation  
Uopn a heap of thoughts  
The pearls of the hounds' dog will crawl - in its mighty beauty  
On a leash, dragged behind the godly chariots of war!!!  
You will stand, like before, underneath the whip of Ancient Rome  
In the frantic laugh of Sparta, I will push your brood off the mountain  
Let the gales speak when the crows shall laugh!  
Pick out the eyes so they can see!  
The prophecies in which the background was found  
For the end of millions of sheep eyes  
This is the wolf era of truth - amongst the burning of sanctuaries lies!  
In the hands of puppets - the sanctuaries of the world tremble  
The cold wind still ripples the hue changing wate...  
Creations of short breath shall crawl - forever!  
Because these are the epochs of power, entangled and unified!  
And the gale shall blow into the horn of victory - to all the corners of the world!  
The victims, for the holes in time, shall be stopped in a vortex of vulgar laughs and eternal motionle  
Those, who bowed down to the hounded god,  
Will now dip their necks, before the rings of power!  
Seperated amongst dead embodiments - creatures of short breath!  
Pick out the eyes so they can see!