

Five-Pointed Star

Septicflesh

Your Pythagorian 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
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