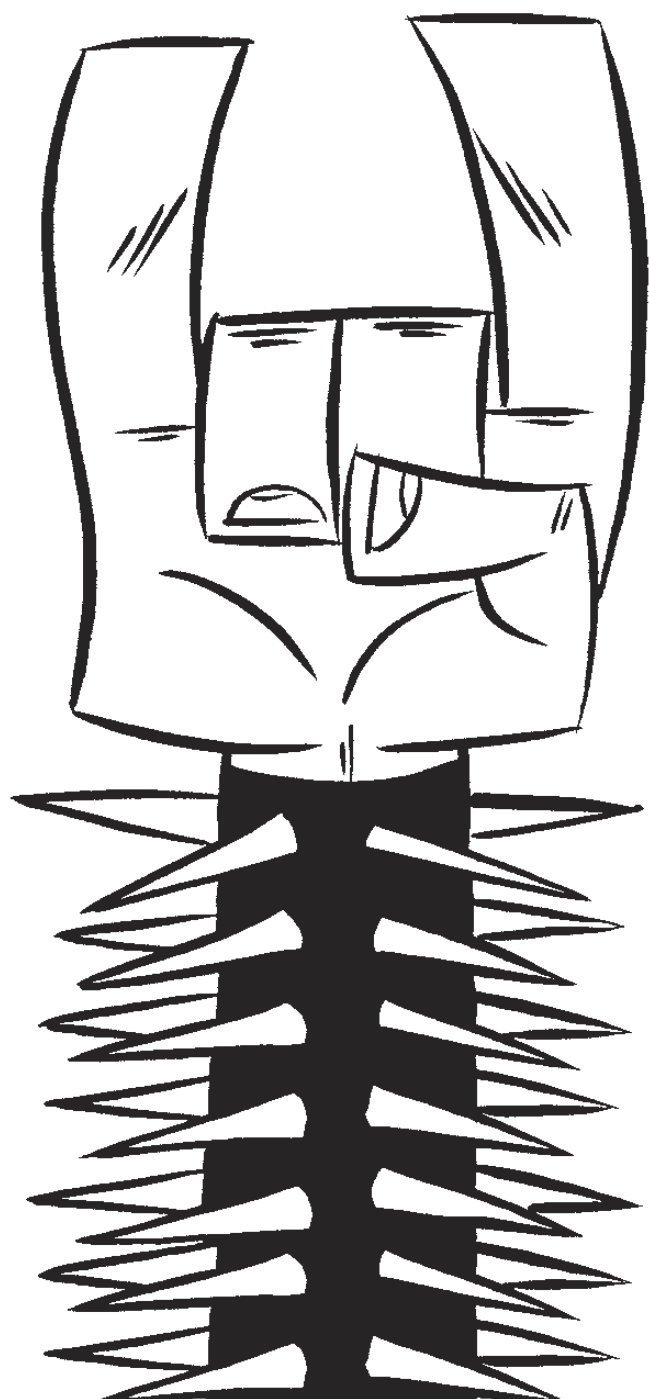


RICK SPEARS CHUCK BB

BLACKMETAL

OMNIBVS









BLACKMETAL

OMNIBVS

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RICK SPEARS

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHUCK BB

EDITED BY
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DESIGNED BY
JASON STOREY



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OMNIBVS

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STEVEN PERKINS

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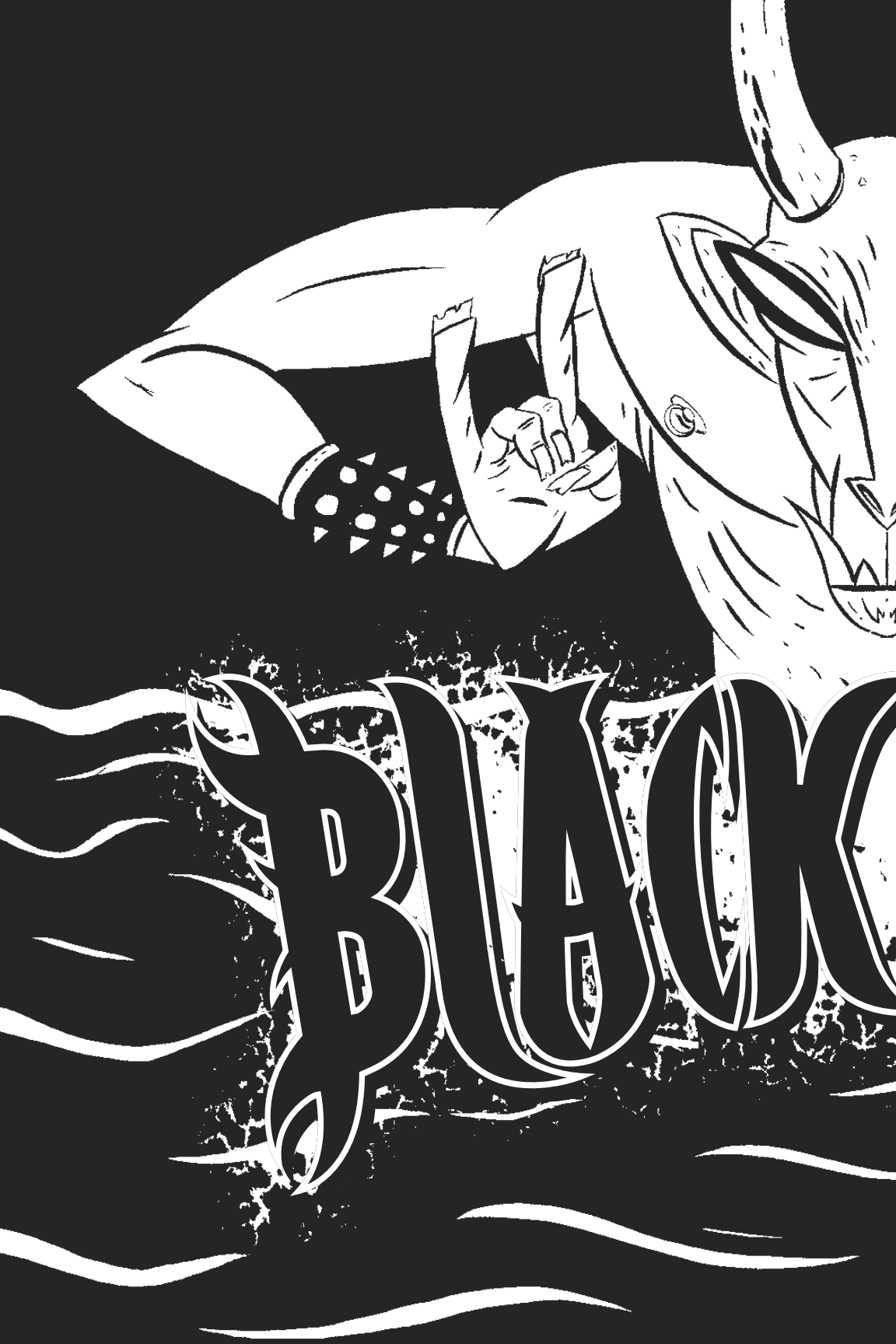
BOOK II LETTERED BY
DOUGLAS E. SHERWOOD

BOOK II TONING ASSISTS BY
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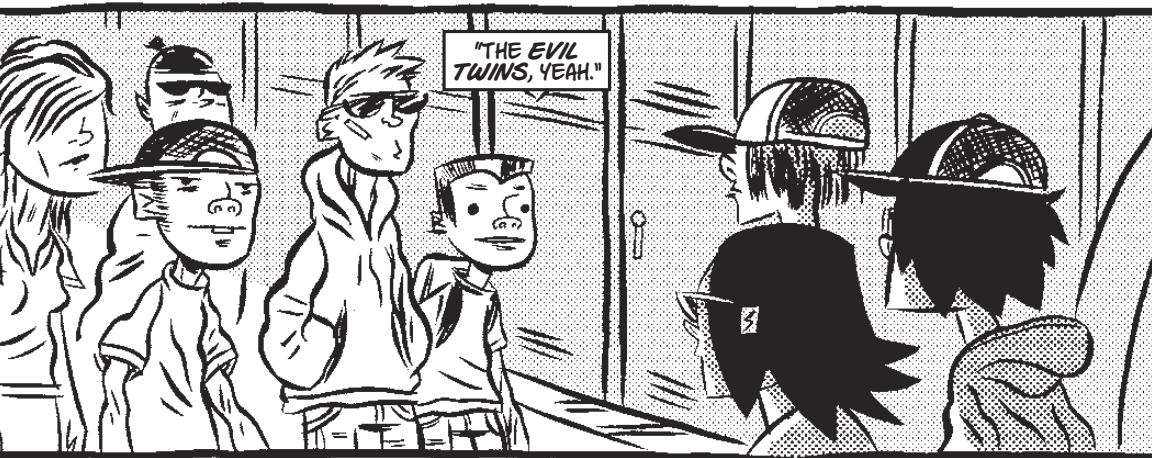
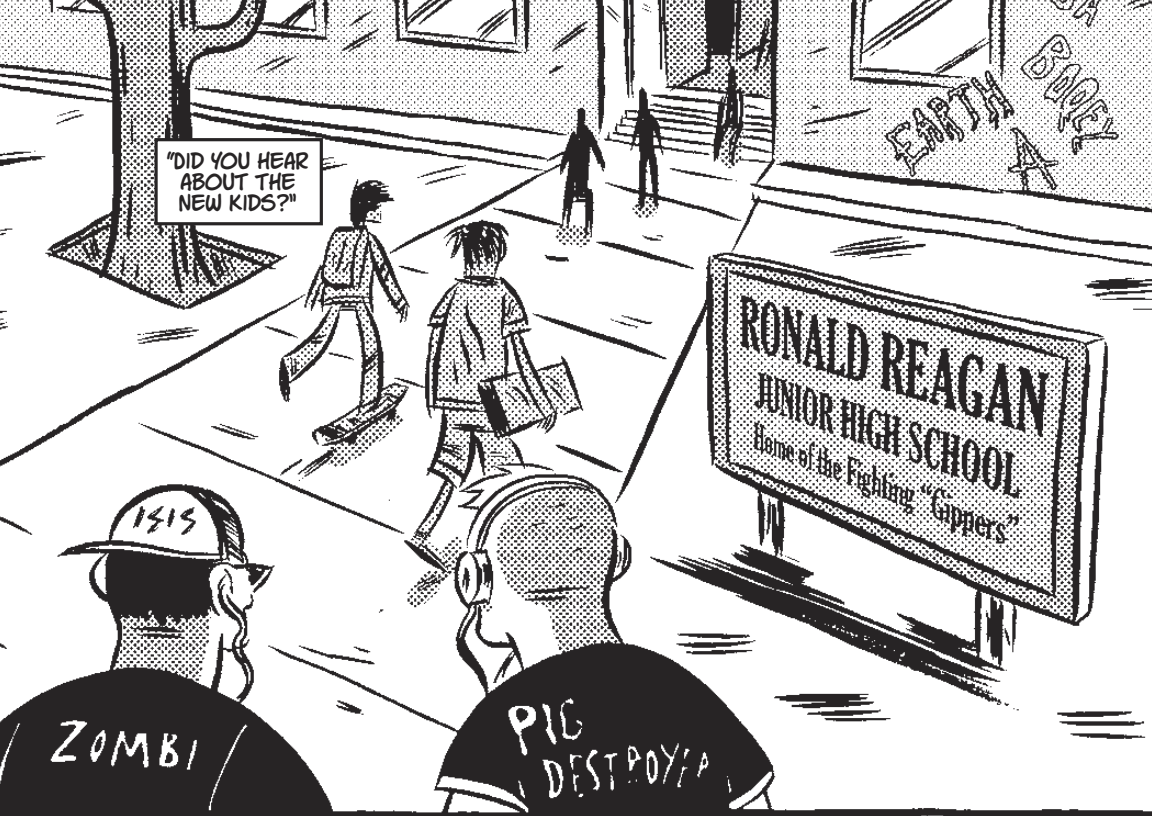
FIRST,
THERE WAS
BLACKNESS.

THEN...

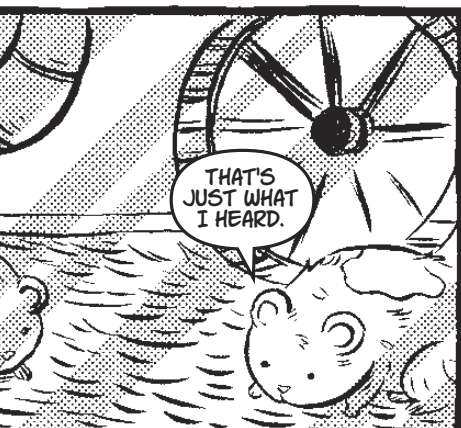
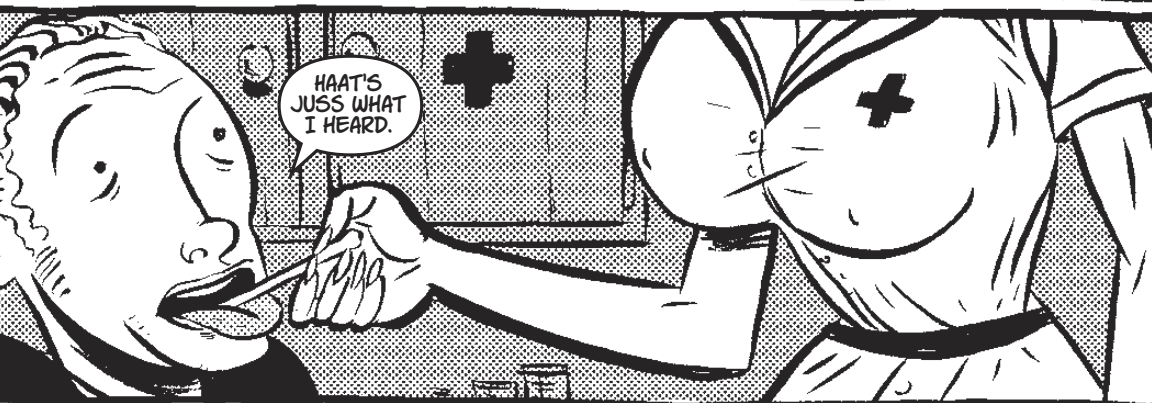
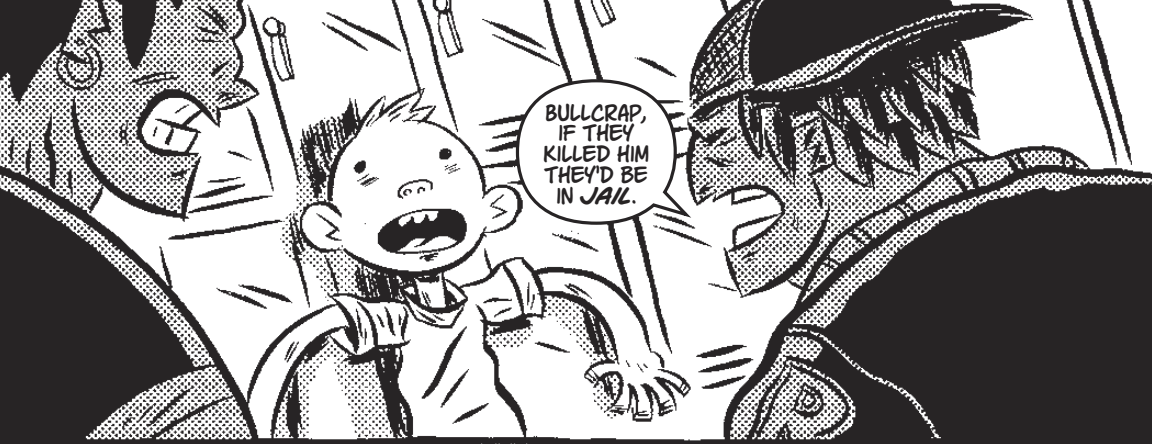
...THERE WAS
METAL.



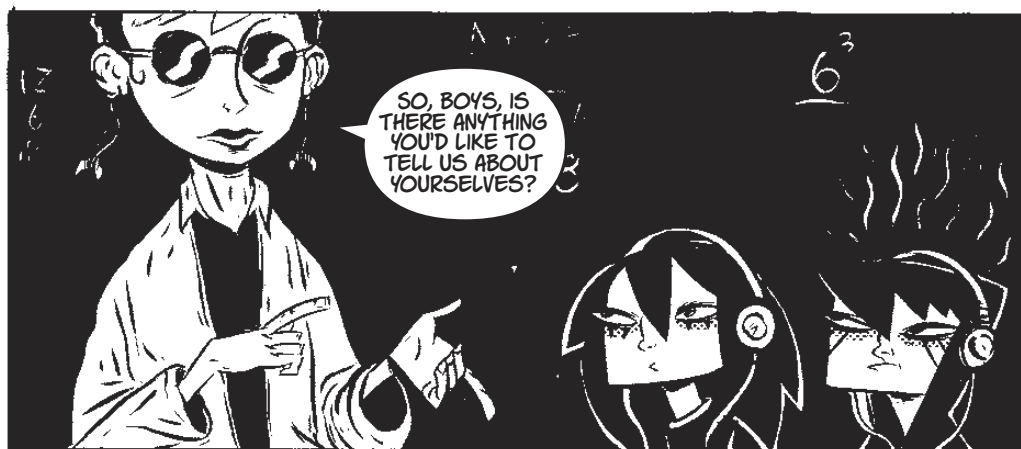












SO, BOYS, IS THERE ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO TELL US ABOUT YOURSELVES?



WE'D PREFER TO LET OUR ACTIONS DEFINE US.

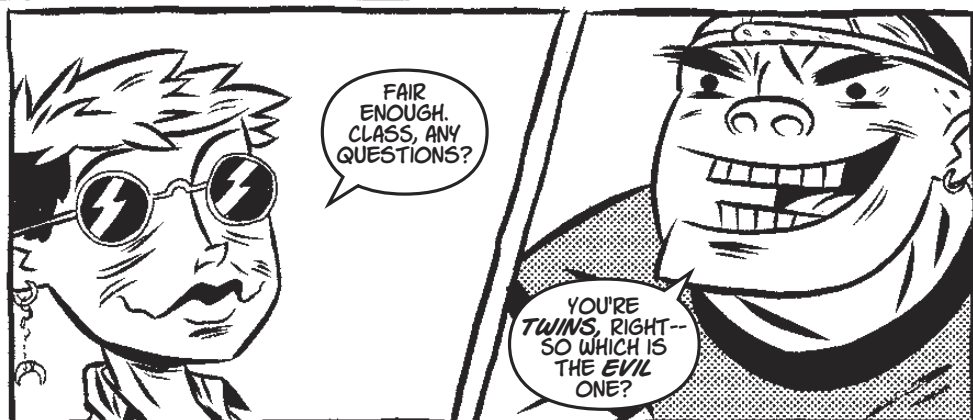
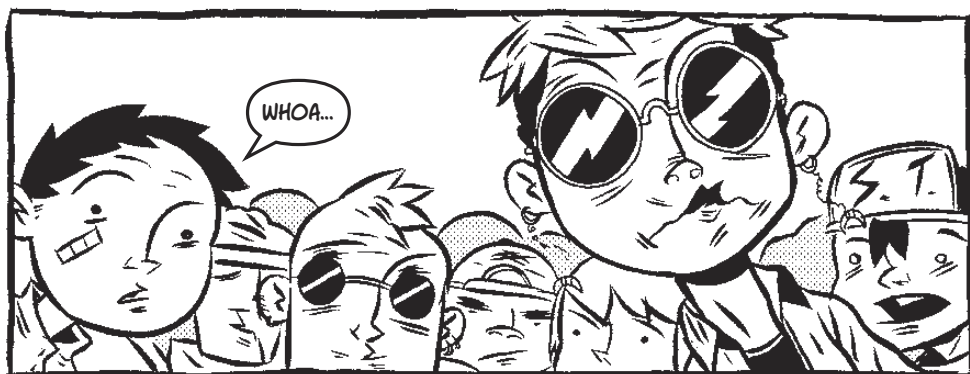


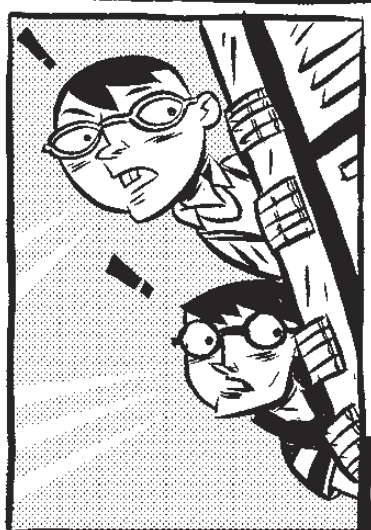
OH, I'M SURE THERE MUST BE SOMETHING YOU CAN TELL US.



WE'RE ALL FRIENDS HERE. COME ON, LET'S *BREAK* SOME ICE.







AND IT SEEMS OUR REP IS INTACT AND RAMPANT.

THEY'RE A WEAK AND SUPERSTITIOUS LOT.







THEY
GIVE ME
PILLS BUT
I STOPPED
TAKING 'EM.



WHAT'S
HE TALKING
ABOUT?

DUNNO, BUT
HE'S TURNING
BLUE--



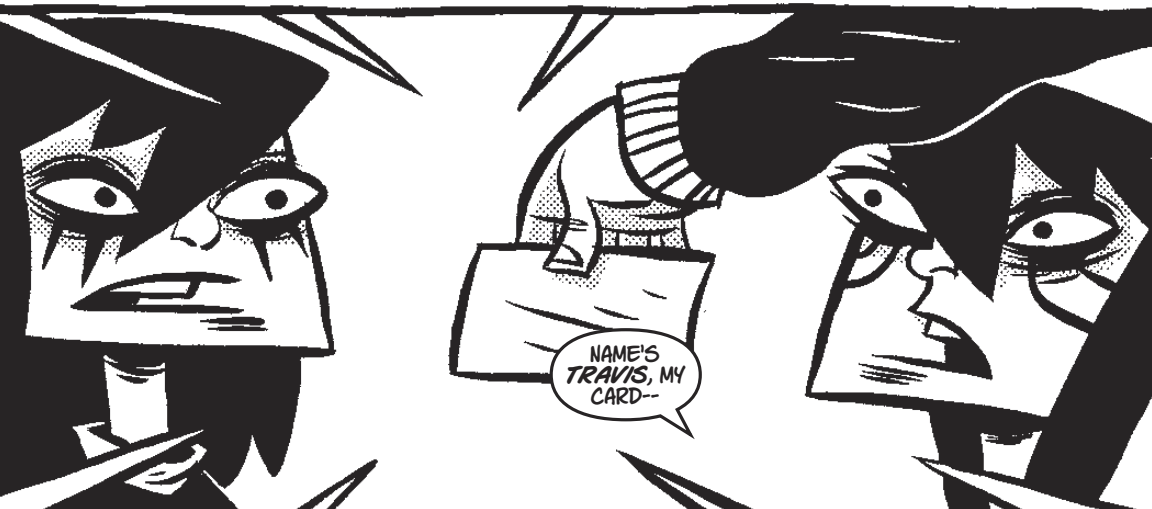
GHAAH

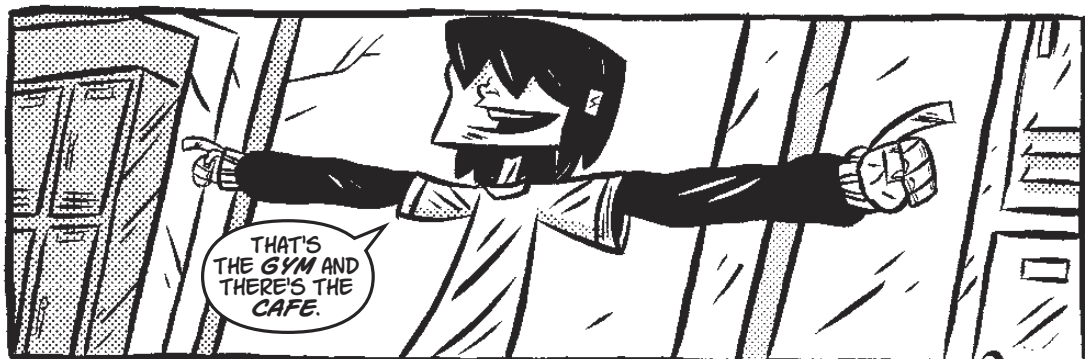


DIDN'T MEAN
TO BUM RUSH
YA, BUT IT'S NOT
EVERYDAY WE
GET *FRESH*
MEAT.

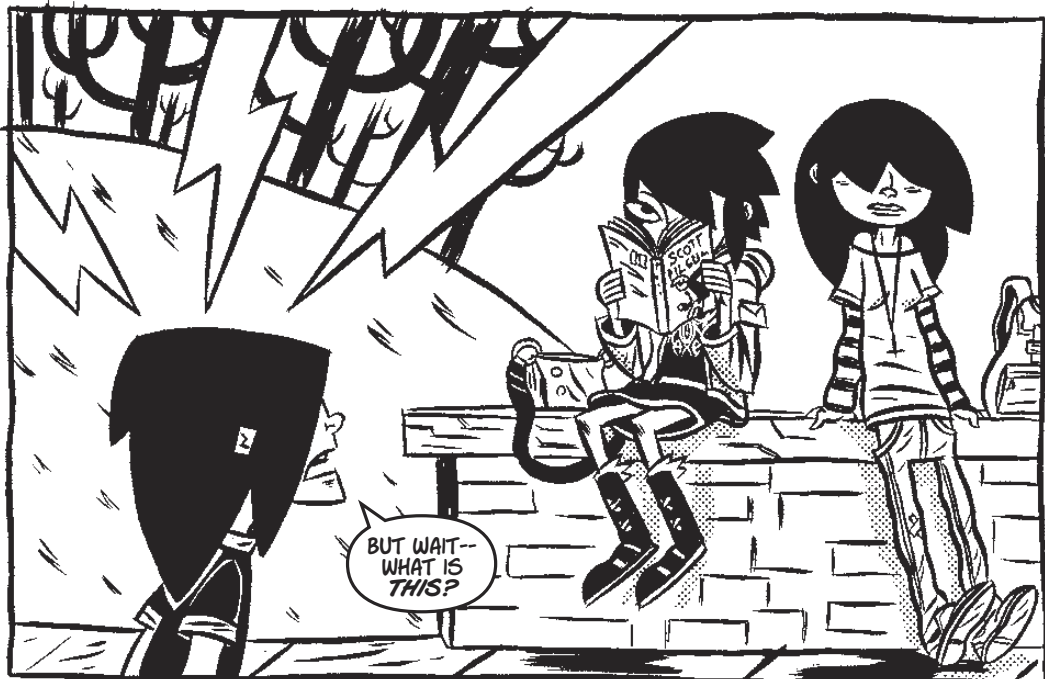


AND I HAD
TO GET TO
YOU BEFORE THE
POD PEOPLE
ALL SUCKED
YOU UP.



