

Katayu

"Roots Thunder"

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The Bullet Of The Hight Environment In Shortening
Days
Of Thorny Blasphemies, The Thought Disperses Bones
But The Dust Is Not Silent
Ending The Performance, This Is The Stigma Which Is
Rised Above Another Time
I Curse By Blind Candle Throught The Furthest Past
Where The Sound Of Horses Looks For The Slates Of
Vertical
- What A Great Hanged Man In The Reflection Of Tribes
- What Sweet Are The Traces Of Thrombosis In Rooty
Incarnations
Fast Curve To Immortality Of The Arms
Moth Moves Its Life But Who Takes Her Hand
To Make It Look At A Creature Of Its Transformations
- I Am Looking For A Mask Through The Forgotten Land
... And You Who Come Uninvited!
- I Am Here!
- Hunt Me! Because I Have Never Met Colourness Of
Freedom
Oh My Laughter, Parapsychical Murders
Do You Scream Because Of Hunger?
- Oh Yes!
I Will Be Listening To You; I Will Sing The Former
Despair To You.

... The Dolls Are Crying Again!
- Enjoy Yourself!
- This Palace Is Yours.
... And Where Is The Love?
- You Fool!

The Only One I Knew Is The Paranoia To Foold.
Your War Of The Waving Blind Is Covered With Dust
Caress With The Power Of Silent White And Dream
About Healing
Lick All Your Wounds In Dependence On Underfeelings
- Do Not Ask For More!
... Because As A Pagan Mother
... All My Fingers As Eternal Wolfs,
Efficiency Of Peace I Release
I As An Old Man And My Couns Are Counted Years Ago.
I As A Hatred Writing Hand Dispersed Feather Traces

On Cosmic Sand
I As Hight Environment's Faith
I As Long Ages Of War
- With Purple Of Blood Rise Our Swords!
- Because The Ancient Hatred Is Inside Us!
- It Is Our Peace!

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