

Eidolon, The Pentacle Star

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

Theme

Strategically placed mutilation - he shall then complete the pentacle circle
He's been never caught nor found - a grave sickness, never to be equaled