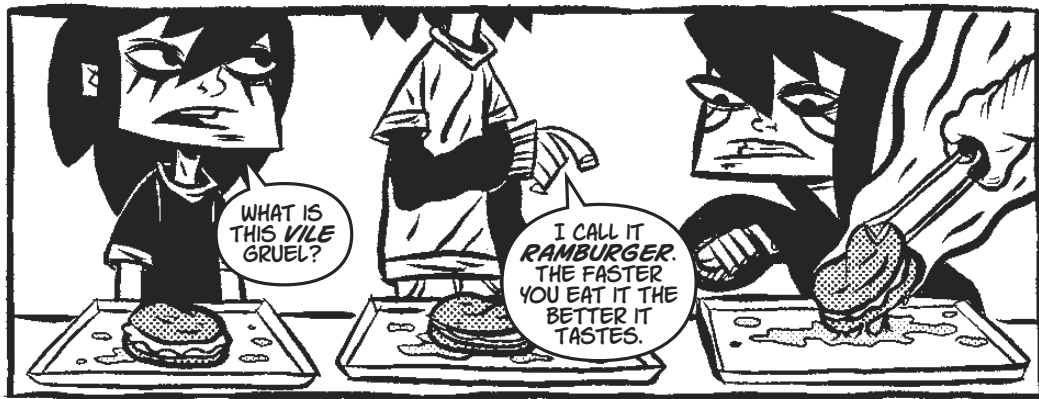






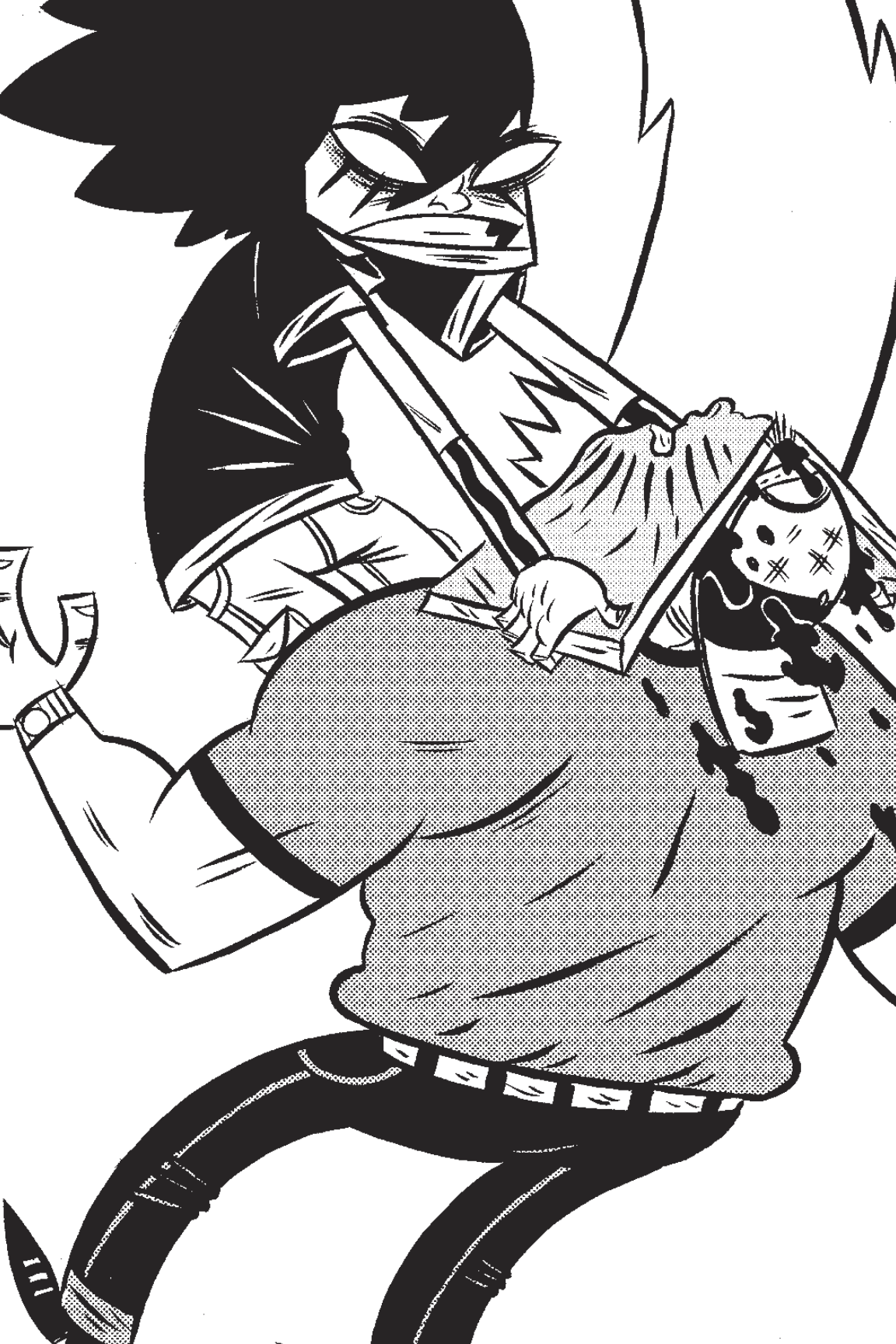






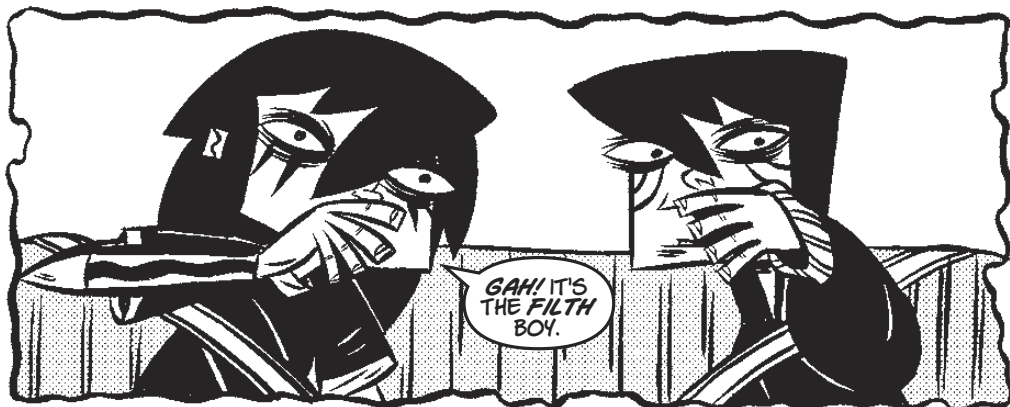
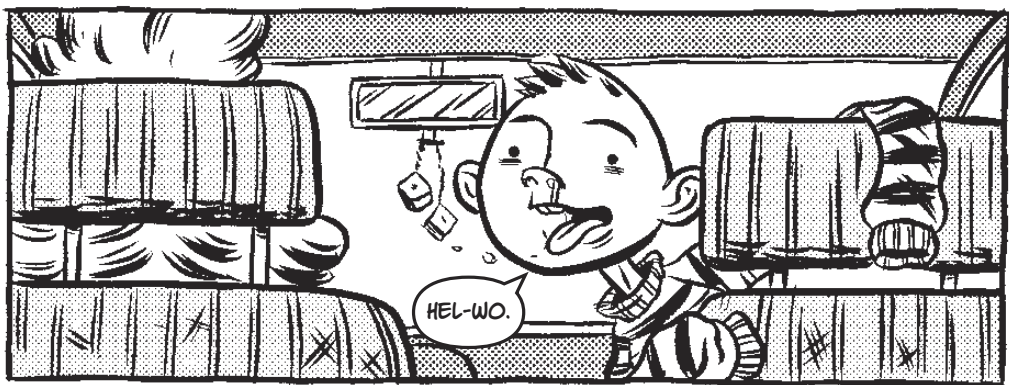


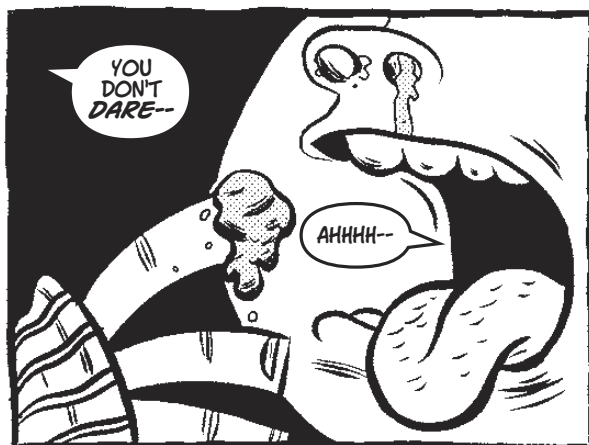






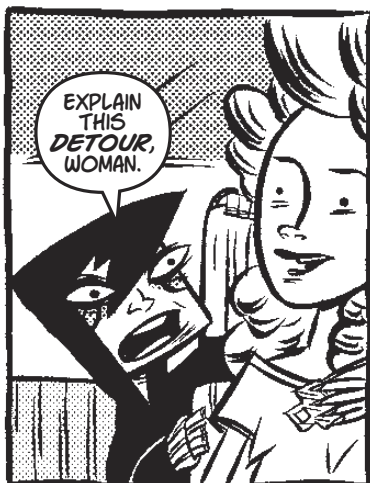


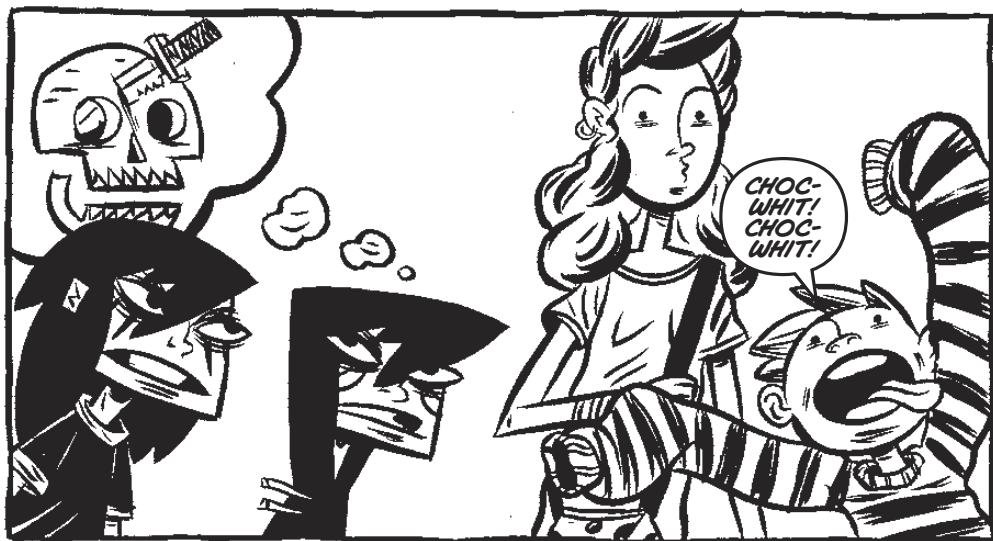
















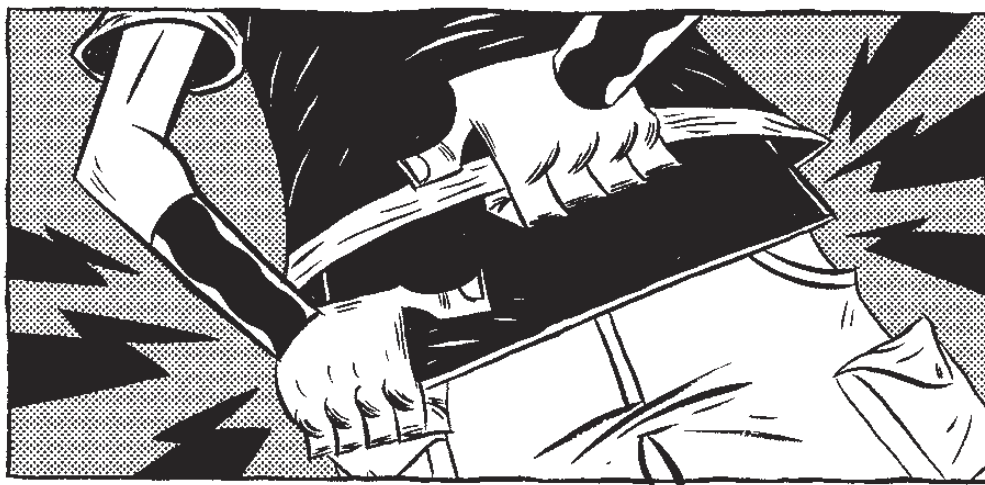
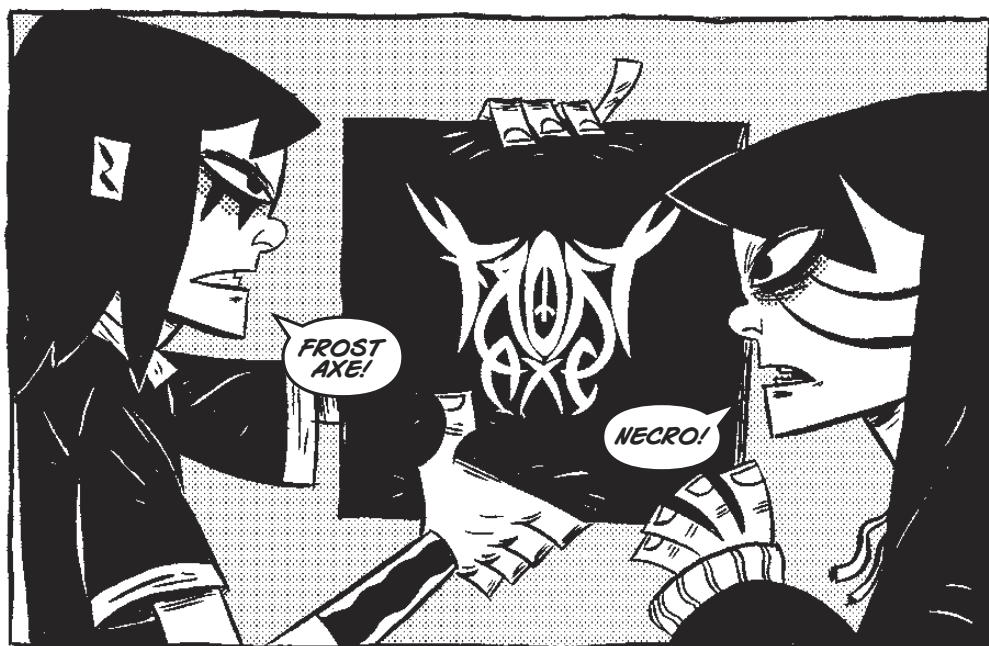


VIETALH
DEATH • BLACK • GRIND



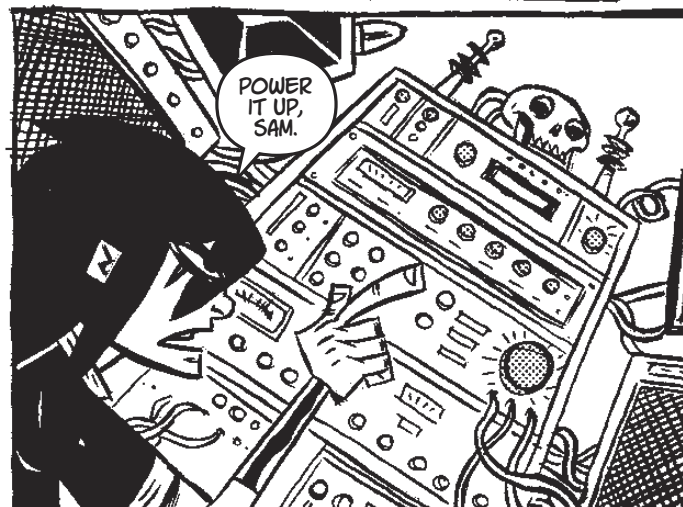


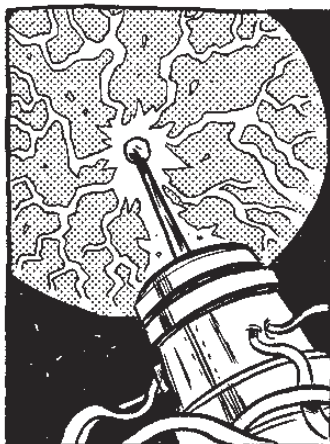
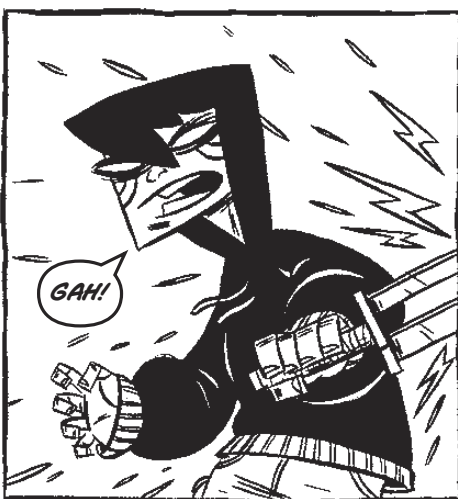
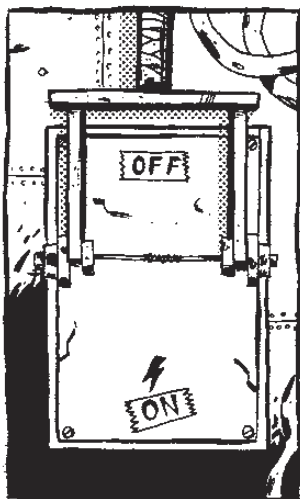






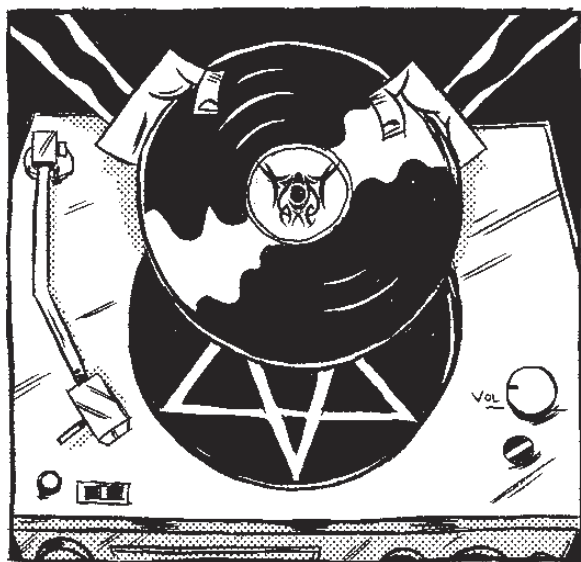
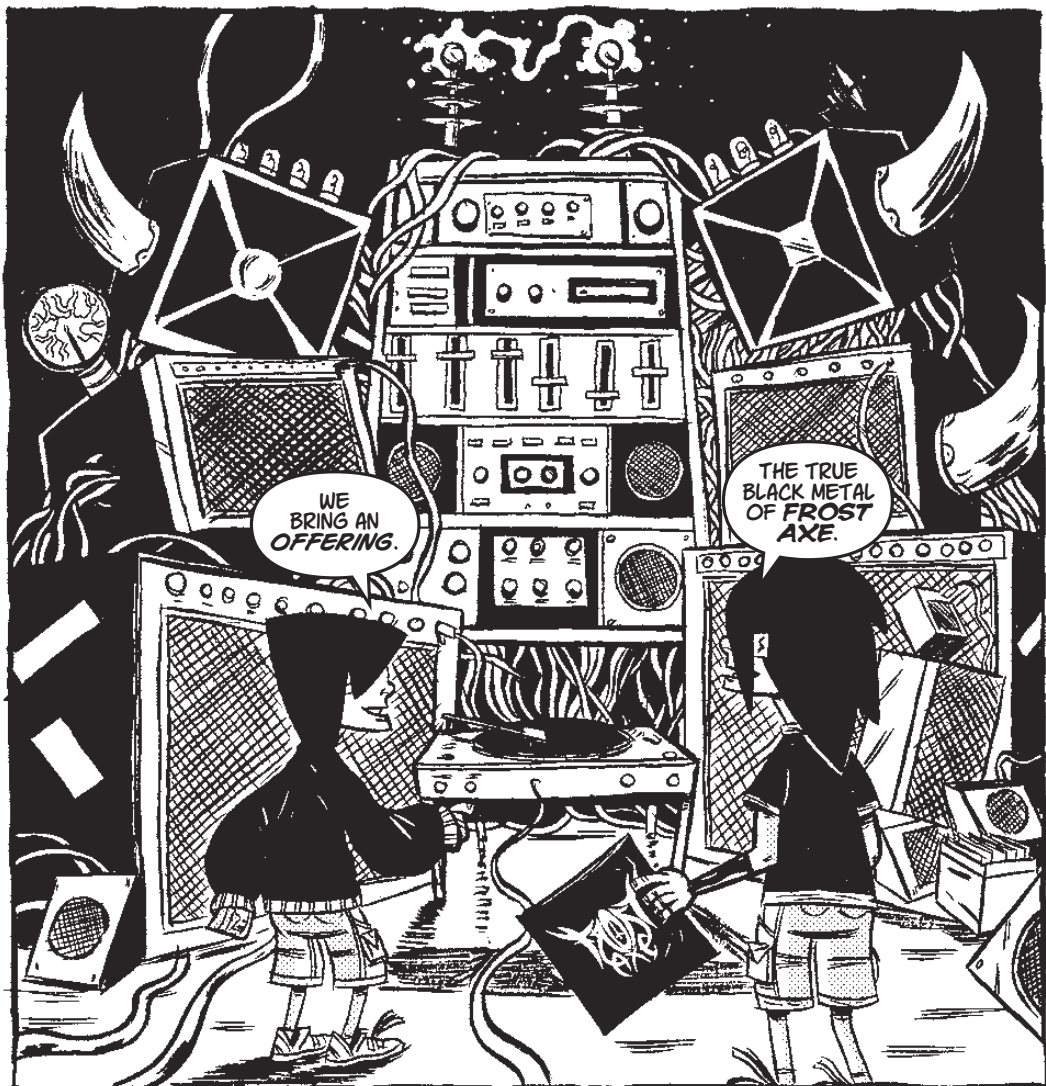


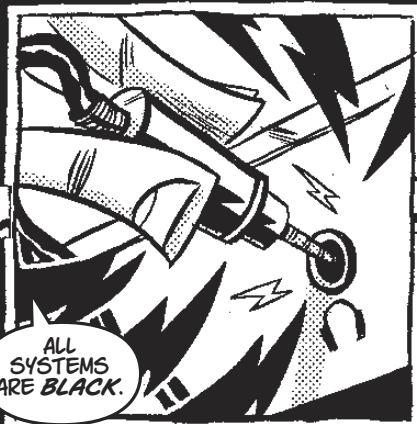




IT'S
ALIVE!



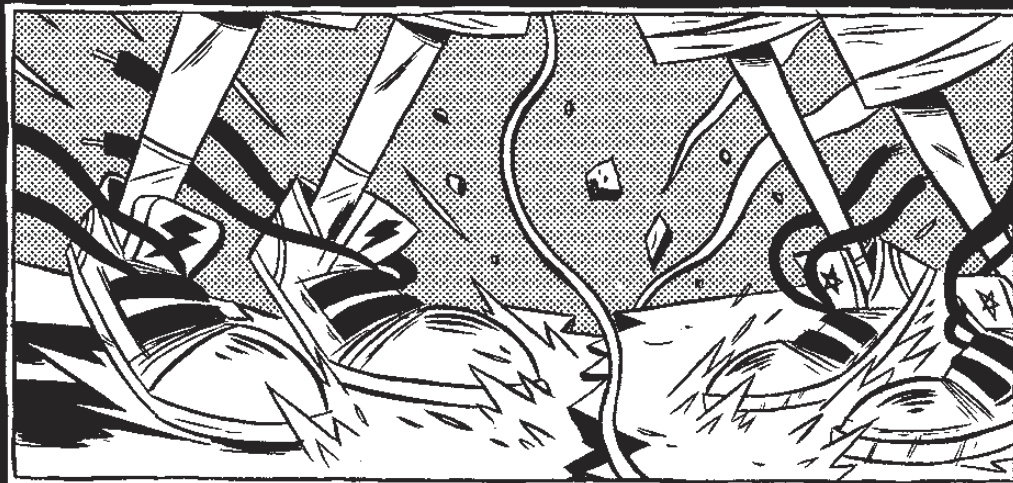




YOU
READY,
SAM?

AS
ALWAYS,
BROTHER.

HERE
WE GO--







LONG, LONG
AGO, IN THE
LAND OF
THE SEVEN
RIVERS...

...THERE LIVED A
MASTER BLACKSMITH
OF THE NAME
GORN ATOLL.

HE WAS
THE FINEST
SWORD MAKER
OF THE AGE.



THE LEGEND OF
GORN STEEL
TRAVELED FAR
AND WIDE...

