

## Five - Pointed Star

Septic Flesh

Your Pythagorean sign, five angles put in line  
Symmetry, a door through chaos.  
You try to use The Laws, emotions stir your words.  
Your thoughts are reaching me.

You call me by my name, a non-forgotten name...  
Earth, fire, air, water, exalted Idea.  
Divine the star of the elements  
Pentagrammon

In memory of angels fallen.  
Five-pointed... five-pointed...

The path to all directions, the star of elements.  
A map you seek to unfold.  
Five angles are your senses.  
A solid universe, I am eager to explore.

In memory of angels fallen.  
Five-pointed... five-pointed...

Your star ideogram, so ancient as Our kind,  
Those that the heavens roam.  
In distant times a calling.  
In island Earth a falling, from heaven to your world.

The star ideogram, so ancient as Our kind  
Earth, fire, air, water, exalted Idea.  
Divine the star of the elements  
Pentagrammon

In memory of angels fallen  
Five-pointed... five-ointed...  
Five-pointed star