

Eidolon

"The Pentacle Star"

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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

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