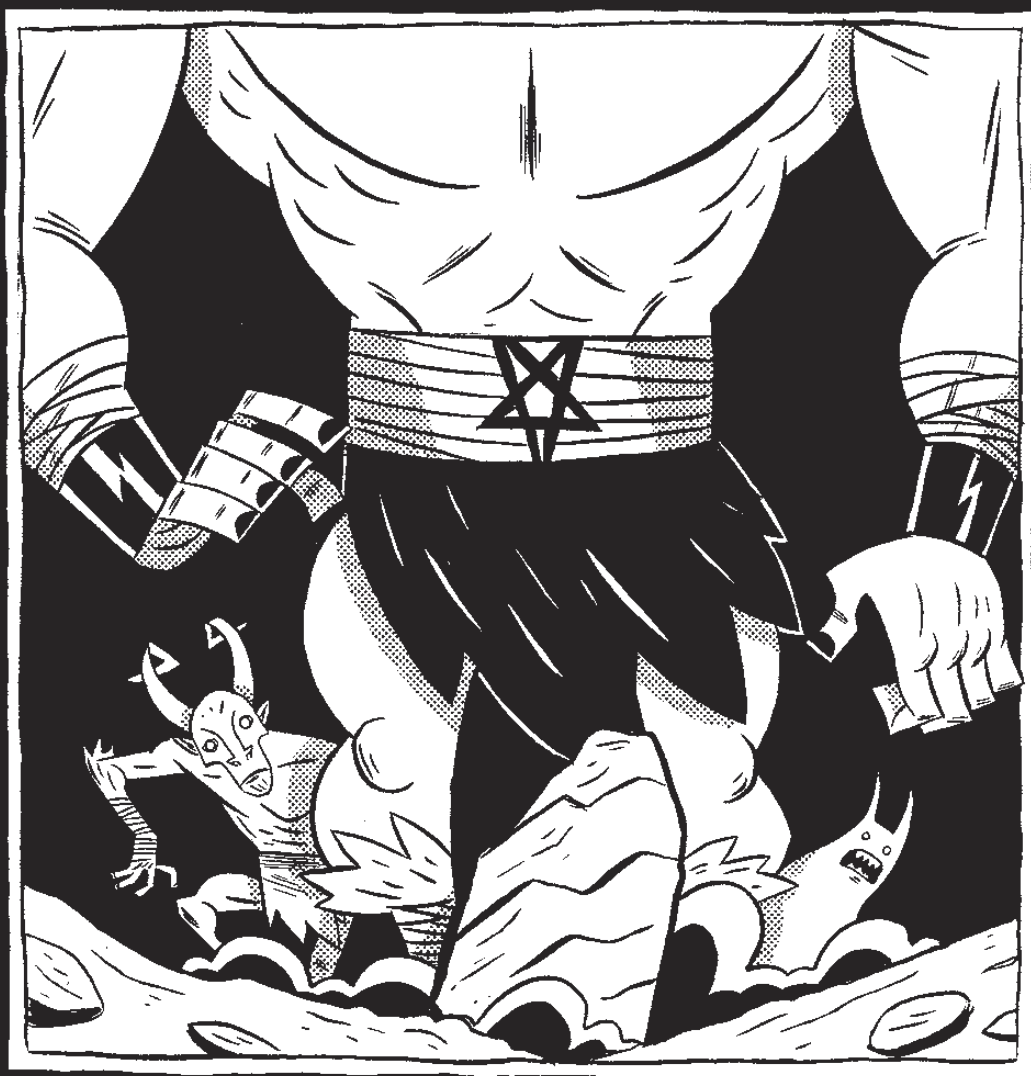
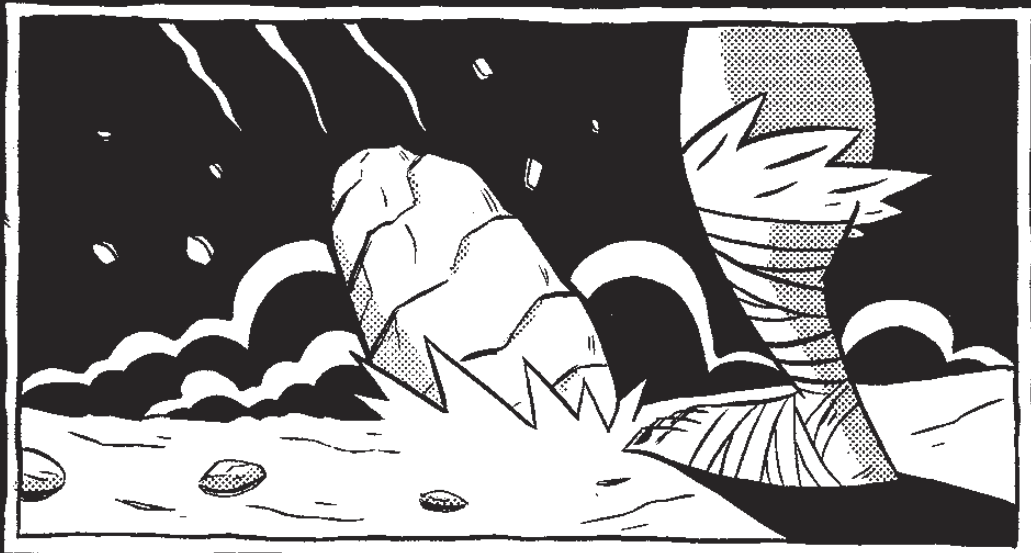
...AND DEEP.



ALL THE
WAY...



...TO THE
PIT.








IN THE PIT, TWO
HELL BARONS,
THE ROTH AND
VON CHAR, HAD
BEEN AT ODDS
FOR ETERNITY...

THE
ROTH.

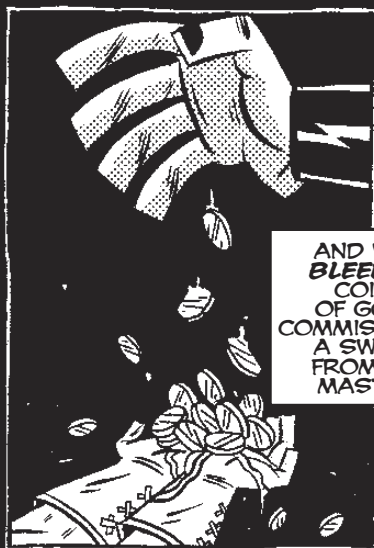
VON
CHAR.





...DOOMED TO
BATTLE OVER
THE **SCRAPS**
OF HELL.

BUT THE ROTH
LEARNED OF THE
BLACKSMITH,
GORN.



AND WITH
BLEEDING
COINS
OF GOLD,
COMMISSIONED
A SWORD
FROM THE
MASTER.



FOR THE ROTH,
GORN CRAFTED
A SWORD WITH
NO EQUAL.



THEN THE ROTH BADE
HIS WITCHES INFUSE
THE STEEL WITH
DARK MAGIC...



...CREATING A
WEAPON ABOVE
ALL OTHERS--THE
MIGHTY **SWORD**
OF ATOLL.



ONE *SWING* OF
THIS SWORD
COULD CLEAR
A FOREST.



ONE
CHOP ERASE
GENERATIONS.



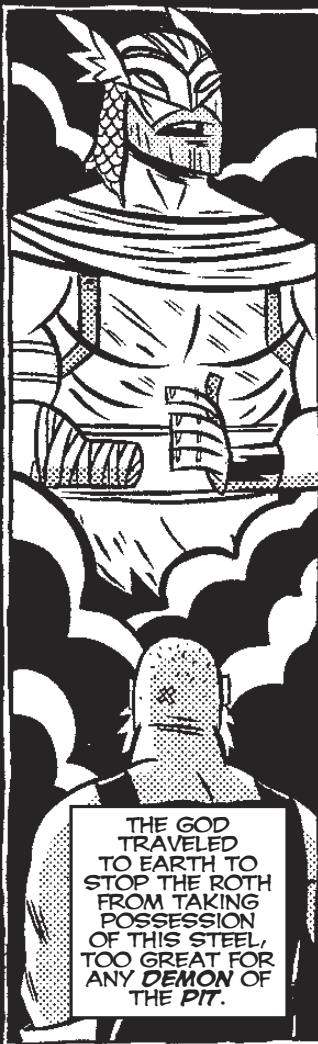
IT WAS SHEER
DESTRUCTION
WITH A HANDLE.

GRIM--





TYR, THE
MIGHTY GOD
OF SWORDS
AND WARFARE,
SAW THIS
AND BECAME
JEALOUS OF
THE WEAPON.



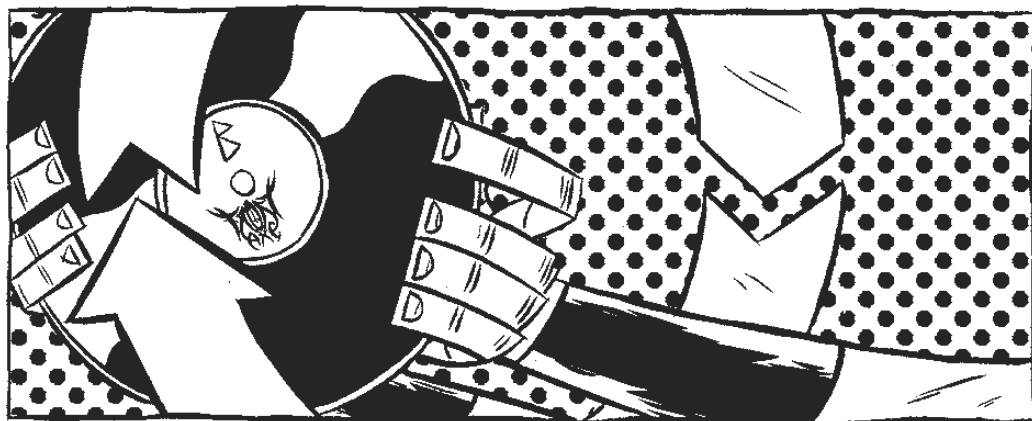
THE GOD
TRAVELED
TO EARTH TO
STOP THE ROTH
FROM TAKING
POSSESSION
OF THIS STEEL,
TOO GREAT FOR
ANY **DEMON** OF
THE **PIT**.



BUT THE GREAT **ODIN**
STAYED HIS SON'S
HAND AND CONVINCED
TYR THEY SHOULD LET
THE DEMON TAKE THIS
BLADE TO HELL AND
HOPE HE **SWINGS** IT
MIGHTILY AND **OFTEN**.



IF THE SWORD
DEALS **DEATH** TO
THEIR OWN KIND,
SO BE IT.





WITH THE SWORD
IN HAND, THE
ROTH RETURNED
TO THE PIT...



...AND SOUGHT
A BATTLE WITH
VON CHAR.



IT WAS A
THUNDEROUS
CLASH OF
THE DEMONIC
TITANS...



...BUT WITH THE
SWORD OF ATOLL
THE ROTH HAD THE
UPPER HAND.







THE SWORD,
DESTROYED.

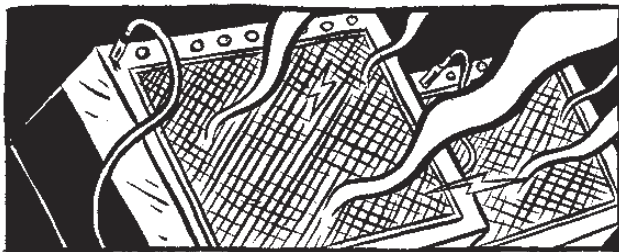
THE ROTH,
DEFEATED.

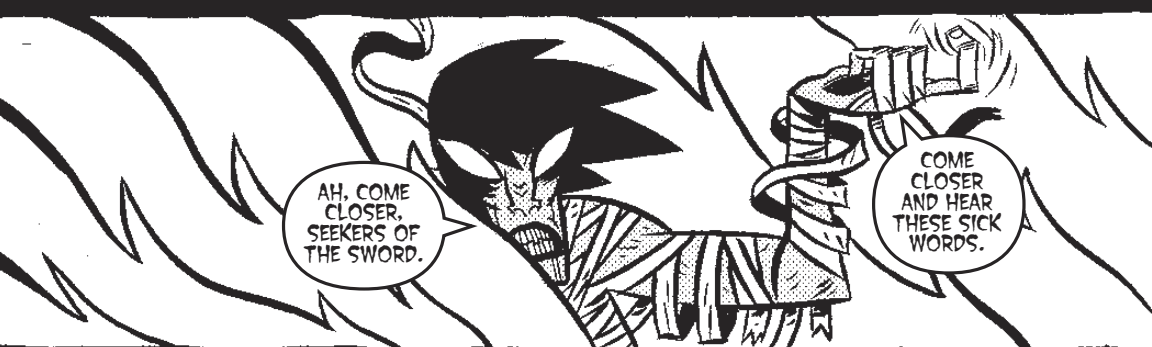


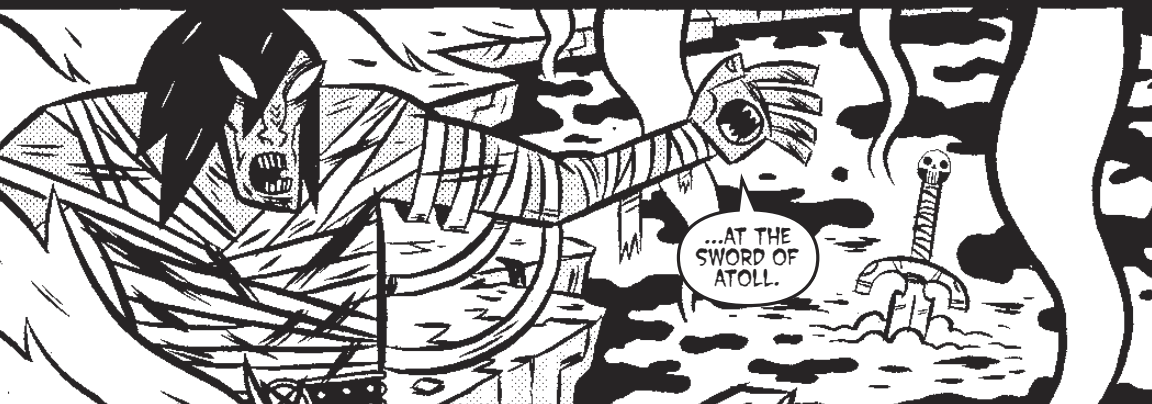
AND THUS,
**BARON VON
CHAR** SEALED
HIS POSITION
AS THE MOST
POWERFUL
HELL BARON
OF THE PIT.

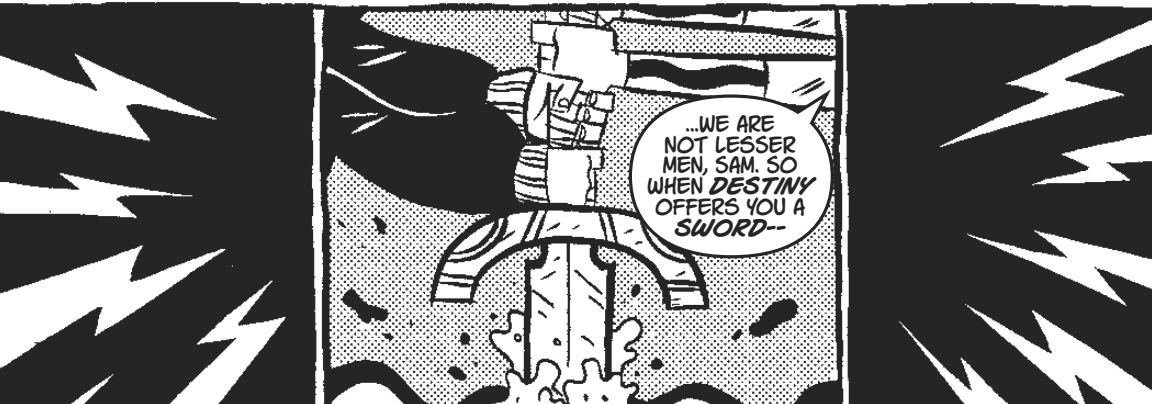


SECOND
IN HELL ONLY
TO ONE.



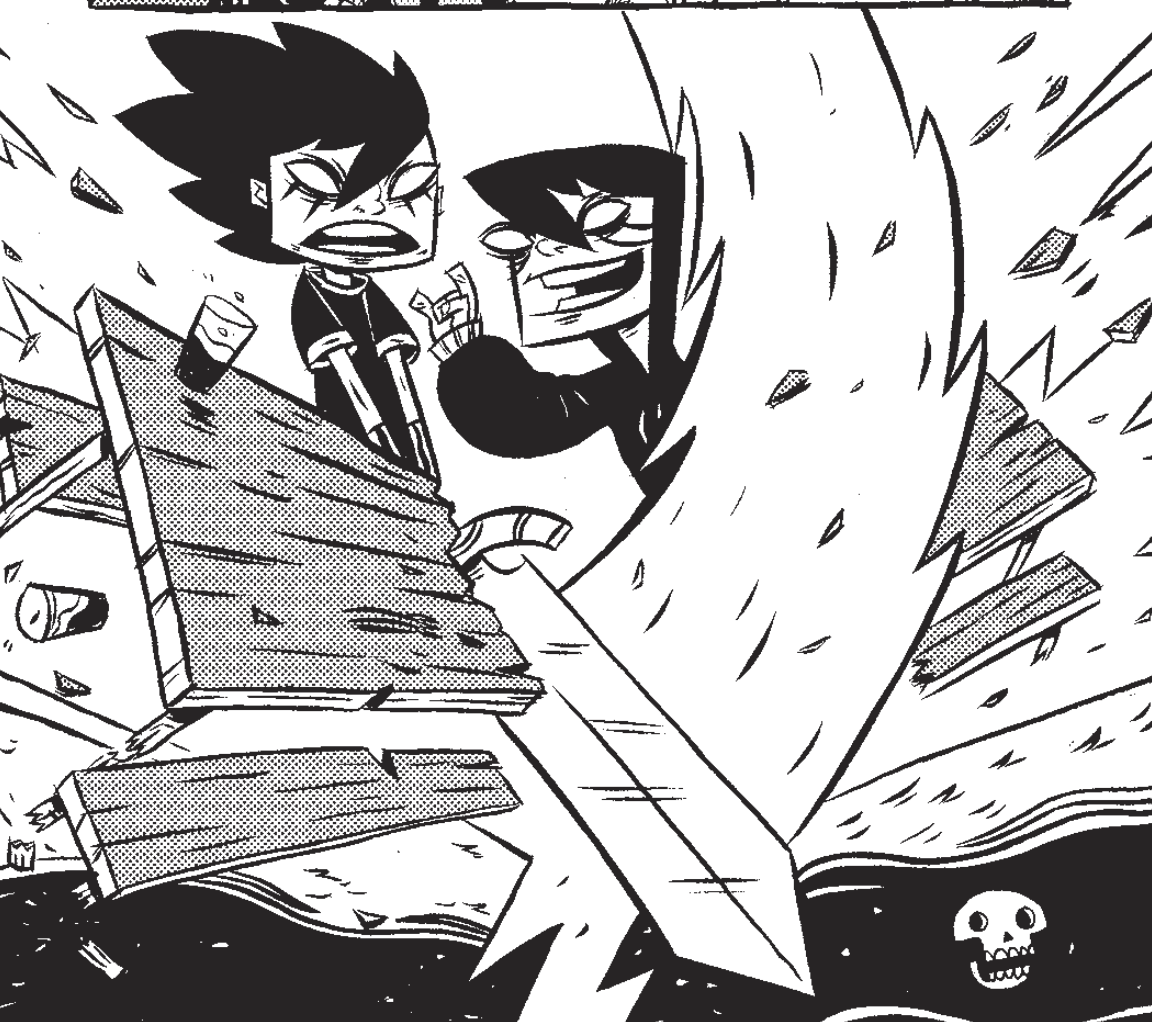




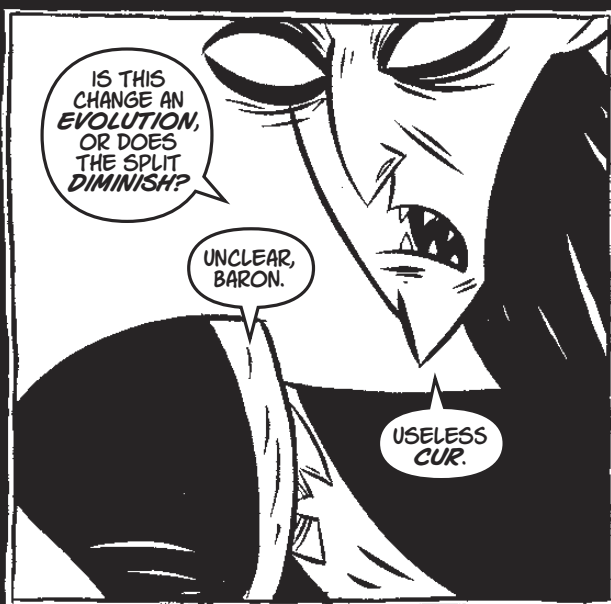




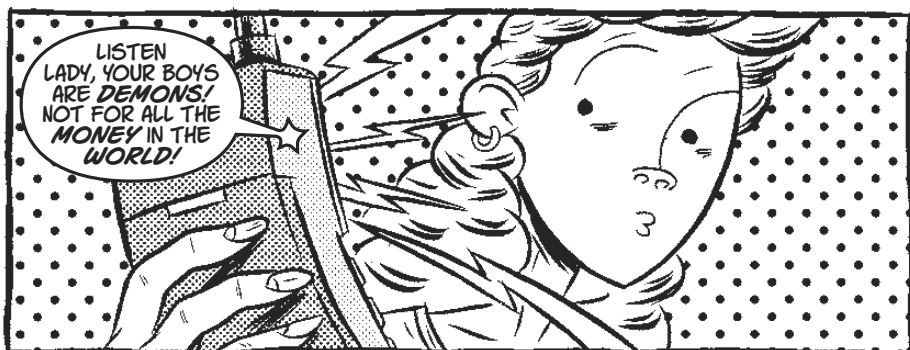
--YOU
TAKE
IT!









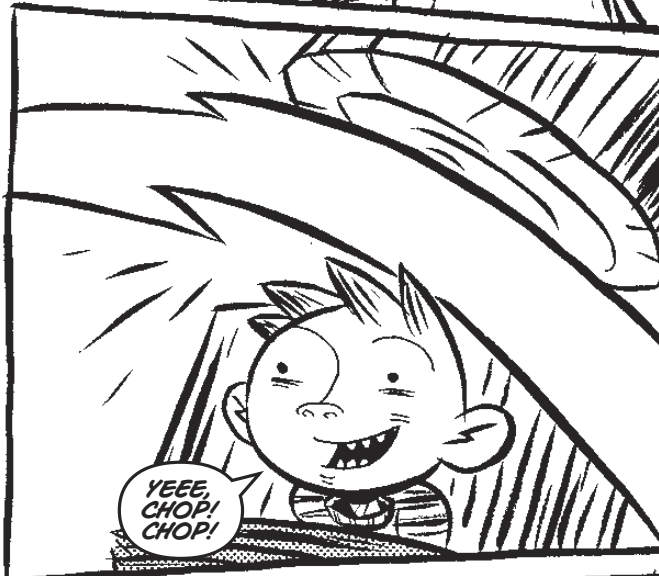
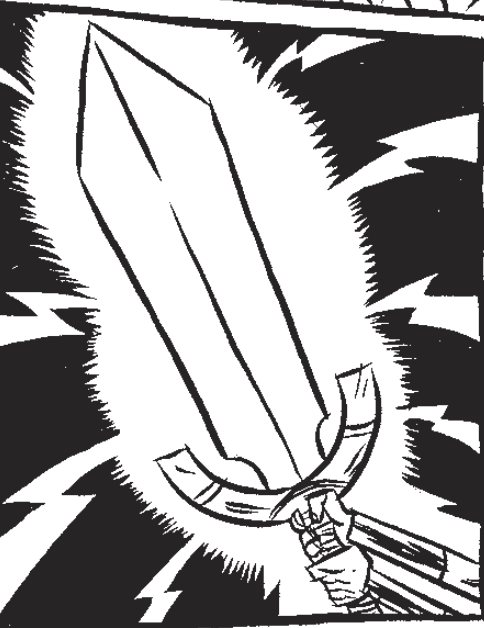






...AND OFF
WITH ITS
HEAD.

SPEAK WORDS
TO YOUR GOD
AND TELL HIM
TO EXPECT YOU
SOON IN THE
HEREAFTER!



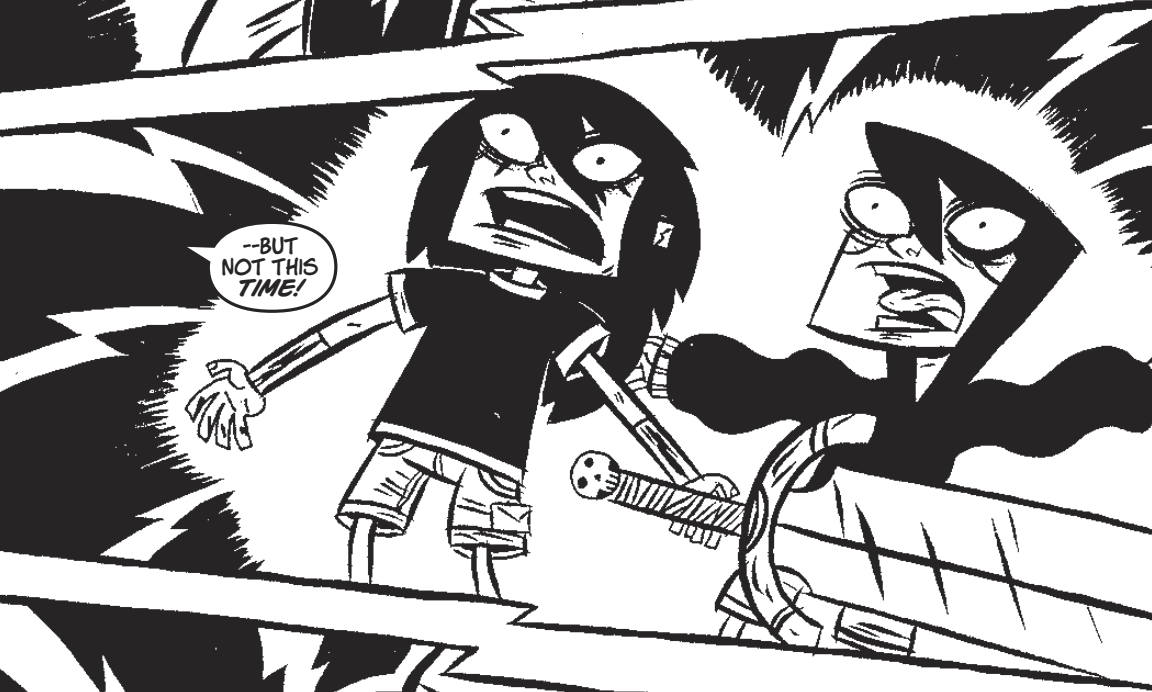
YEEE,
CHOP!
CHOP!

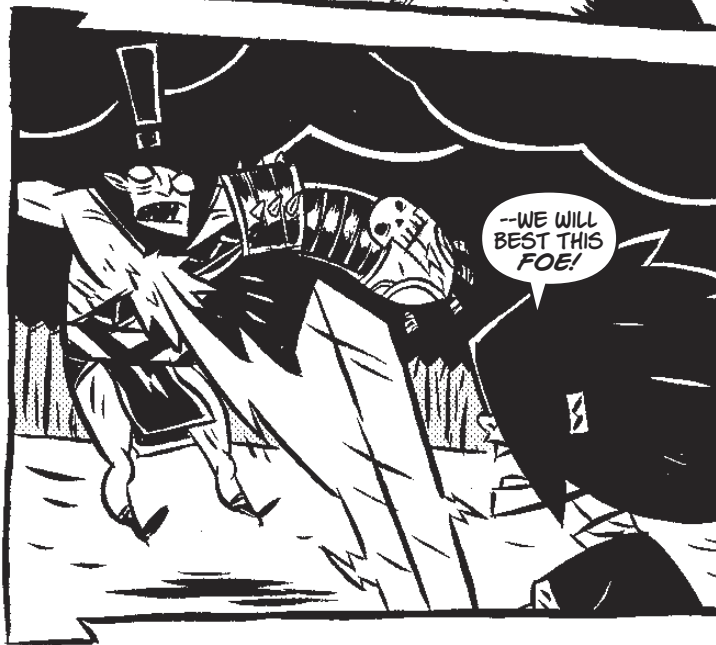
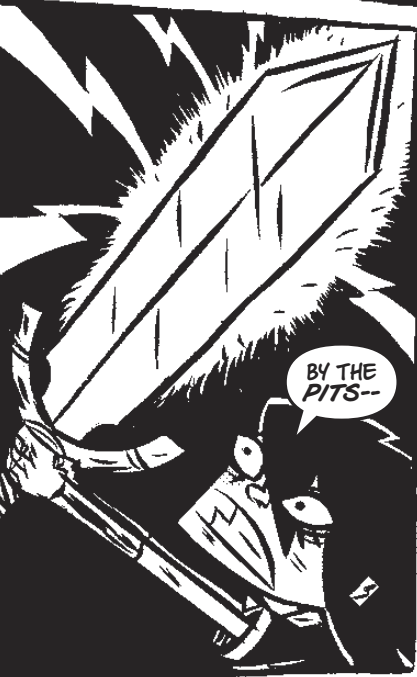
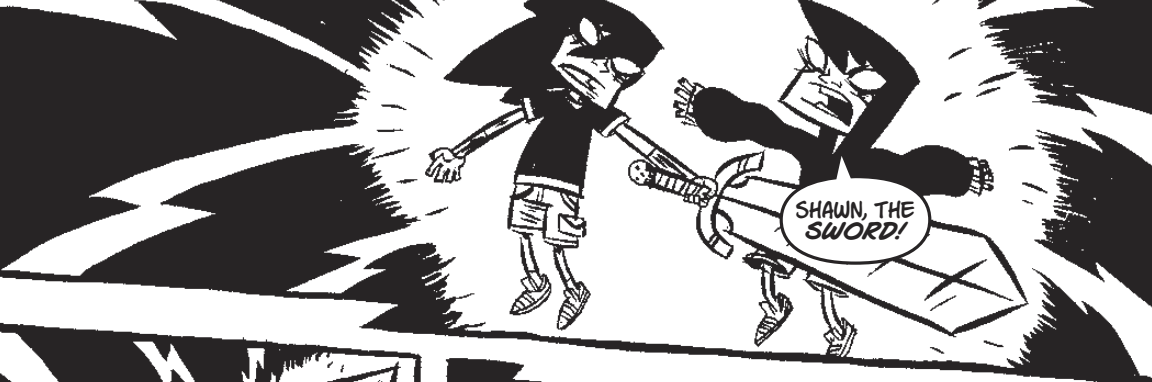


I THOUGHT
HE'D PEE HIS
PANTS OR
SOMETHING, BUT
HE'S NOT EVEN
CRYING.

