

March on! Conquer and take no slaves!
For we are here to get back knowledge
That has been taken away from us long time ago,
that has been stolen from us by pigs who named themselves prophets

"Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
(Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!
Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled),
Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the horned moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones!" *

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Rise! Like Phoenix from the ashes
Live! According to your thoughts
Think! There is no God or Satan...
Die! As Phoenix then reborn!

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"We rule the hearts of mightiest men - we rule
With a despotic sway all giant minds.
We are not impotent - we pallid stones.
Not all our power is gone - not all our fame
Not all the magic of our high renown
Not all the wonder that encircles us
Not all the mysteries that in us lie
Not all the memories that hang upon
And cling around about us as a garment,
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory." *

[* "The Coliseum" by Edgar Allan Poe]