

The Pentacle Star

Eidolon

Cast down in mortal disguise - belittles himself among the pagans
With razor sharp precision - he carves another prize of death
Not willing to hear pathetic pleas for life
Thought to all in life as kind - surgical seduction, he lifts the gleaming blade
To taste the tainted blood of desire - embedding the blade into harlot flesh
Not willing to hear pathetic pleas for life
Thematically placed mutilation - he shall then complete the pentacle circle
He's been never caught nor found - a grave sickness, never to be equaled

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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