I DON'T
EVEN THINK
HE'S SCARED,
SHAWN. I THINK
HE'S LOVING
IT--









NICELY
PLAYED, BUT
YOU'LL HAVE TO
DO BETTER THAN
THAT TO LIVE
THIS **BLACK**
DAY.

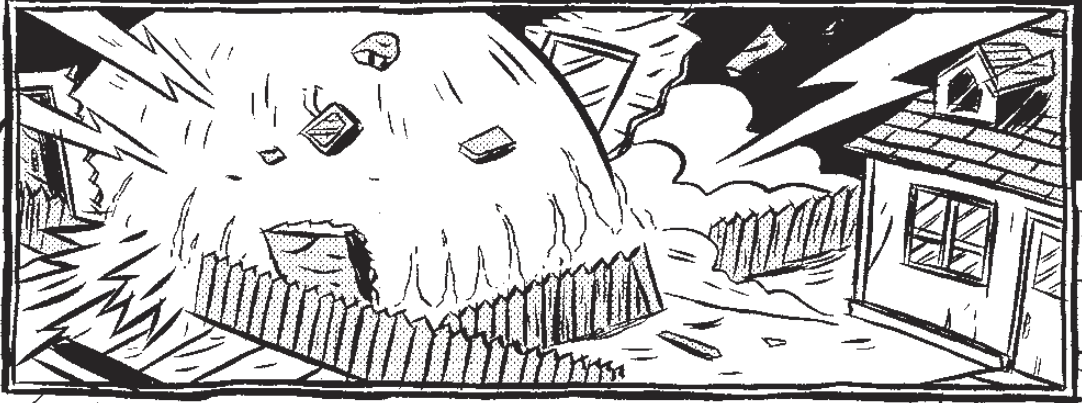
THEN
HOW
ABOUT--

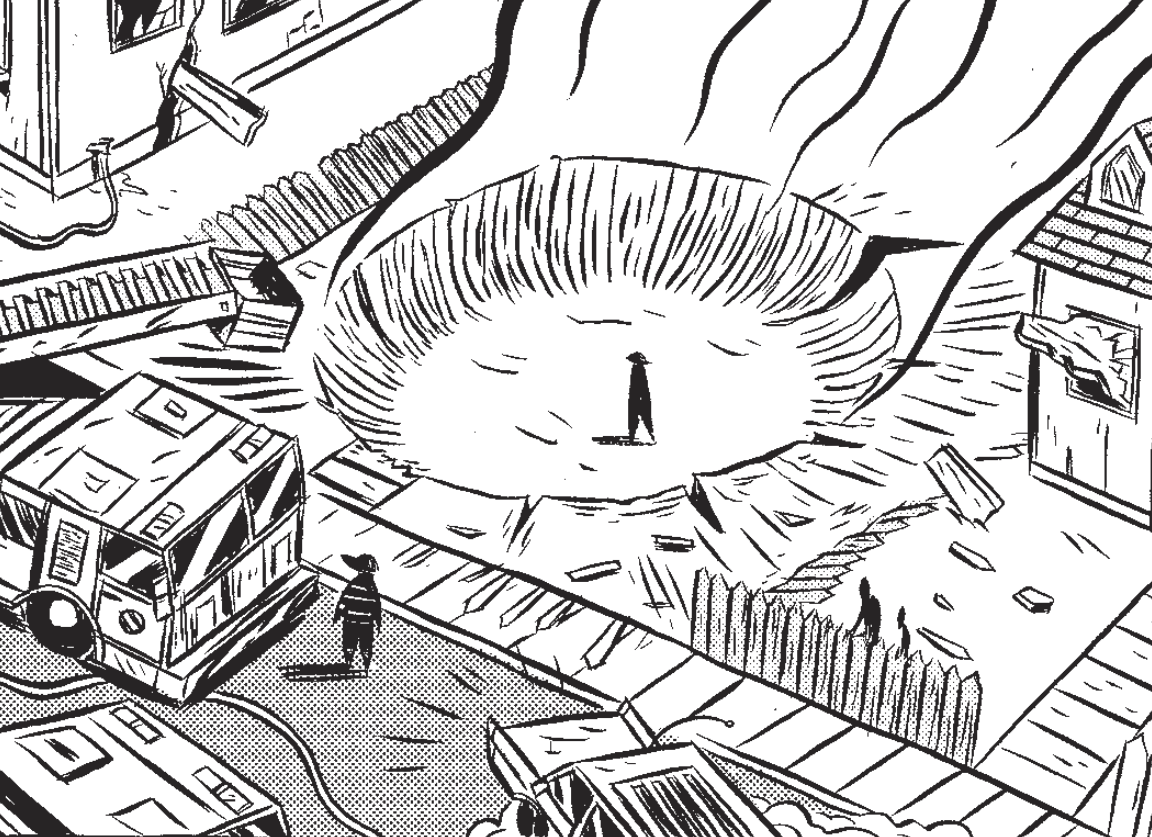
--THIS!

GAAA!

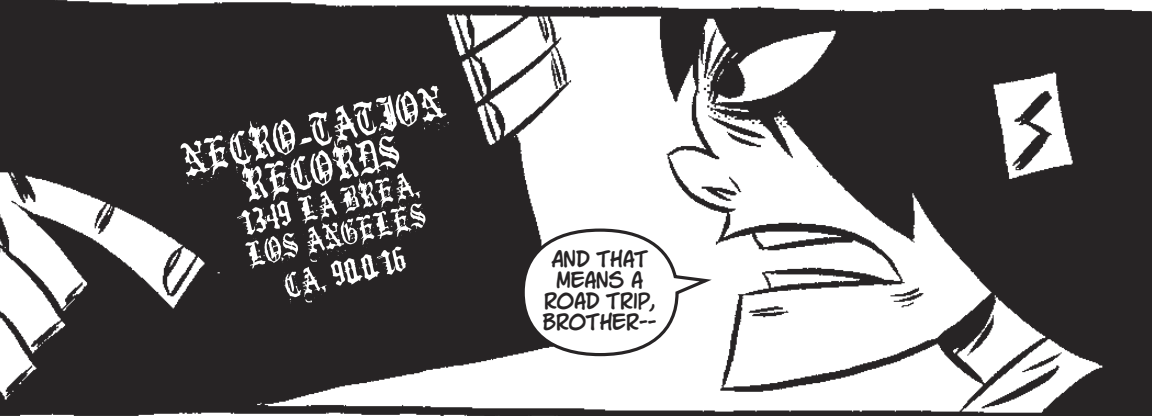


















OH MY GOD,
YES! FINALLY,
SWEET ESCAPE
FROM *SANTA*
CARLA. I THOUGHT
THIS DAY WOULD
NEVER--

WAIT, DID
HE SAY
DEMONIC?

DEEEMONDS!



I'M
TOTALLY
GLAD YOU'RE
NOT DEAD.

YES, I
AS WELL.



CAUSE
IT WOULD
LIKE, SUCK
TO DIE.

INDEED.



UH, I KNOW WE JUST MET AND ALL... AND I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE, LIKE BUSY OR ANYTHING, BUT WOULD YOU, MAYBE, CARE TO ACCOMPANY US ON THIS JOURNEY INTO THE GREAT UNKNOWN? ...UH, MAYBE?



I CAN'T.

REALLY?



I TOTALLY HAVE TO WASH MY HAIR TONIGHT.

AH YES, THAT MOST MORTAL ENDEAVOR OF HYGIENE...



SHAWN, I'M JUST KIDDING. I NEVER WASH MY HAIR.

OH--





I GOT
US *RATIONS!*
PORK RINDS AND
CARBONATED
SLURRY!



DUDE, CALL
SHOTGUN.

WHAT?

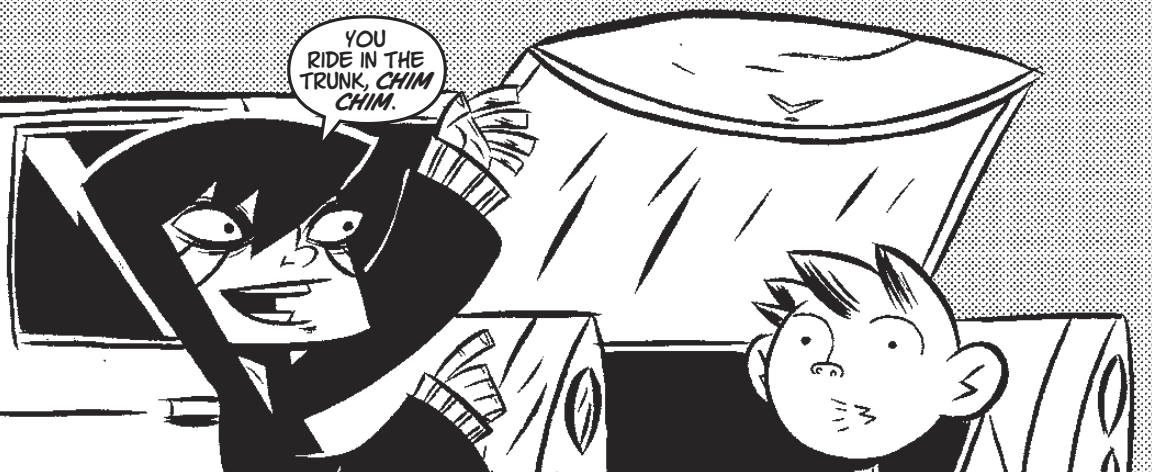


CALL
SHOTGUN!

SHOTGUN!

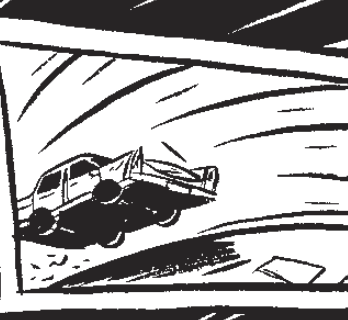
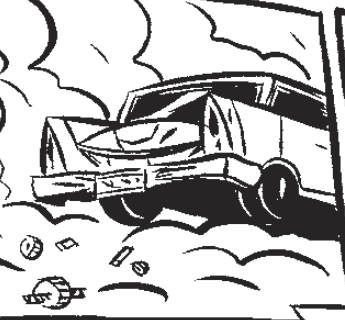
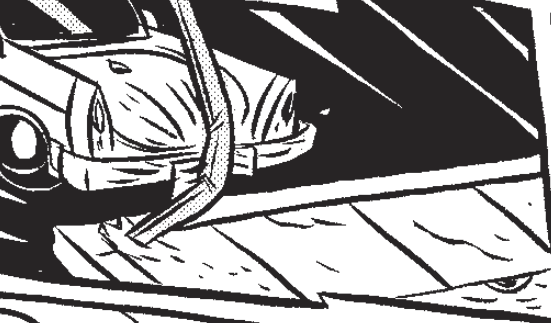


HEH,
GUESS THAT
MEANS WE'RE
IN THE *BACK*
TOGETHER.



YOU
RIDE IN THE
TRUNK, *CHIM*
CHIM.



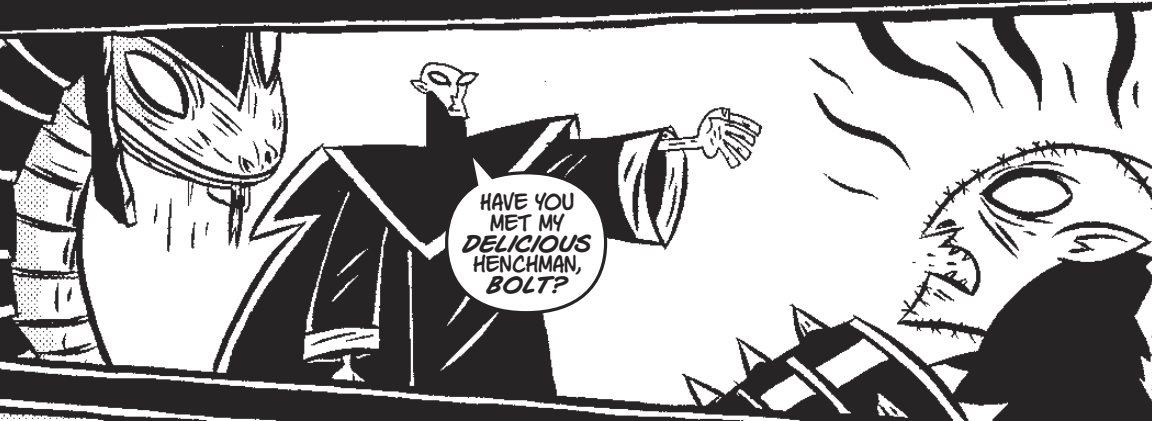






AH, SET.
I TRUST
YOU'VE COME
HUNGRY.

I'VV ANN
APPETITE,
YESSSS.



HAVE YOU
MET MY
DELICIOUS
HENCHMAN,
BOLT?



IT'SSSSS
A PLEASSURE
TO TASSSTE
YOUR
ACQUAINTANSSS.

BARON!



YOU
HAD YOUR
CHANCE AND
THEN YOU HAD
ANOTHER...

...AND THAT'S
TWO TOO MANY
ALREADY, MY
OLD FIEND.



BUT
LORD OF ROT,
PLEASE, I *BEG*
OF YOU...

YES,
BEG, AND
PLEAD, AND
ULTIMATELY
SCREAM!

HEADSSS
OR FEETHSSS,
MY BARON?

HEAD,
PLEASE, I
BEG YOU!

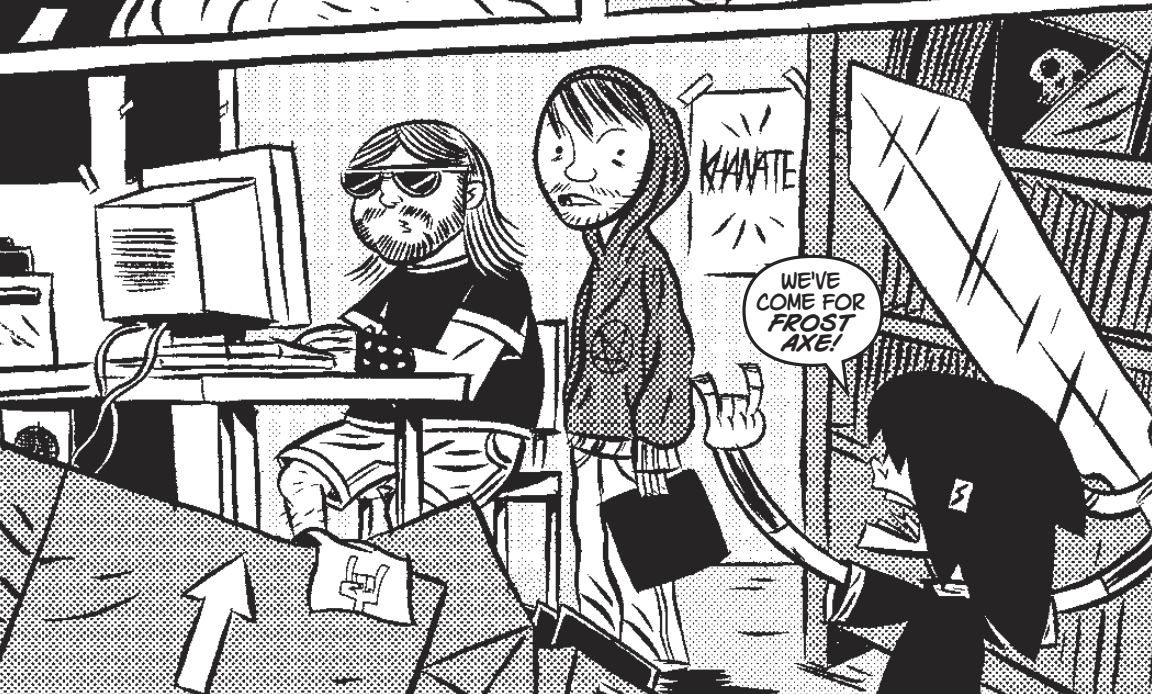
OH, *FEET*,
FEET, BY ALL
MEANS START
AT THE FEET.
I WANT TO
SAVOR THIS.

IT SEEMS
I WILL NOW BE
NEEDING SOME
NEW HENCHMAN,
SMOKE.

AAAAHH!

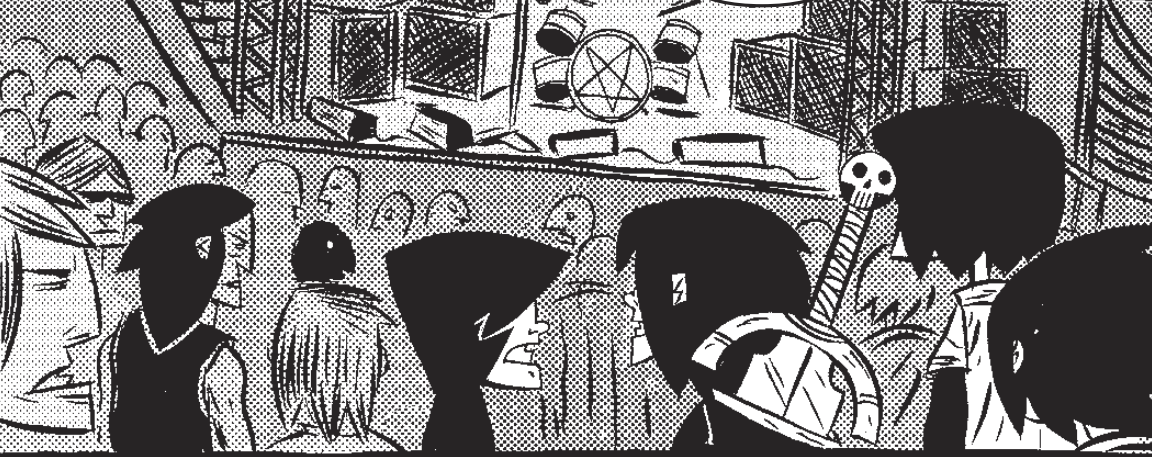
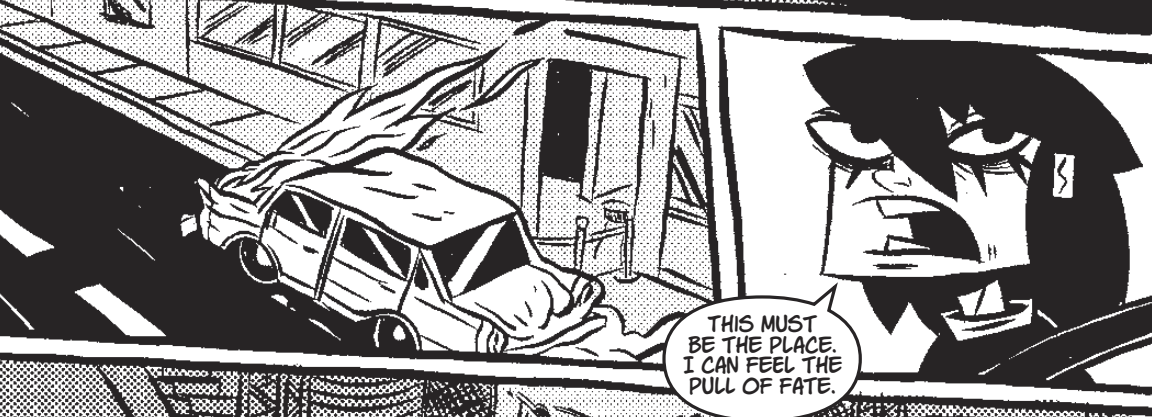
LET'S TRY
SOMETHING IN A
GOAT-OTOUR,
SHALL WE?

A MOST
EXCELLENT
CHOICE, MASTER.
I SHALL SEE TO
IT AT *ONCE.*











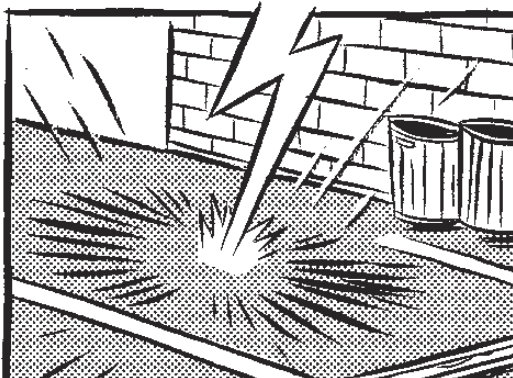














5,000 YEARS
AFTER HIS
DEATH--

--THE PROPHECY OF THE
FALLEN ROTH'S RETURN
UNFOLDS UNDER AN
ECLIPSED MOON.



A MORTAL
WOMAN
CONCEIVED
A CHILD--



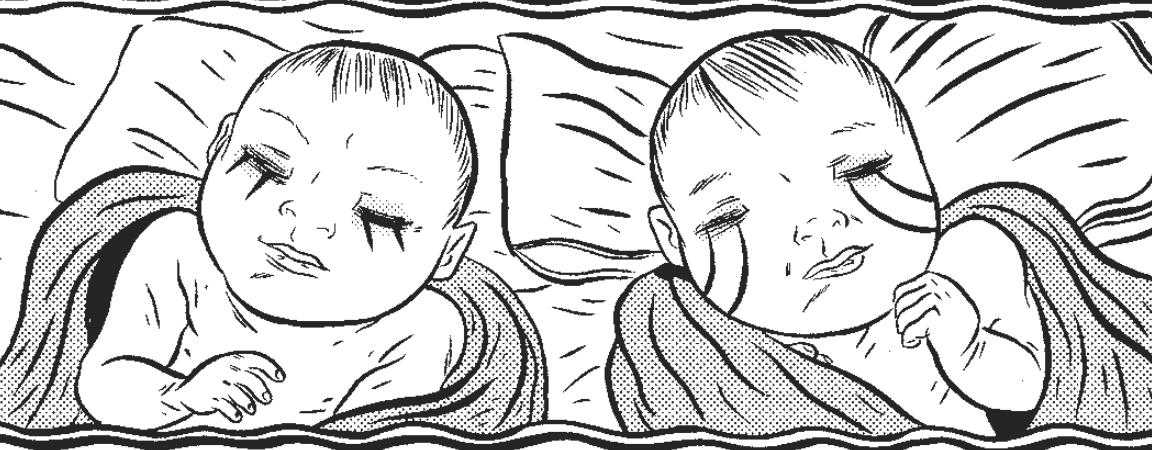
--POSSESSING THE
REINCARNATED
SOUL OF
THE ROTH.

THE BARON
VON CHAR SENT
AN ELECTRO DEMON
TO DESTROY THE
UNBORN ROTH CHILD
IN UTERO.

HOWEVER, THE
LIGHTNING BOLT
ATTACK UNLEASHED
BY THE DEMON
FAILS TO KILL THE
EMBRYO--



--AND SUCCEEDED
ONLY IN CLEAVING
IT IN TWO--





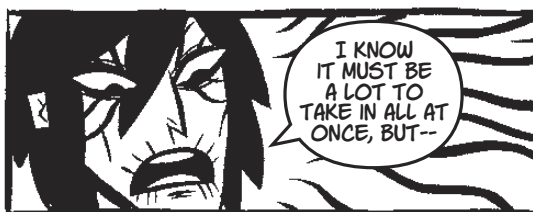
SO YOU SEE,
THE PROPHECY
FORETELLS OF
THE ROTH'S
RETURN.

OUR
MISSION
WAS TO
FIND HIM.

AND
FOUND HIM
WE HAVE.



WE--
WE ARE THE
ROTH.



I KNOW
IT MUST BE
A LOT TO
TAKE IN ALL AT
ONCE, BUT--



NO, NO, IT
ALL MAKES
PERFECT
SENSE.

