

Kataxu

"Below The Tree Of Life"

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In a flamed abyss, into a maelstrom of the deepest
Caves
Here - below the tree of life...
Moving dark blocks of rubble
Touching the mighty wings, whirl between nine candles
Of fate!
Awakening amongst abdomens and rites...
The dense air of the halls and the wells' screams in
The ancient tongues of wood.

Twirling amongst everlasting calls...
The underwater gap on the bloodied torn tree of life...
The echo of the demons' chants strikes like kisses of
Death...
... Below, the timeless vapor, and the death of united
Thoughts.

Through the nine candles of fate
The designs of the walls of time are endless in moving
Images.
An innocent reflection of the white lady's laughter
This is the mighty power in a borderless image of the
Ancient.
Here, below - the frozen walls weep reaching
immensity.
Crowded mothers fade in the distance, and the leaves
Reach for the horizon.

Mixed ashes within elements, the underwater lava
forms
Paths -
When the soul begins to burn returning to the roots of
Being

The tears of ecstasy sculpture the countenance

The screams strangle shapes
Pillars of faces flowing in a victorious conversion
Sacred elements of the abyss - Kataxu!
Lead for me the wheels of death and life are lit...
I remember! Being born many a time, living ruddiness

of
The worlds!
I, bringer of the dusk...
Glorifying the most cruel of wisdoms
Creating ages of tyranny in the midst of a short life
Infiltrating worlds full of religion and incarnations
With innocence my robe of scarlet is moistened
Mechanical faces of envy; balls in cycles of a lighted
Demise
Caverns of my aura - in a vortex of the deepest caves
Rouge wafts of melancholy
Awakening with poison of sweet catacombs
Breathe the shadows into the space of horizon!
This is the Reich arising from the war drawn path
Through the solar line of the division of the two suns
Towards the top of the center of madness
Through the solar line of comets at the countless stars
Of chaos
Now, the machine of time counts back the falls for the
Violent victory
Now, with a proud march through the thirteenth planet -
Stomp upon the pearls of the disease

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