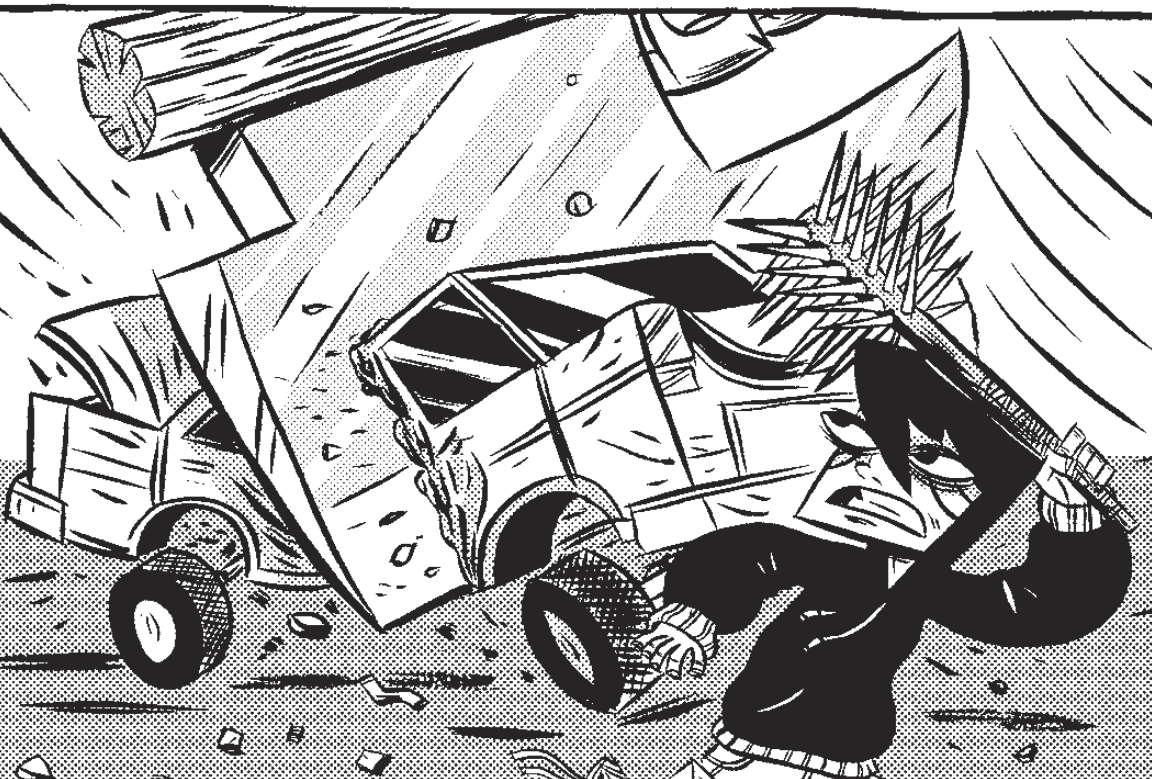
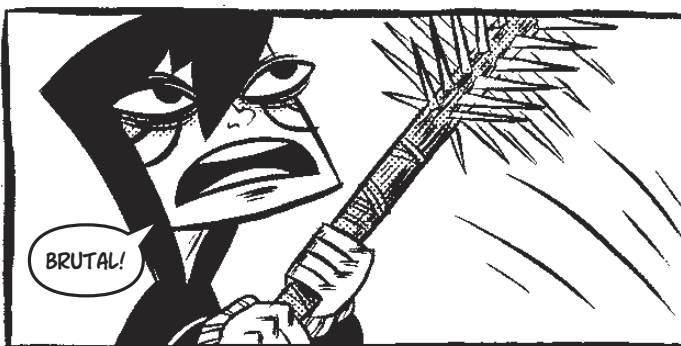


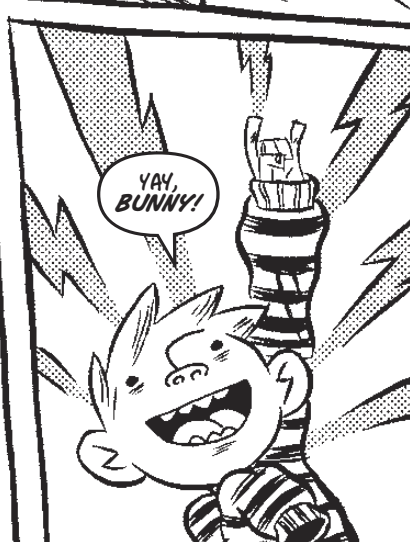
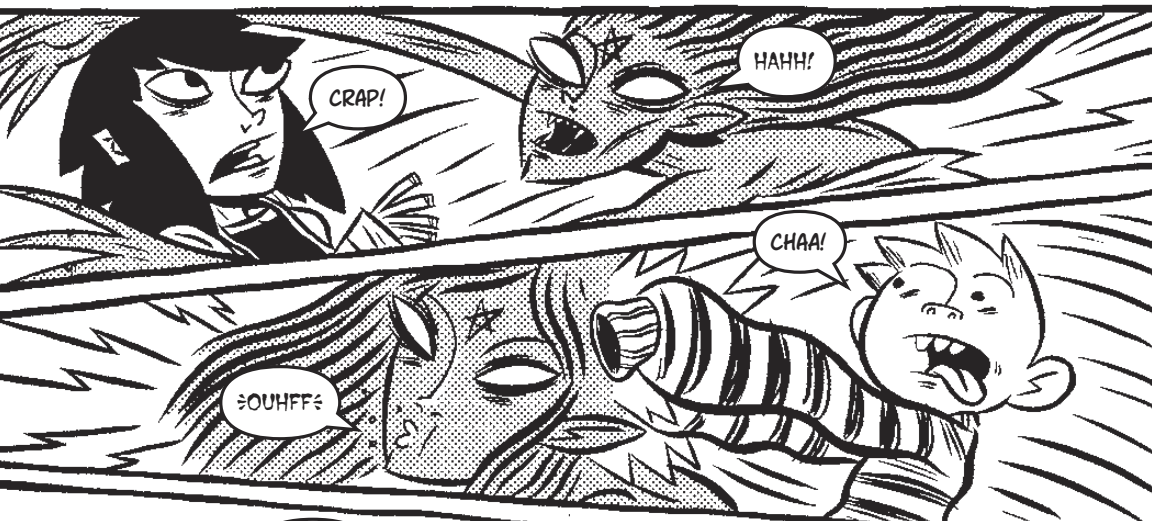
OUR WHOLE
LIVES WE'VE BEEN
SOMEHOW--OUT
OF STEP WITH
THE WORLD.

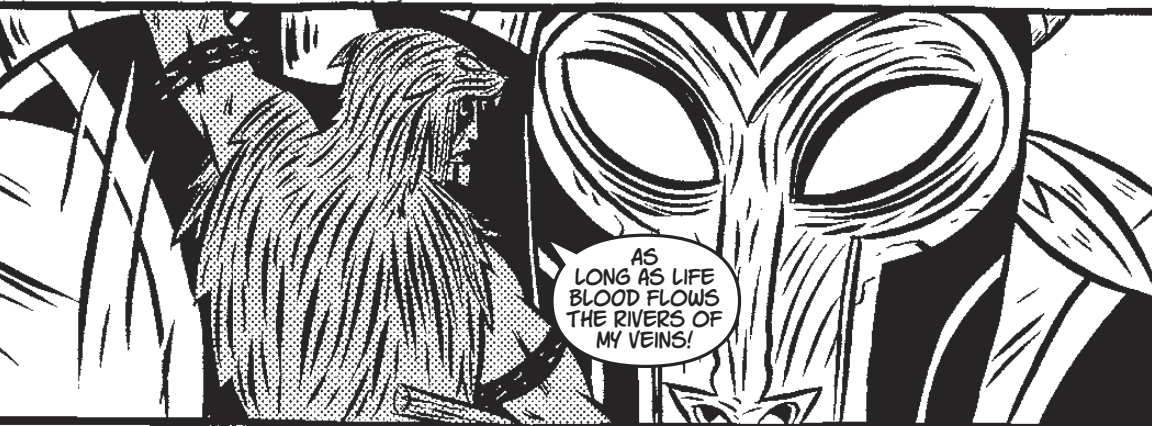
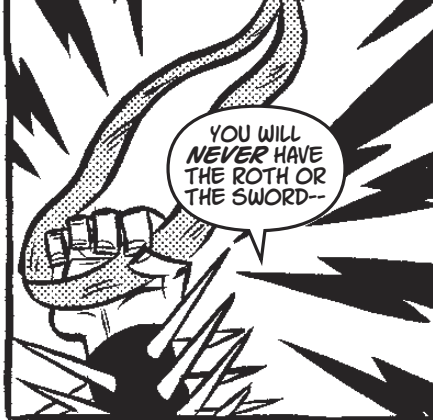
BUT THIS--
ALL THE PIECES
NOW SUDDENLY
FALL INTO
PLACE.



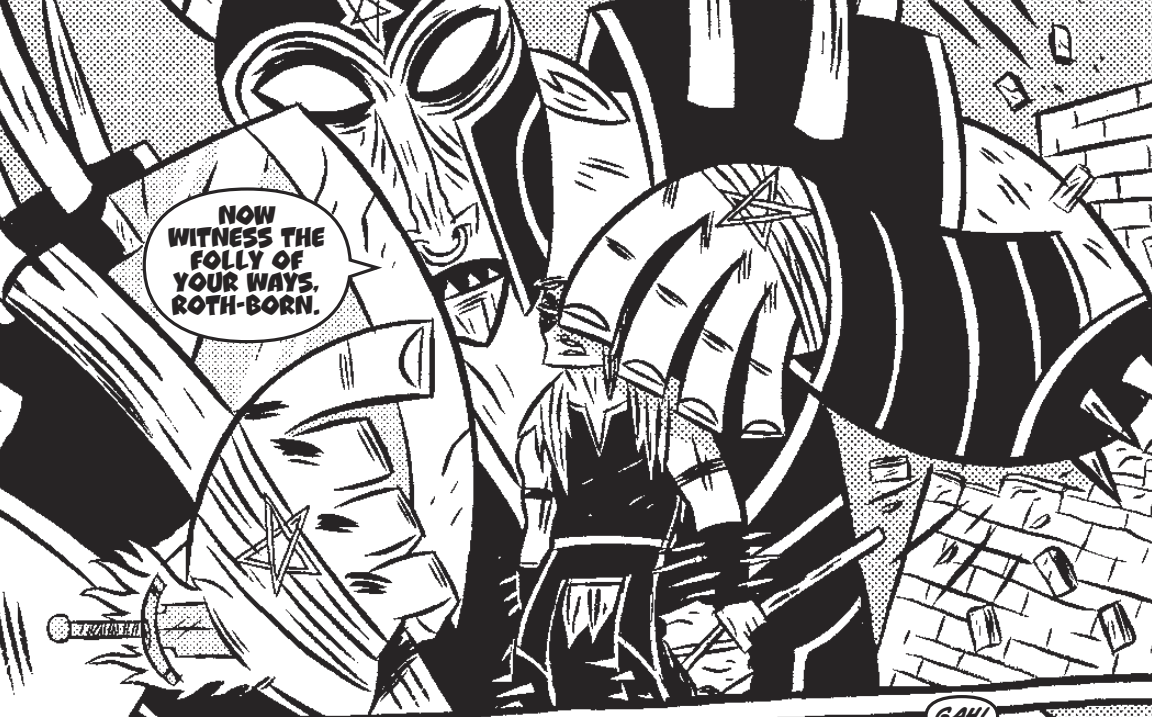












NOW
WITNESS THE
FOLLY OF
YOUR WAYS.
ROTH-BORN.



PAID
FORTH IN
FULL--

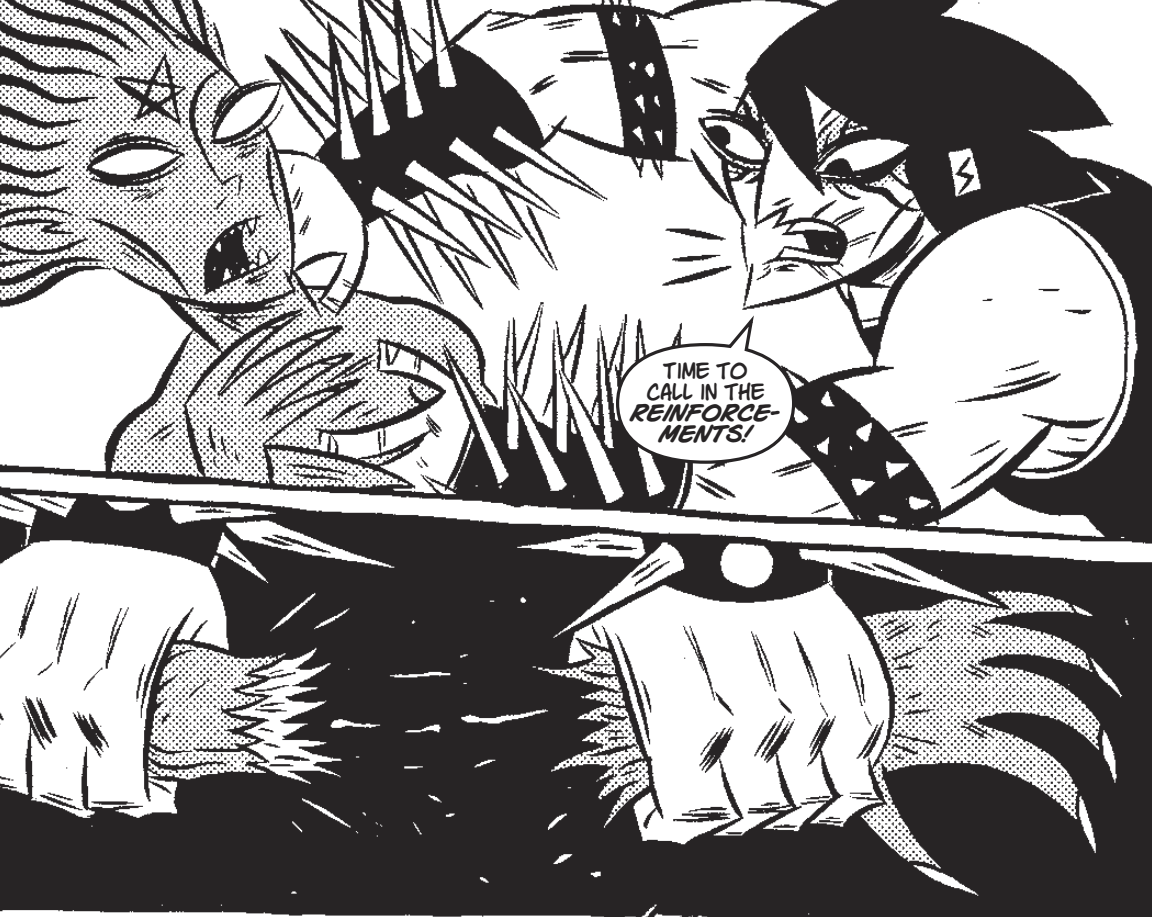


--WITH
THE BLOOD
OF YOUR
BRETHREN.

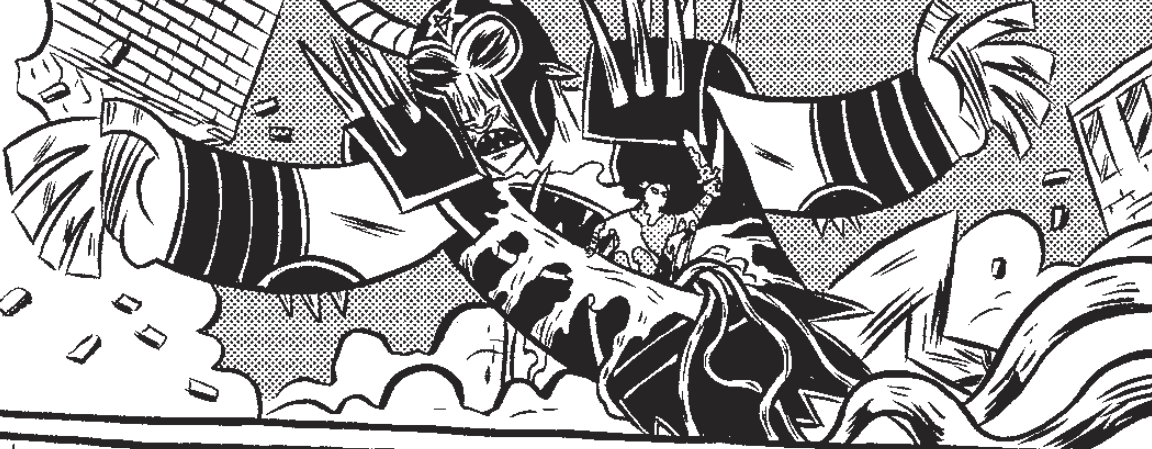
GAH!



BERSERKER!









WE SHALL
MEET AGAIN,
OLD FRIEND.



NOW WE MUST
HASTEN. WE HAVE
MUCH GROUND
TO COVER.



IS HE
OKAY UP
THERE?



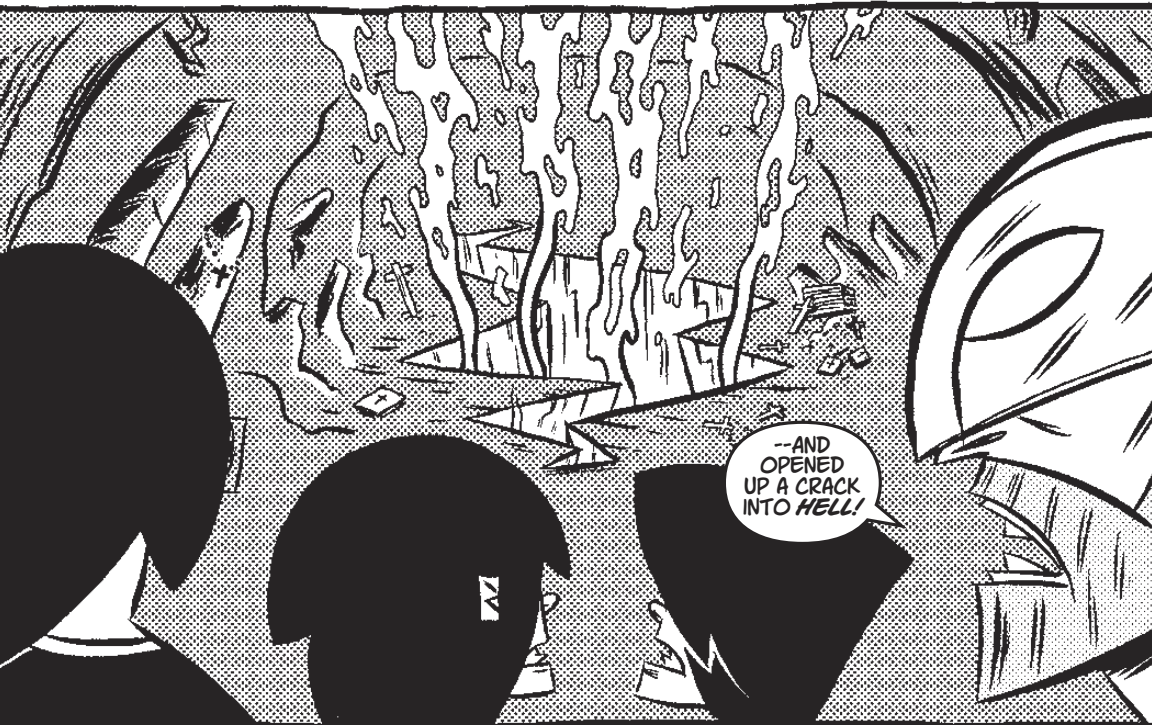
HE'S
A GOD.

RIGHT,
RIGHT.





THEY
TRESPASSED
INTO THE *DARK*
SUBTERRANEA--



--AND
OPENED
UP A CRACK
INTO HELL!



I HAVE SHOWN
YOU THE WAY, BUT I
MUST NOW TAKE MY
LEAVE. MY PRESENCE
IN *THE PIT* WOULD BE
DETECTED AT ONCE
AND FOIL ANY DESIRE
OF *STEALTH*.



BUT YOUR
DESTINIES LIE
WITHIN, ROTH-
BORN, AND
REMEMBER--



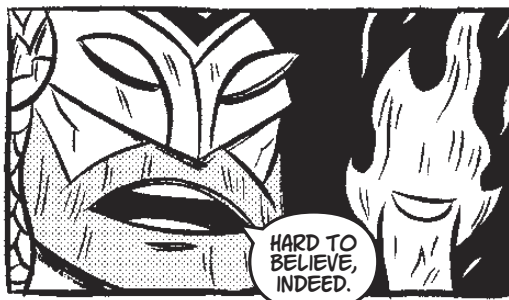
--TO FIGHT
AS *ONE* IS TO
BE *TWICE* AS
STRONG.



MAY I
GAZE UPON
THE **BLACK
BLADE** ONE
FINAL TIME?



GORN STEEL--
HARD TO BELIEVE
THE MAKER WAS
MORTAL.



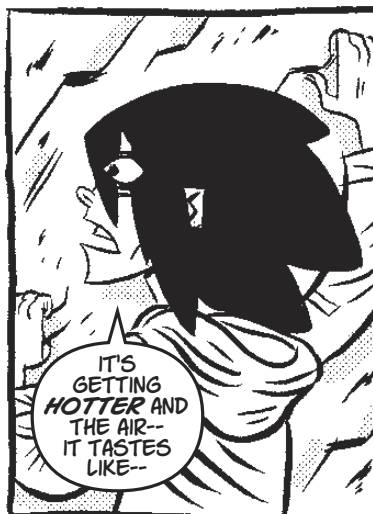
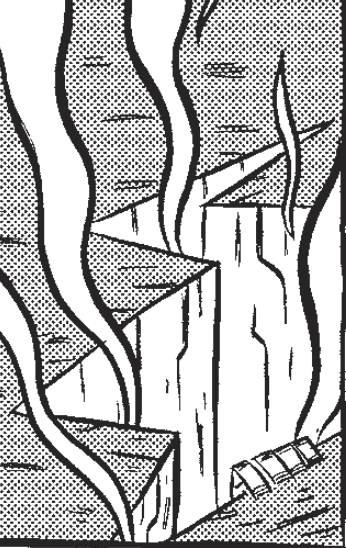
HARD TO
BELIEVE,
INDEED.



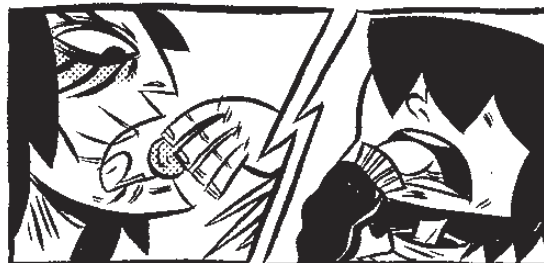
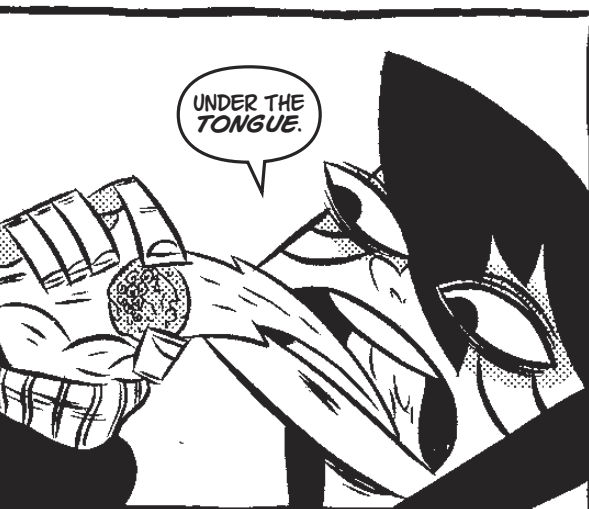
AS YOU
APPROACH THE
WALLS OF VON
CHAR'S KEEP,
WHISPER WORDS
TO ME.



AND I WILL
STEEL THE
IRON OF YOUR
BLOOD.













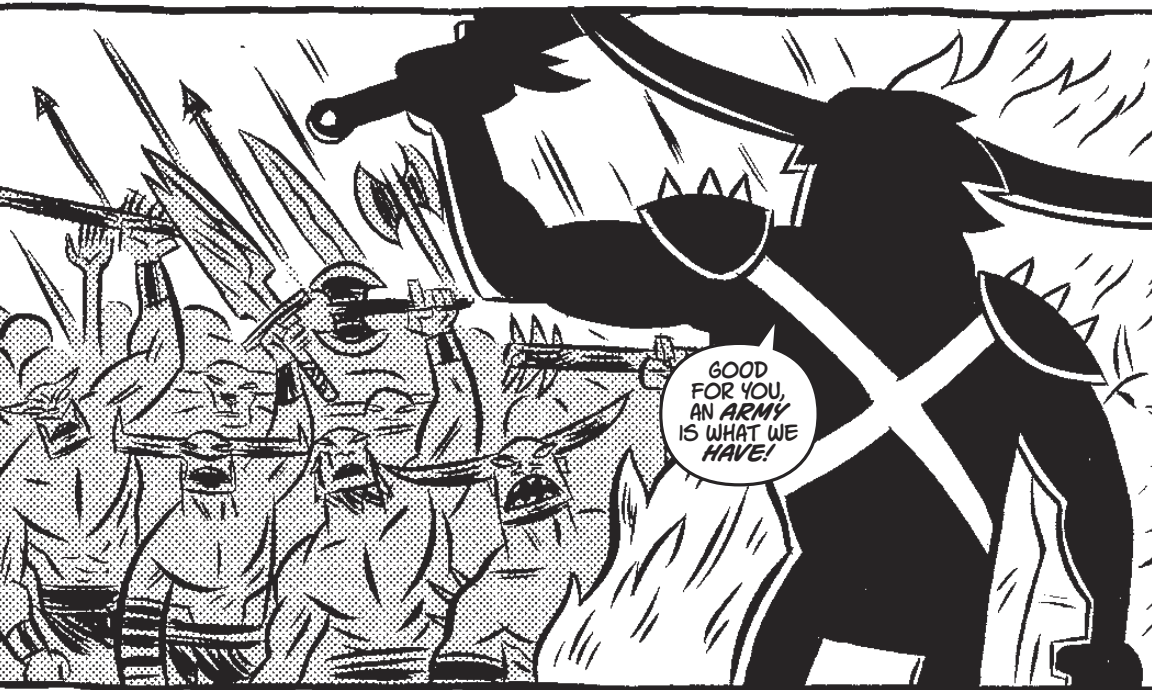


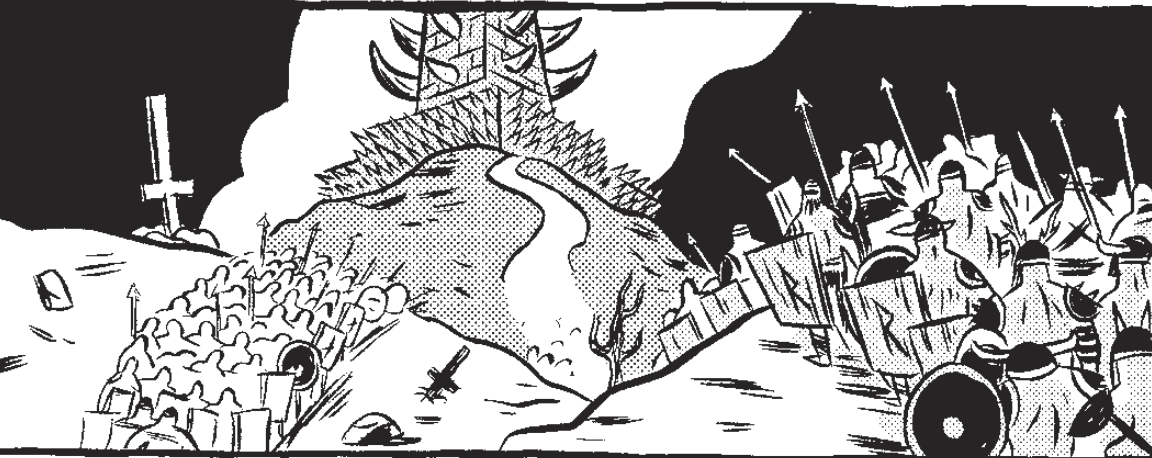
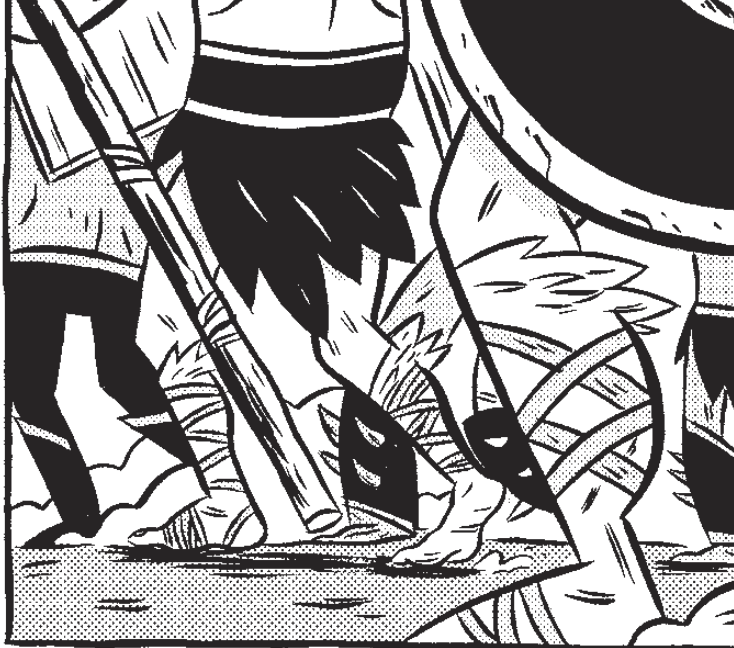














SIRE,
THEY ARE
COMING, THE
GOBLINS!



I SENSE--
THE ROTH IS
WITH THEM, BARON,
AND THE SWORD,
THE SWORD
OF ATOLL.



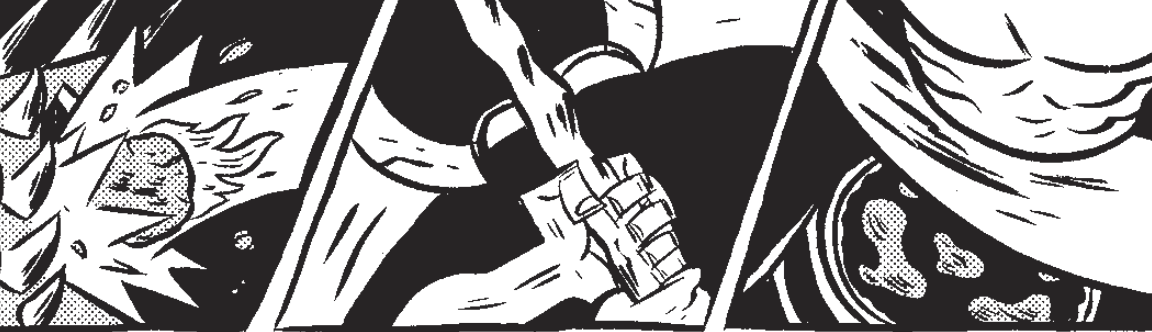
CALM
YOURSELVES
AND LET THEM
COME. TONIGHT
WE FEAST ON
GOBLIN
MEAT.



AND THE
ROTH...?

AND THE
ROTH WILL GIVE
ME THE SWEET
PLEASURE OF
KILLING IT A
SECOND TIME.





FORWARD,
YOU DOGS!

FOR THOSE THAT
DIE TOMORROW
WILL BE FAST
FORGOTTEN--

--BUT
THOSE THAT FALL
TODAY WILL BE
REMEMBERED FOR
ETERNITY!



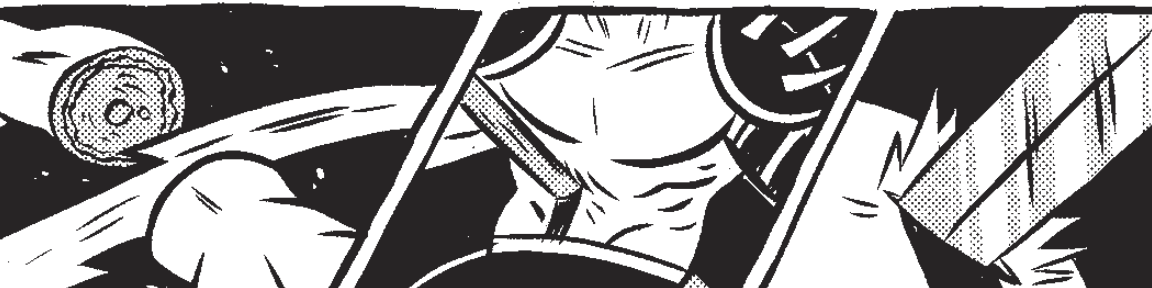
STORM THE
WALLS! DULL
THEIR BLADES
WITH YOUR VERY
LIVES!

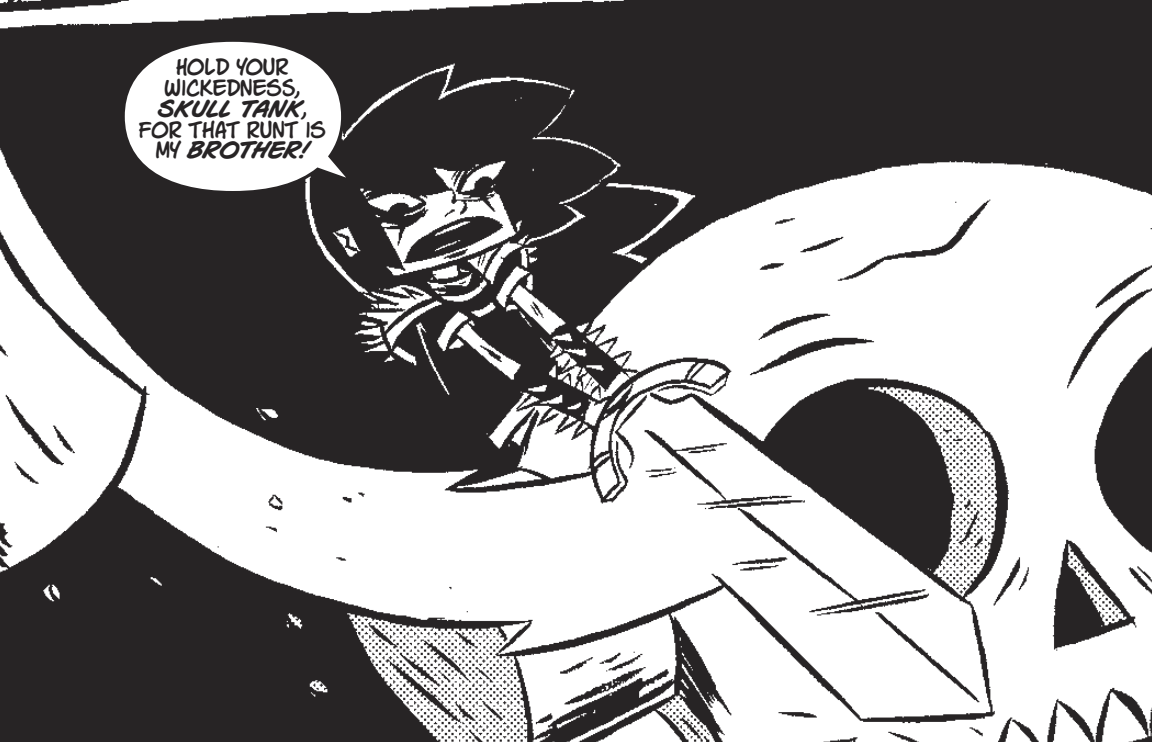
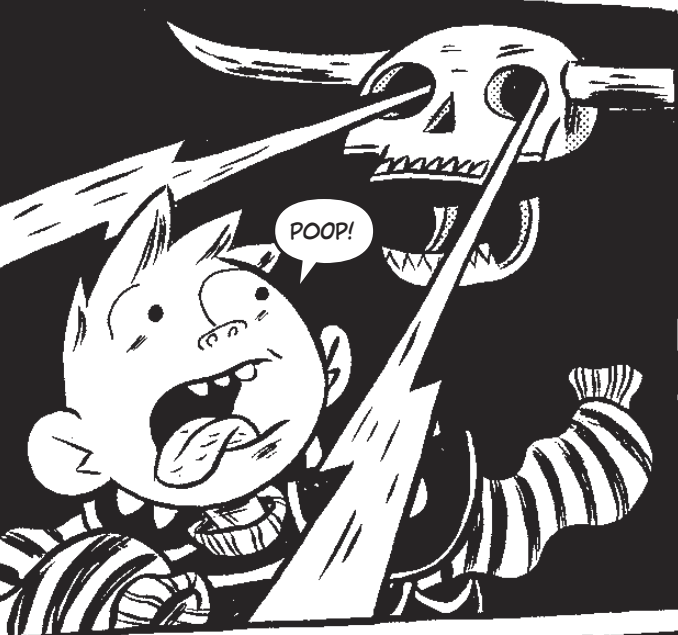
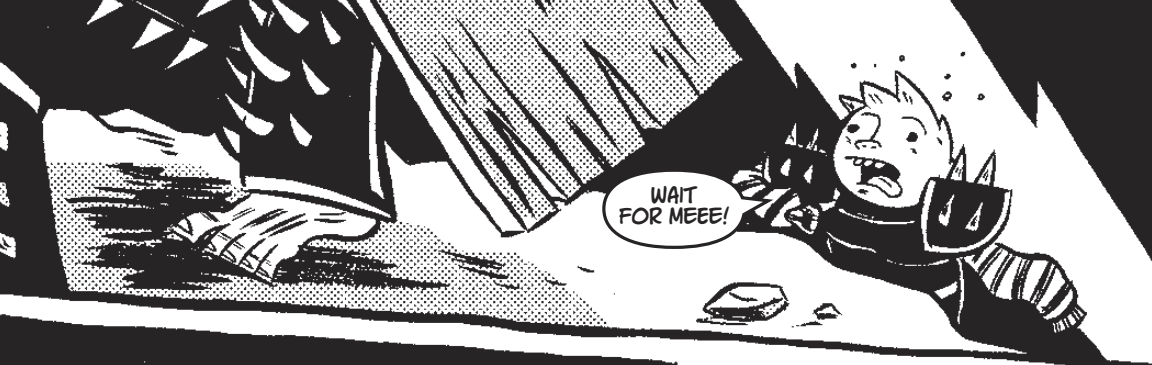


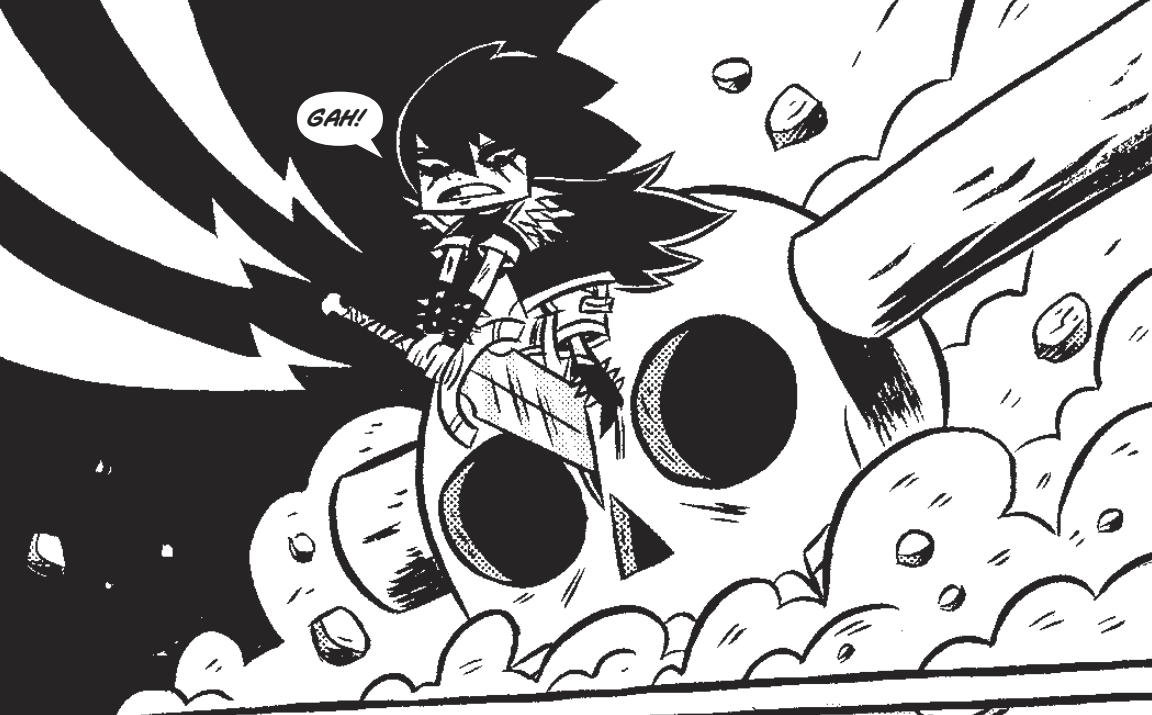
HOLD YOUR
POSITIONS,
DEMONS! REPEL
THE INVADERS!



BATHE
IN THE DIRTY
GOBLIN BLOOD
AND BREATHE
DEEP THEIR
DULCET DEATH
RATTLES!







---REPORTS
COMING IN OF MAJOR
EARTHQUAKES FROM
ACROSS THE GLOBE
AS WE EXPERIENCE AN
UNPRECEDENTED AMOUNT
OF HEAVY **SEISMIC**
ACTIVITY---



THESE
WALLS MUST
BE MADE FROM
THE RIBS OF
YMIR. THEY SEEM
BEWITCHED
NOT TO FALL.

THEN WE
LAY SIEGE,
STARVE
THEM OUT.

THE BARON
WILL FEED
ON HIS OWN,
CANNIBALIZE
FOR CENTURIES.



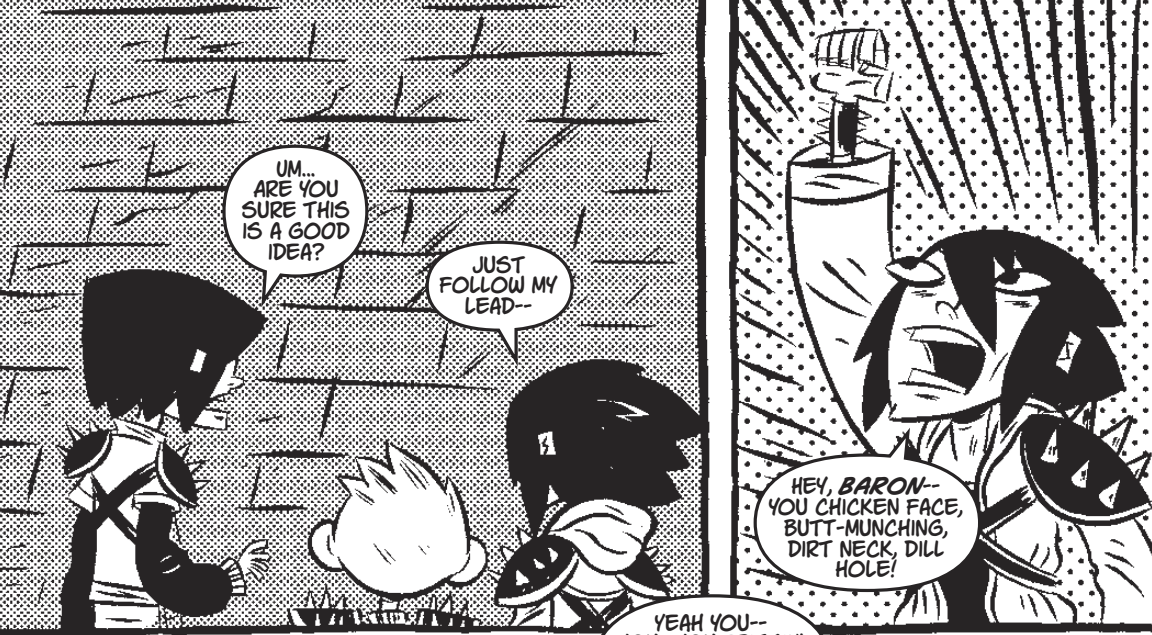
IF WE
CAN'T GET IN
THEN WE MUST
COAX THE
BARON OUT.

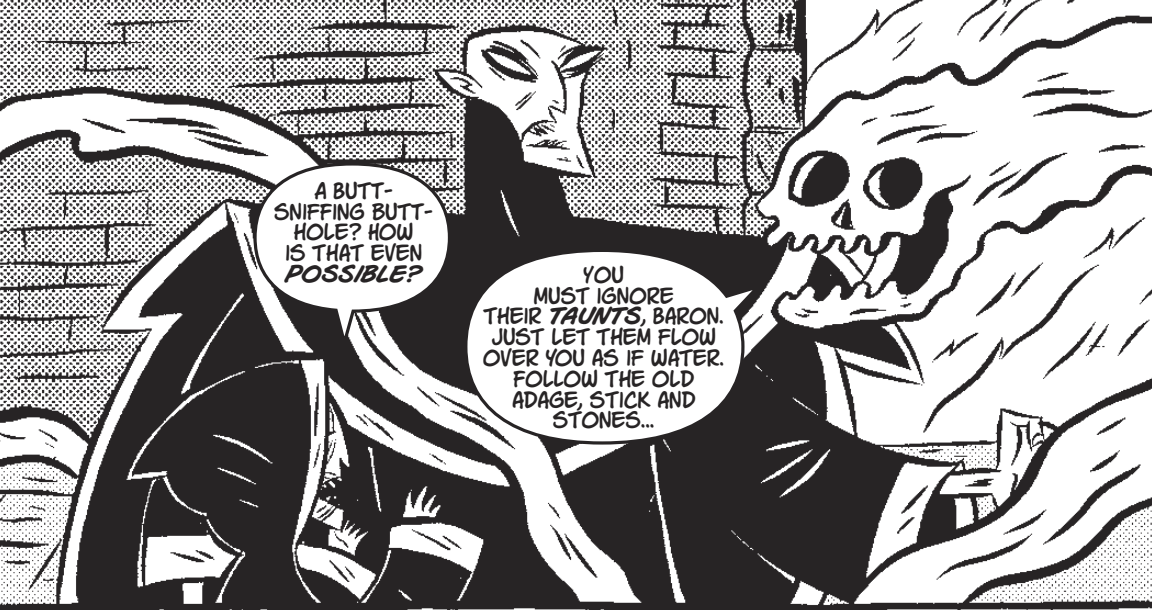


AND
HOW DO YOU
PROPOSE TO
DO THAT?



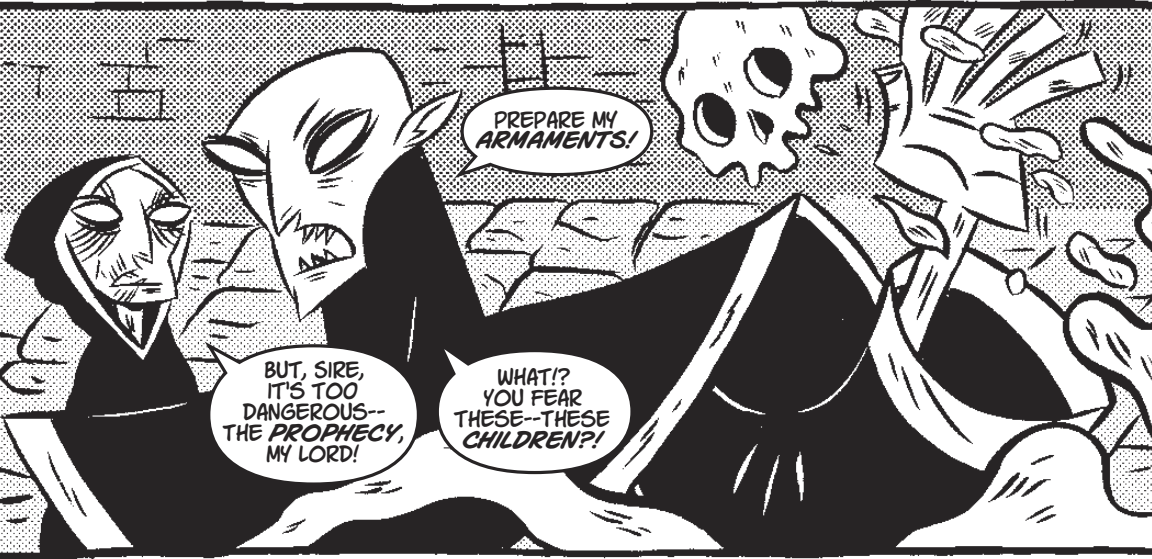
LET ME
SHOW YOU
BOYS A LITTLE
THING CALLED
FINESSE.





A BUTT-SNIFFING BUTT-HOLE? HOW IS THAT EVEN POSSIBLE?

YOU MUST IGNORE THEIR TAUNTS, BARON. JUST LET THEM FLOW OVER YOU AS IF WATER. FOLLOW THE OLD ADAGE, STICK AND STONES...



PREPARE MY ARMAMENTS!

BUT, SIRE, IT'S TOO DANGEROUS-- THE PROPHECY, MY LORD!

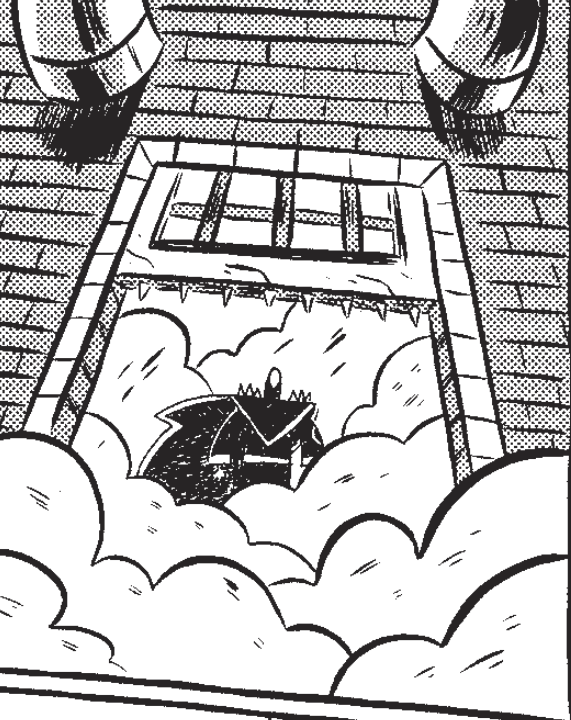
WHAT!? YOU FEAR THESE--THESE CHILDREN?!



BY THE FLAMES OF DAMNATION, I DECREE A NEW PROPHECY!

THAT TONIGHT WE WILL TOAST OUR VICTORY WITH SWEET CHILD'S BLOOD DRUNK WARM FROM THE HEART!

SO LET IT BE WRITTEN. SO LET IT BE DONE. NOW OPEN THE GATES!



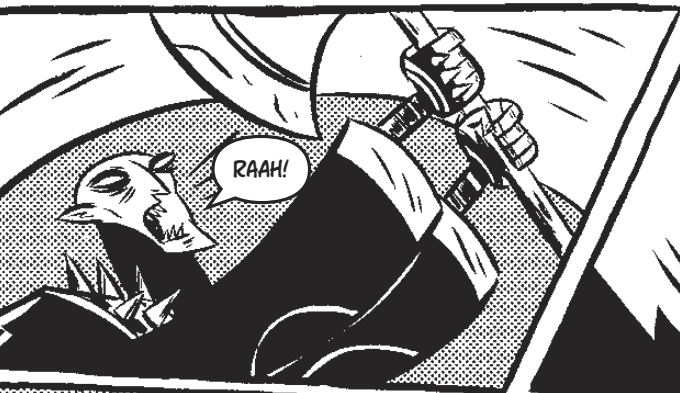


ARE YOU SURE
YOU WANT TO WALK
WITH THE GODS,
CHILDREN? SURE
YOU HAVE THE
METAL IT TAKES--
THE SCROTAL
REQUIREMENTS?

WE'RE
GONNA
PIG-STICK
YOU!



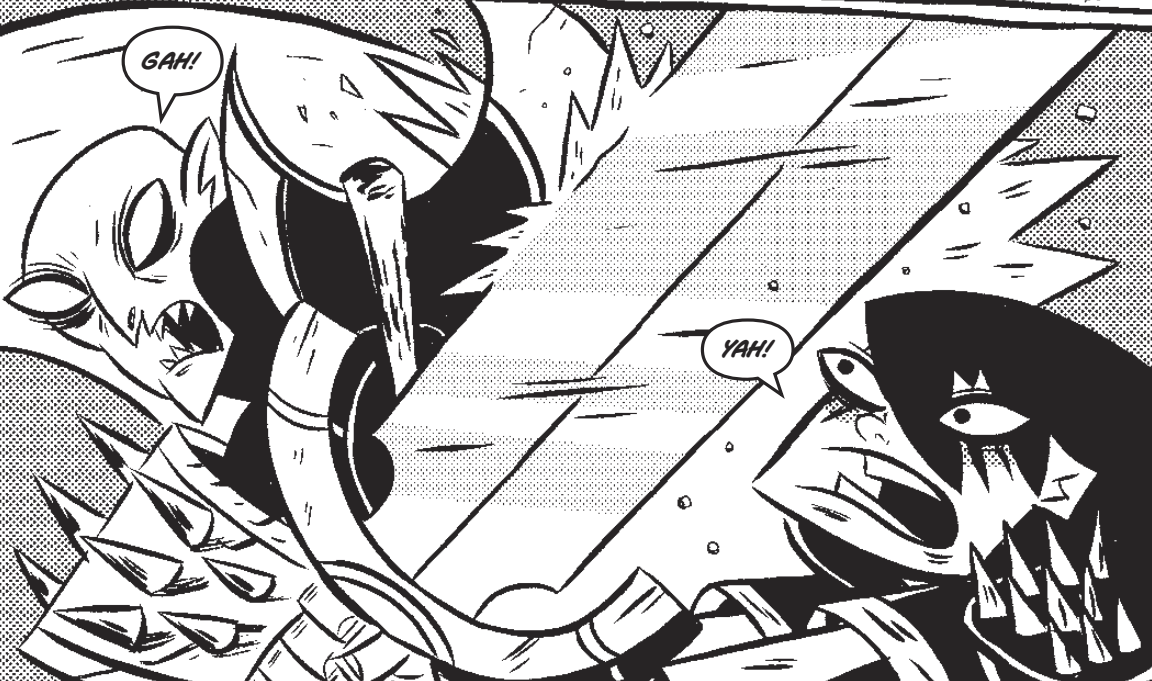
THE ROTH,
INDEED, WELCOME
BACK. A PITY THIS
WILL BE SUCH A
SHORT-LIVED
REUNION TOUR.



RAAH!



HIGHH!



GAH!

YAH!



YOUR
TIME IS AT
AN END, VON
CHAR, THIS
VERY DAY!



AND WHO
NAMES YOU
DESTRUCTOR,
CHILD?

YOU COULD
NEVER BEAT
US IN A FAIR
FIGHT.

YOU ALWAYS
HAD TO RESORT
TO DECEPTION,
BETRAYAL,
SOME CHEAP
TRICKERY!



VERILY, BUT
YOU'VE FORGOTTEN
THAT WAS IN CONTEST
WITH A GROWN ROTH,
CUT FROM WHOLE
CLOTH--

--NOT THESE
TWIN SUCKLING
BABES BEFORE
ME.

DO YOU
EVER SHUT
UP?

YES LET'S
LET THE ACTIONS
SPEAK THE TRUTH
AS I CLAIM FIRST
BLOOD!



AAAAAGH!





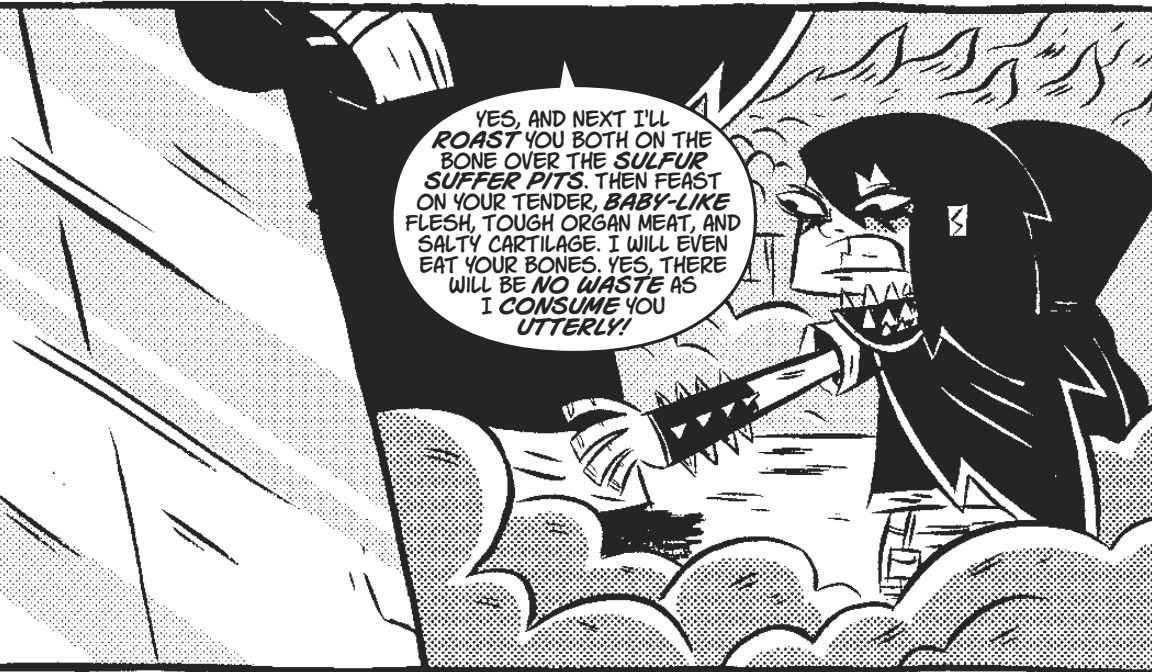




NOW
LET'S SEE,
HOW BEST TO
MURDER
YOU?



I THINK
I'LL START
WITH CHOPPING
OFF YOUR HEADS
YET AGAIN, AS IT
SO STIFFENED
MY *MANHOOD*
THE FIRST
TIME.



YES, AND NEXT I'LL
ROAST YOU BOTH ON THE
BONE OVER THE *SULFUR*
SUFFER PITS. THEN FEAST
ON YOUR TENDER, *BABY-LIKE*
FLESH, TOUGH ORGAN MEAT, AND
SALTY CARTILAGE. I WILL EVEN
EAT YOUR BONES. YES, THERE
WILL BE *NO WASTE* AS
I *CONSUME* YOU
UTTERLY!



FURTHERMORE,
JUST TO BE A
PISSEUR, I'LL RID MY
BOWELS OF YOU
ON THIS VERY
SPOT--

--AND LEAVE IT
TO THE *VULTURES*
TO PICK WHAT'S LEFT
OF YOUR *ESSENCE*
FROM MY *FECAL*
EXCREMENT!



LORD ODIN,
I KNOW I DON'T
PRAY TO YOU NEAR
OFTEN ENOUGH. IT
SEEMS I SELDOM
HAVE THE WORDS
FOR IT.



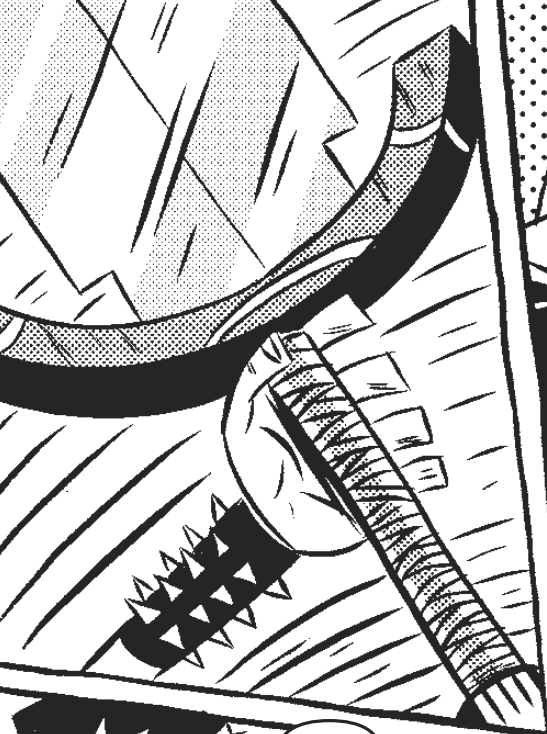
BUT
HEAR ME *NOW*,
MY MASTER, AND
LET ME LIVE JUST
ONE MOMENT
MORE!



THIS IS *ALL*
I HUMBLY ASK,
THEN MY *SOUL* IS
YOURS FOR THE
TAKING!



ARGGGGGGH!



A FOOLISH
SACRIFICE THAT
WILL MATTER *FOR*
NOT. NOW COME
SEEK YOUR DEATH,
WHELP!

IT'S
NOT *ME* YOU
SHOULD BE
WORRIED ABOUT,
BARON!



YAAAAH!

THAT
WON'T KILL
ME, LITTLE
BOY!

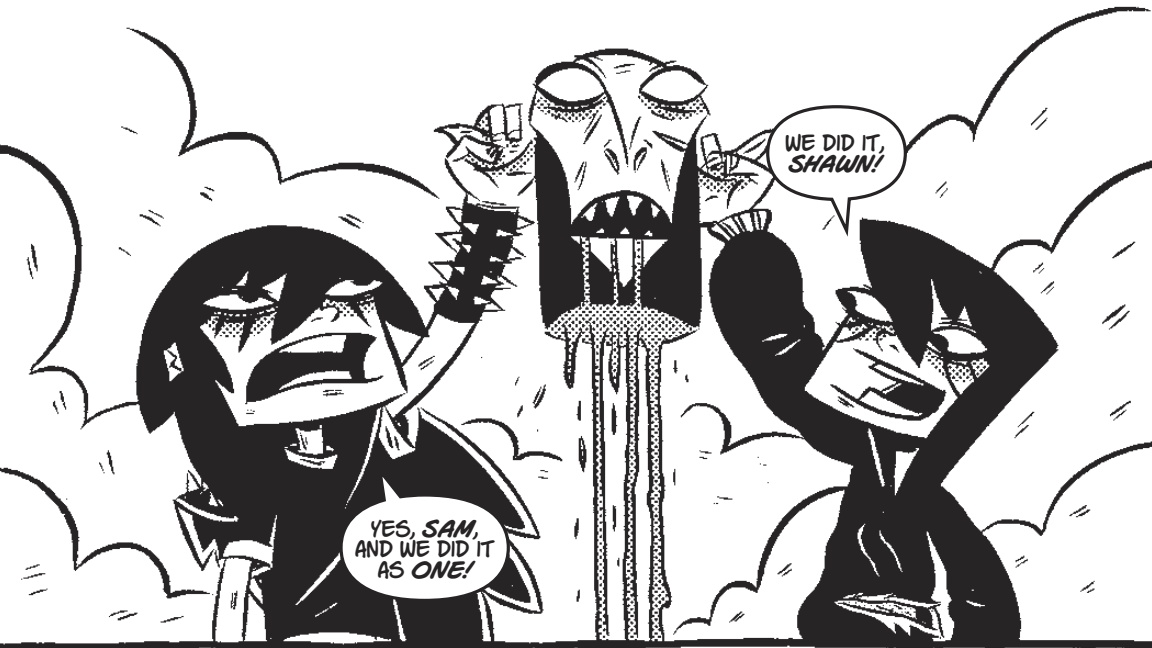


I'M
NOT TRYING
TO KILL YOU--
JUST HOLD
YOU STILL!



NOW,
SHAWN!





THIS
ONE'S FOR
ALL THOSE
WHO *DIED!*







MEANWHILE:
IN THE DEEP
FROZEN CORE
OF HELL--




THE
AGENT HAS
BEEN DEFEATED.
WE ARE FREE OF
SUSPICION.
EVERYTHING MOVES
ACCORDING TO
PLAN, MY LORD.



THE TIME
OF *COMING*
IS UPON US, AS
FORETOLD IN THE
APOCRYPHA.



SET THE
FIRES, BEGIN
THE *THAW* AND
REJOICE IN THE
RETURN OF THE
LEVIATHAN!



REJOICE--
REJOICE AND HAIL
THE *ACCUSER*,
THE *ADVERSARY*,
THE *SLANDERER*,
THE ONE TRUE
DECEIVER--



HAIL
SATAN!

FIRST, THERE WAS
BLACKNESS.

THEN...

...THERE WAS
LIGHT.

BACK







THE ANGEL
LUCIFER.



THE LIGHT
BEARER...



THE MORNING
STAR...



THE FALLEN.



EVIL HAS ALWAYS
EXISTED.

MISERY, PAIN, SUFFERING,
DEATH... ALL AS ETERNAL
AS ETERNITY ITSELF.



PERSONIFIED, IT TAKES
MANY NAMES...



ABADDON, AHRIMAN,
AZAZIL, BAAL
DAVAR, DEOFOL,
DIABOLUS, MERIRIM,
MASTEMA, SAR HA
OLAM, AL-SHAITAN,
HA-SATAN...



SATAN.

THAT WHICH HAS TRANSPIRED



A DEMON
REINCARNATE.



A SWORD OF
LEGEND FOUND.

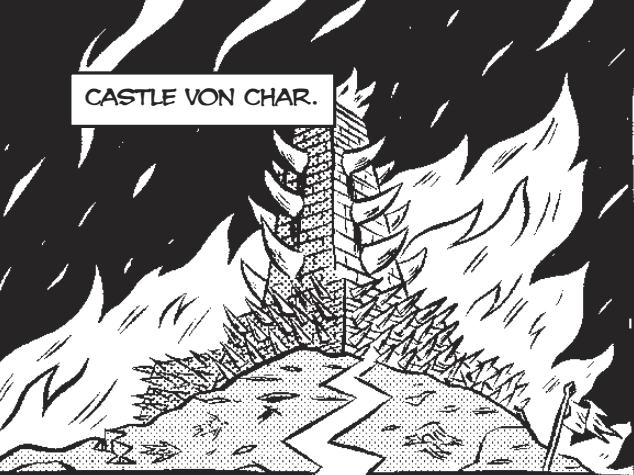


A QUEST
UNDERTAKEN.



A KINGDOM WON.

CASTLE VON CHAR.



BARON VON CHAR.



VICTORY... IT
IS A DIRTY
THING, SAM.

INDEED,
SHAWN.

AND WHAT
ARE WE TO DO
WITH ALL THIS
FOUL DEATH?



AH, IT
SEEMS THE
ANSWER RIDES
ON THE WIND,
BROTHER.

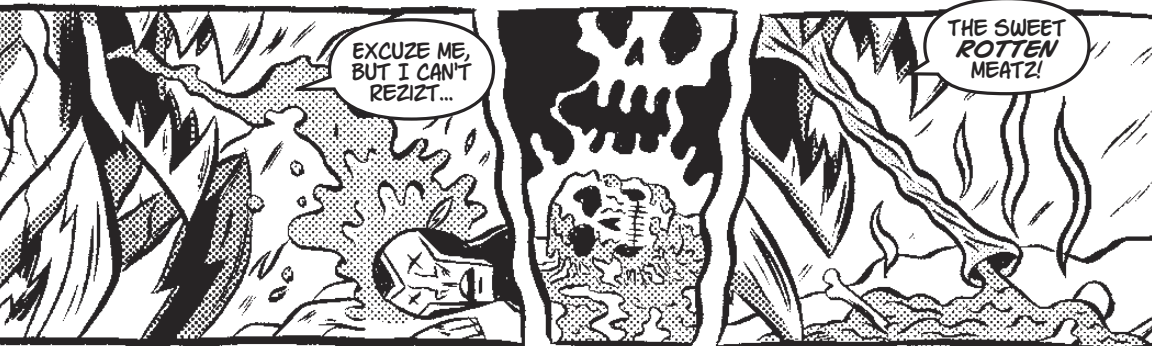




HARK AND
BEAR WITNEZ
TO THE COMING
OF HIS MAJEZTY,
THE INFAMOUZ, THE
WICKED AND SICK,
BEELZEBUB!

WHOA--

HARK AND
BEHOLD THE
ADVENT OF THE
HIGH *CHERUBIM*,
THE PRIDE OF THE
DETRITIVOREZ, THE
LORD OF THE
FLIEZ!



EXCUZE ME,
BUT I CAN'T
REZIZT...

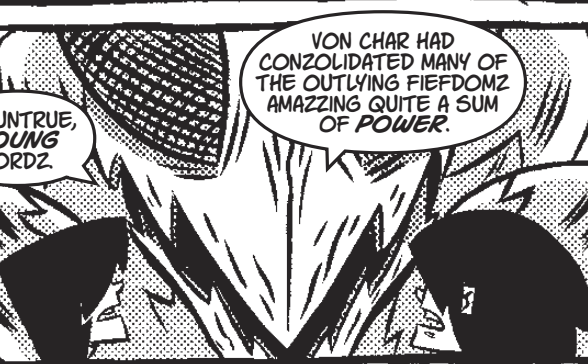
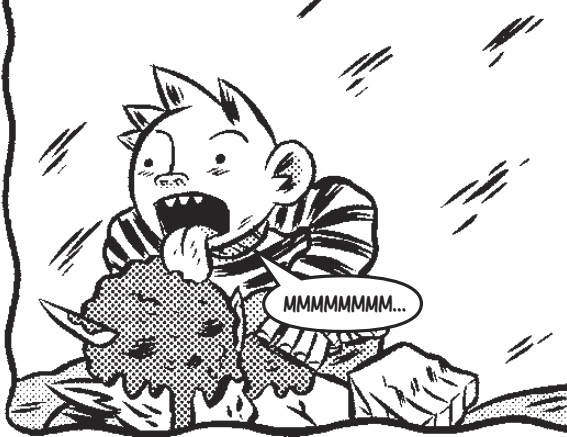
THE SWEET
ROTTEN
MEATZ!



NOM NOM
NOM!

SO
COOL!


SO
GROSS!






INDEED.
HOWEVER...

THAT A *MINOR*
PLAYER SUCH AZ THE
BARON HELD SO *LARGE*
A STAKE IN PERDITION
WAZ A THORN IN THE
SIDE OF *MANY*.



NOW EVEN MORE
PRECARIOUZ THIZ
POWER LAYZ IN THE
HANDZ OF TWO YOUNG
QUESTIONZ.



OF WHOM
IT REMAINZ TO
BE SEEN--



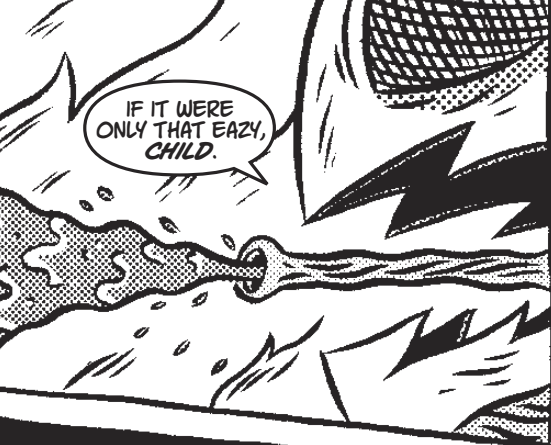
CAN THEY
WIELD *TRUE*
POWER?



SOUNDS LIKE
THE *INSECT*
ISSUES A
CHALLENGE,
SAM.



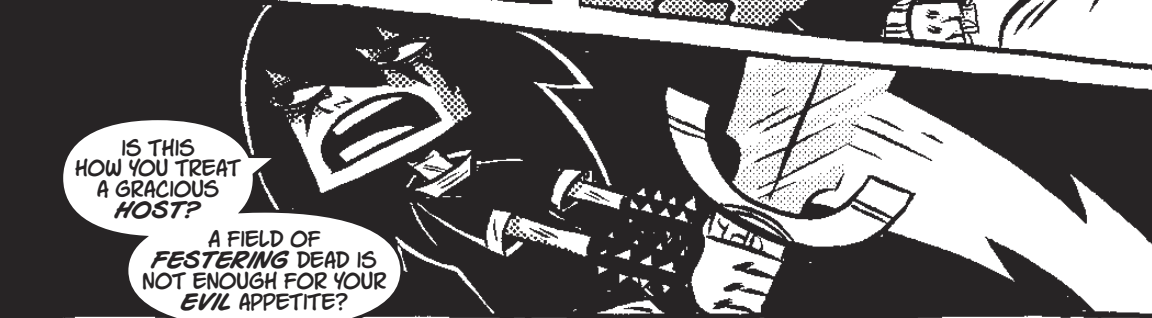
THEN LET US
SWAT THIZ
LORD OF THE
FLIES!



IF IT WERE
ONLY THAT EASY,
CHILD.



GAHH!



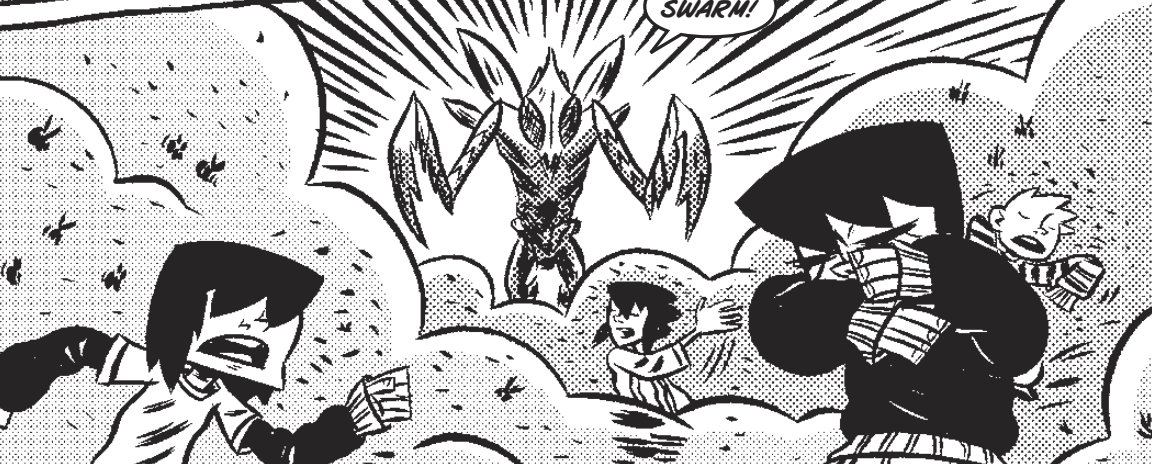
IS THIS
HOW YOU TREAT
A GRACIOUS
HOST?

A FIELD OF
FESTERING DEAD IS
NOT ENOUGH FOR YOUR
EVIL APPETITE?

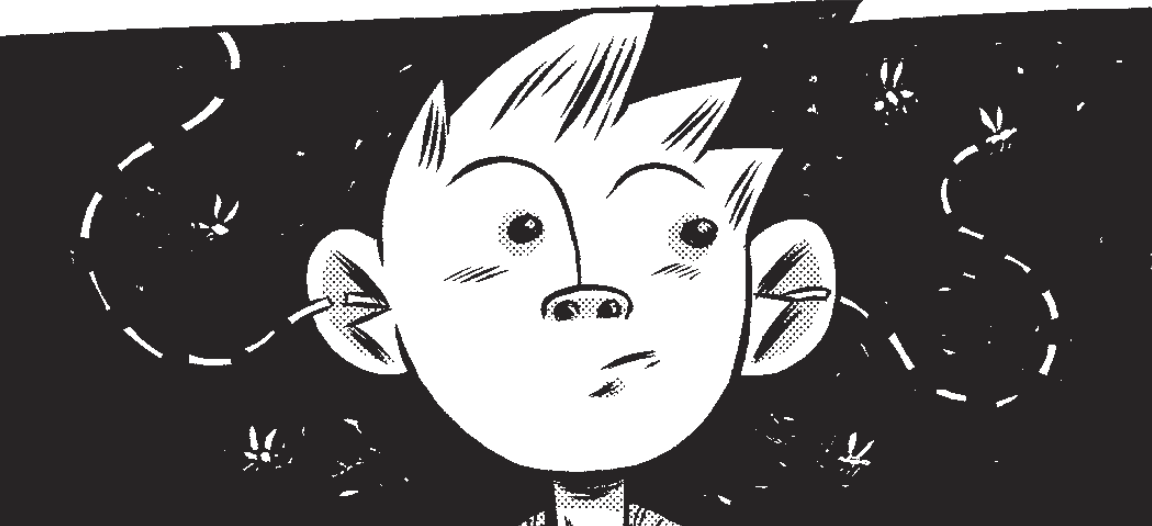
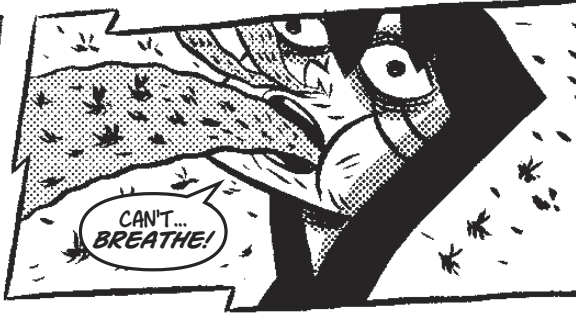


MY TRUE
HUNGER IS FOR
POWER, HALF-
ROTH.

SWARM,
MY LOVELIEZ!



SWARM!





CHOK OFF
THEIR HOT
BLOODED
ARROGANCE!

CRUSH THEM,
MY FLIEZ!

CRUSH THEM
AGAINST THEIR LUDICROUS
ENDOSKELETONZ AND
MILK THEM OF THEIR
VULGAR LACTATIONZ!

SUFFOCATE
THEIR SMUG
MAMMALIAN
SUPERIORITY!

SHOW THEM
THE VERACIOUS
NATURE OF
THINGZ!

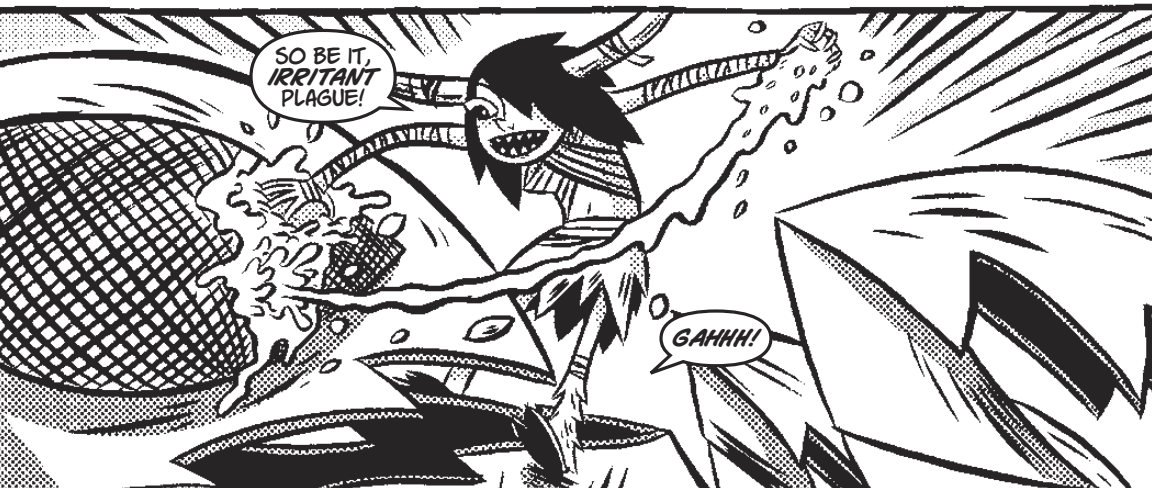
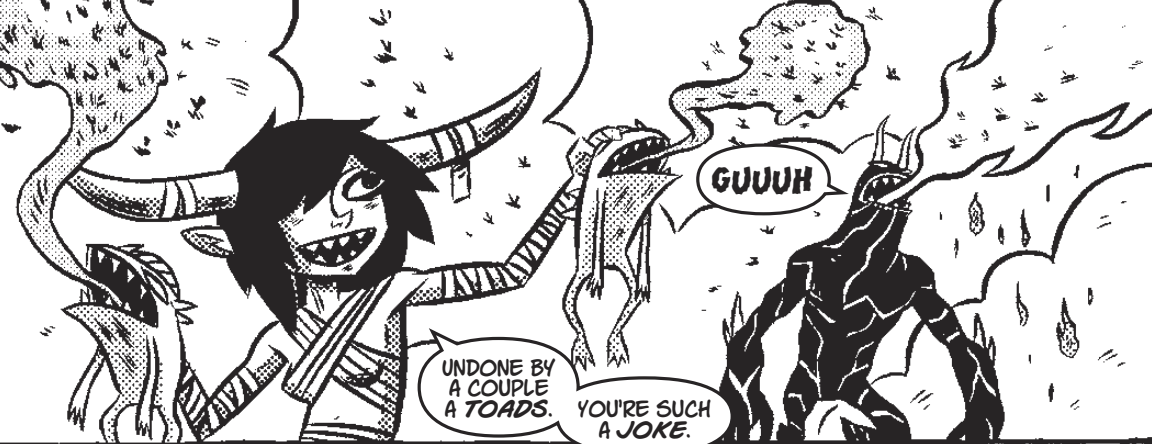
SHOW THEM WHO
THROUGH ASTOUNDING
DIVERZITY AND
STAGGERING POPULAIONZ
TRULY RULEZ BOTH
ABOVE AND BELOW!

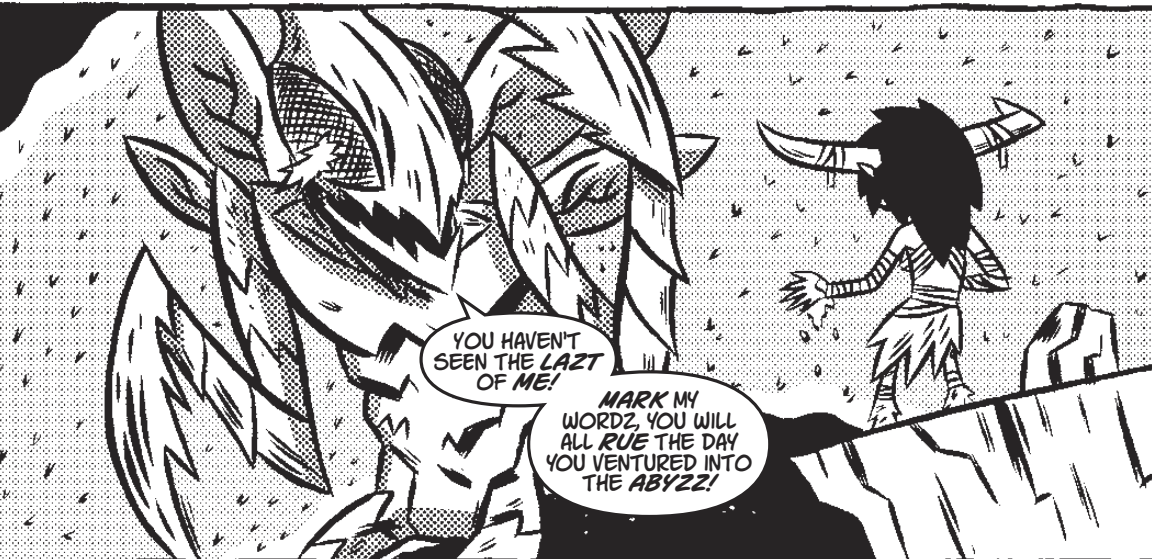
YEZ!

THE TIME OF
THE INSECTA IZ
AT HAND!

GAHHH!











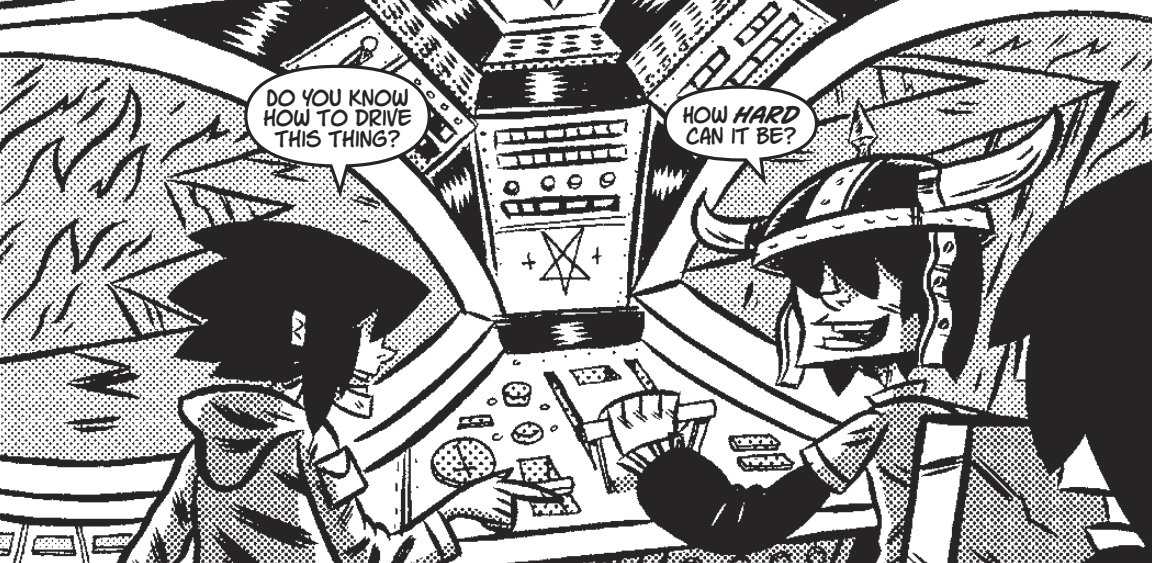




--WHEN WE CAN
TRAVEL IN STYLE!

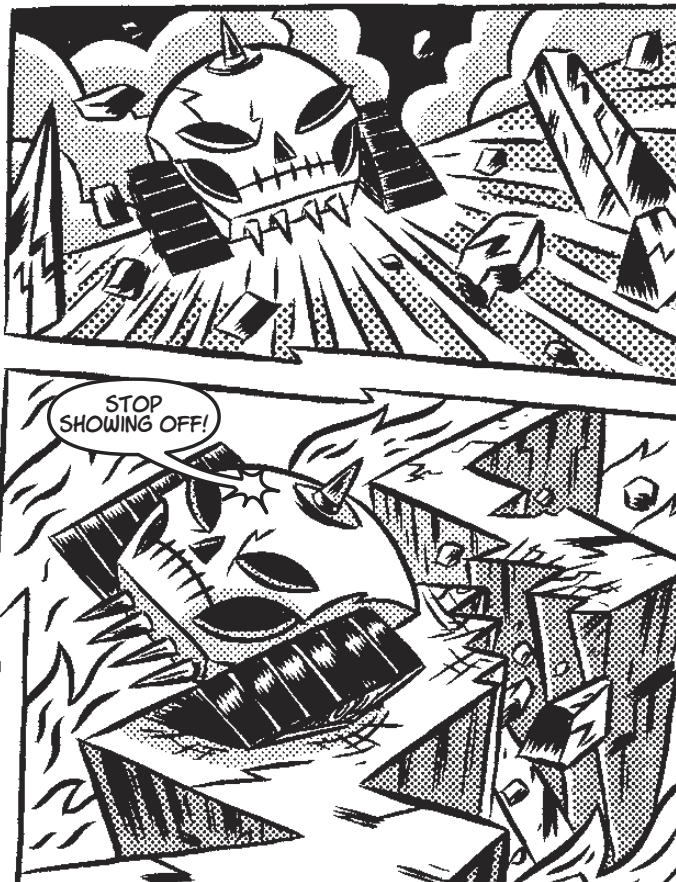
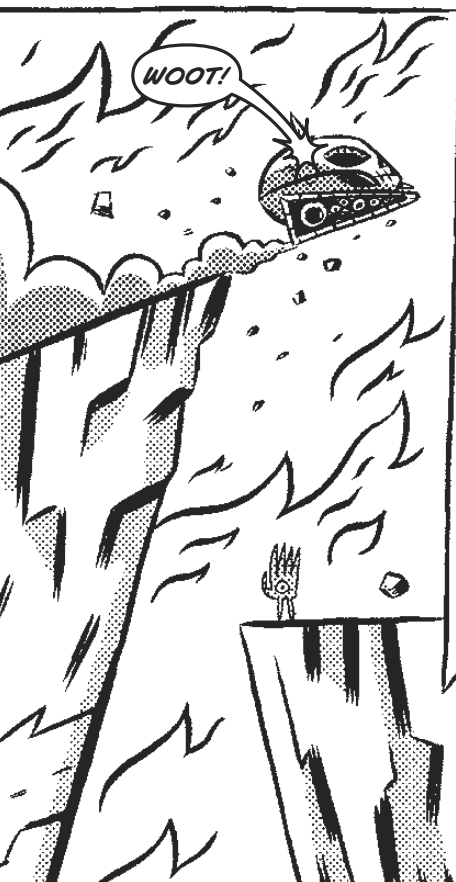


SKULL TANK,
GRIM!

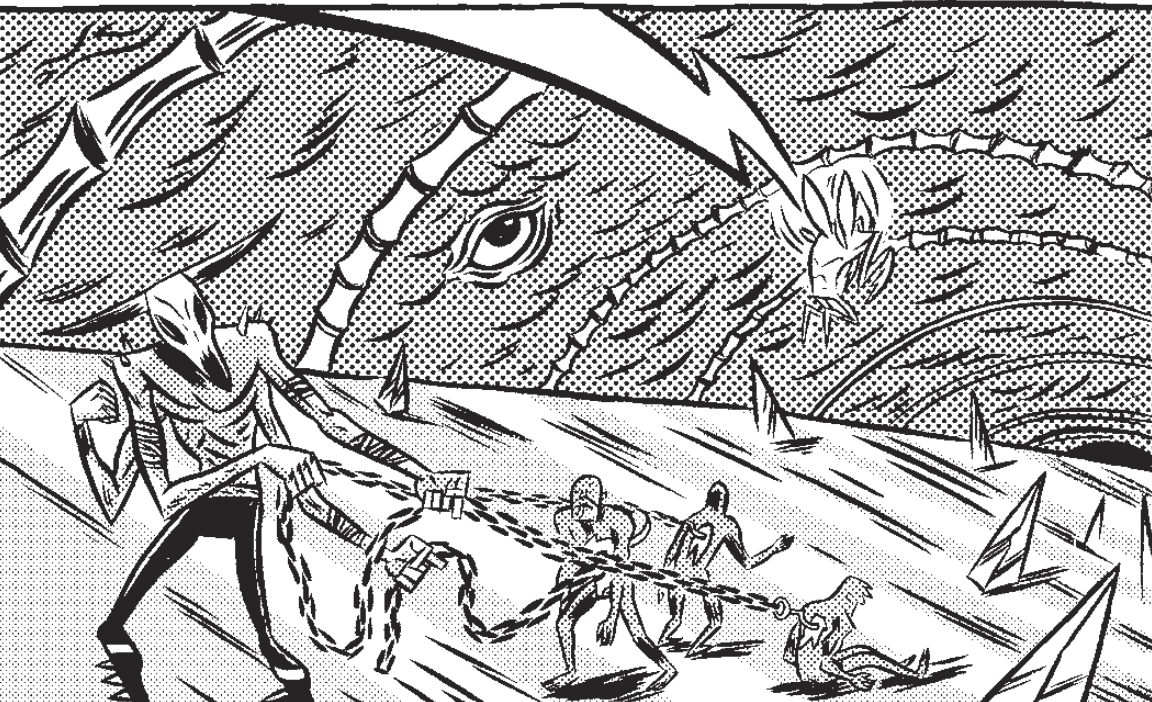
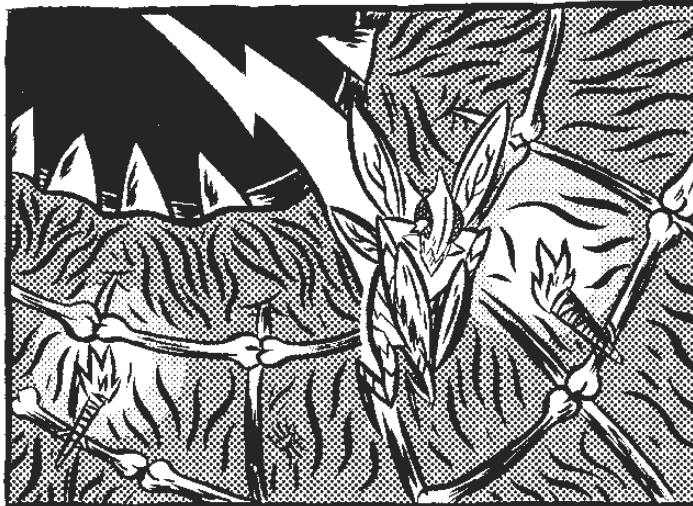
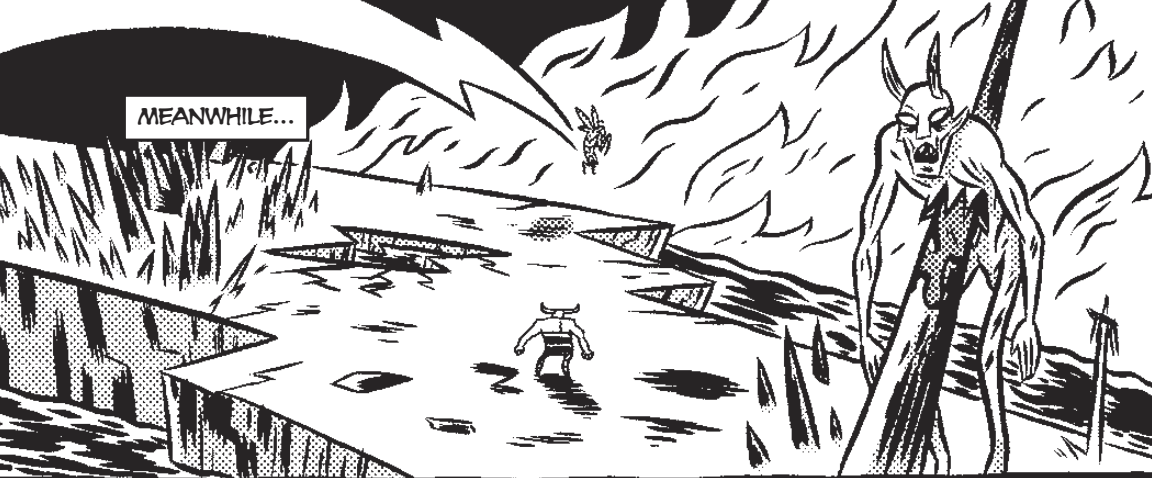


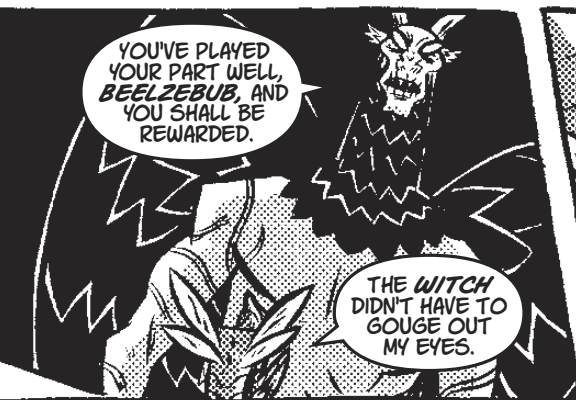
DO YOU KNOW
HOW TO DRIVE
THIS THING?

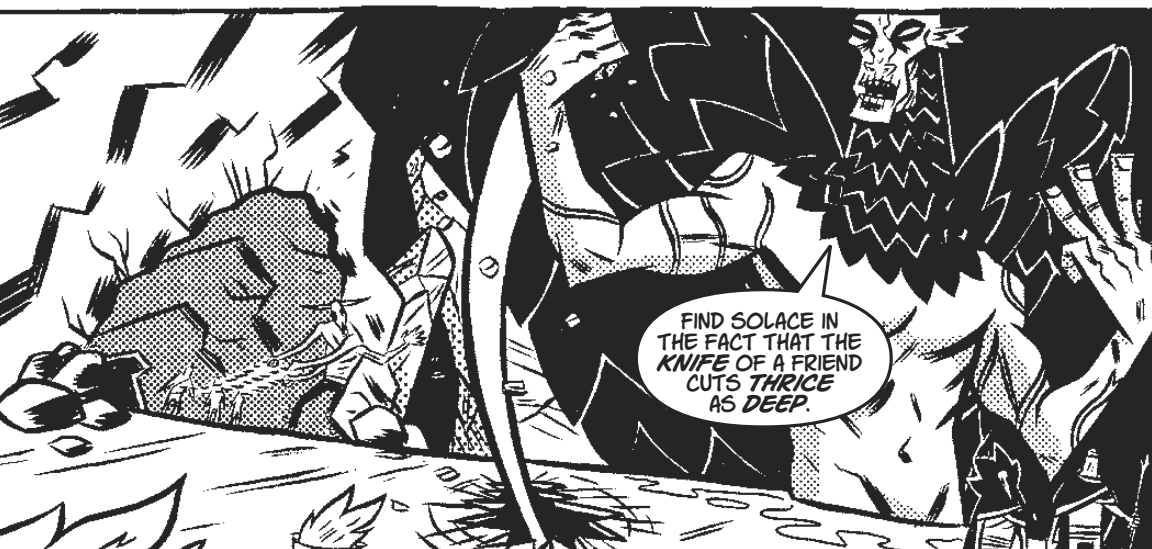
HOW HARD
CAN IT BE?



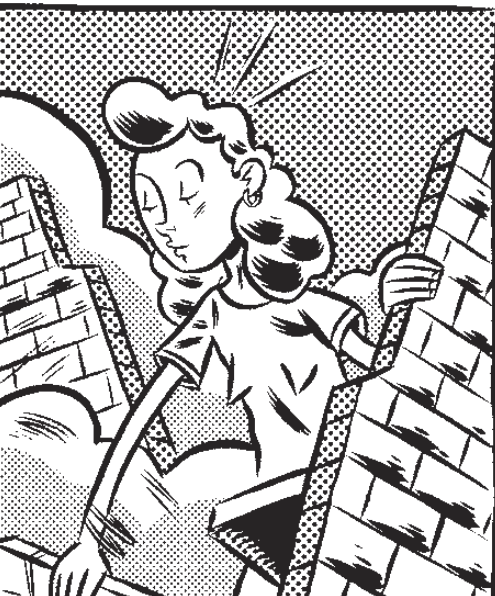
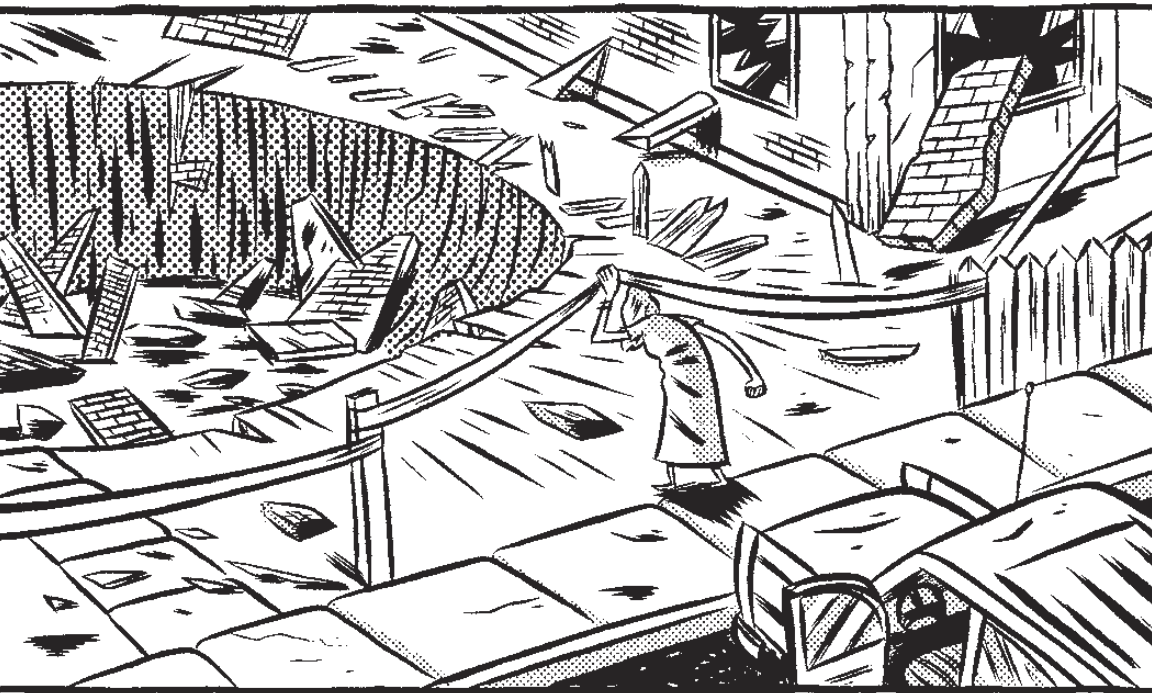
MEANWHILE...



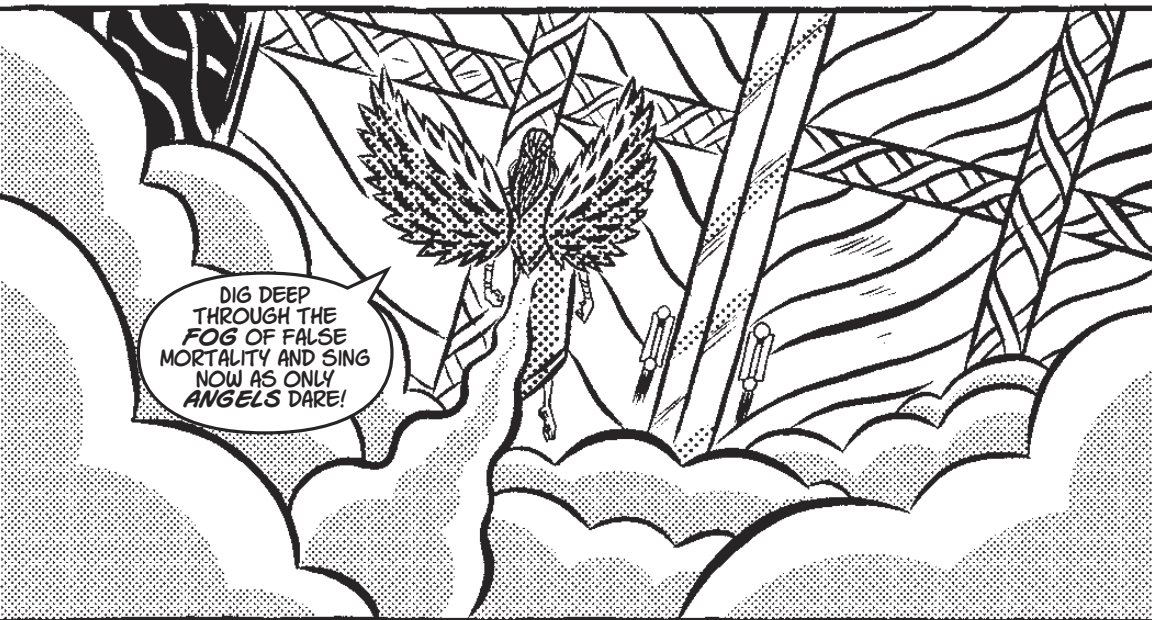
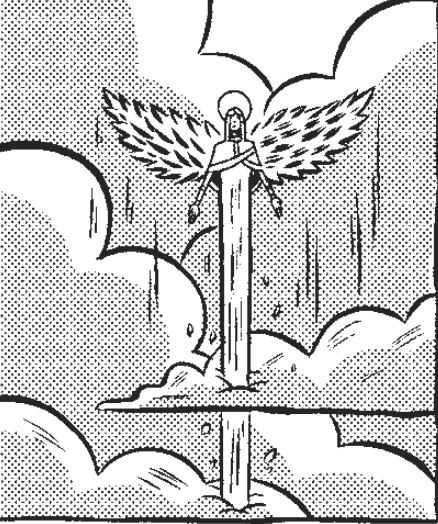


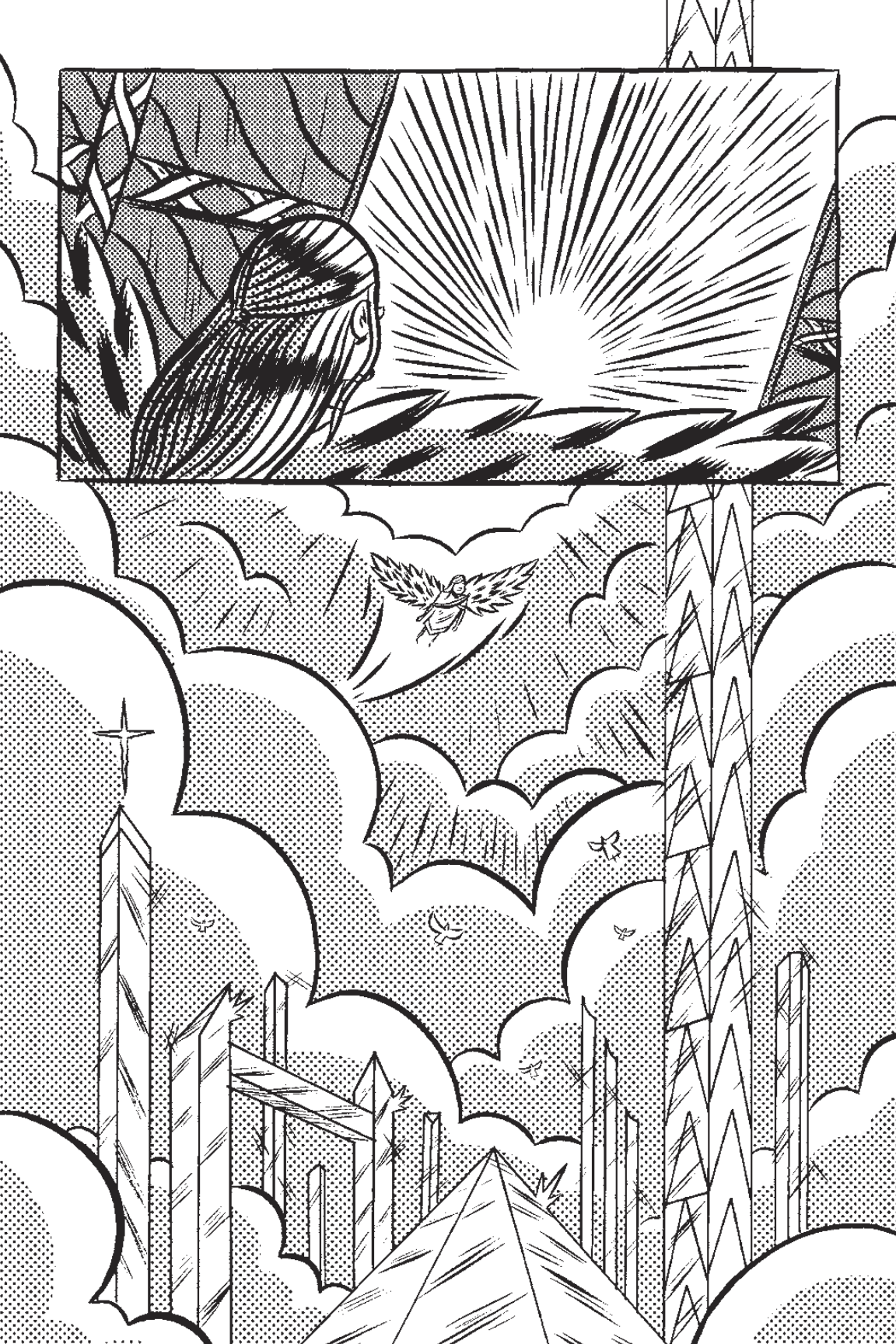






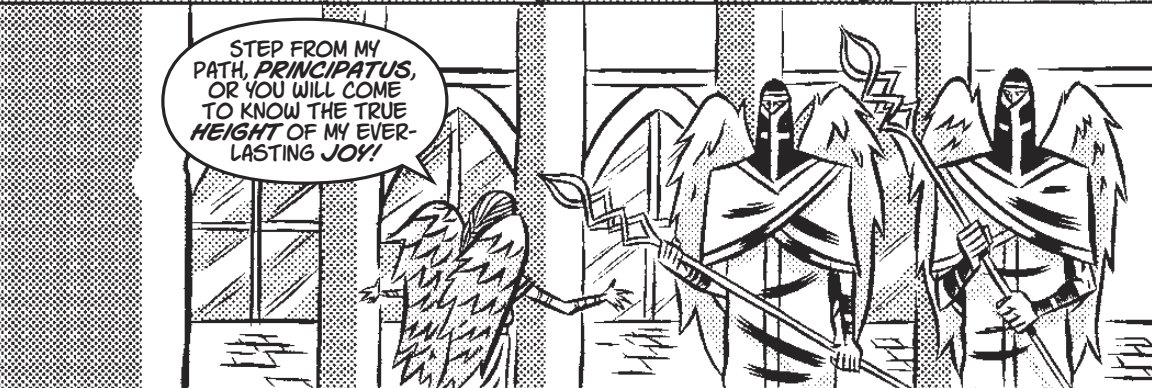








STEP FROM MY
PATH, *PRINCIPATUS*,
OR YOU WILL COME
TO KNOW THE TRUE
HEIGHT OF MY EVER-
LASTING JOY!



WELCOME
HOME ARCHANGEL,
MATERNA GONXHA,
AND GLAD TIDINGS.



METATRON!

WHAT IS
THE MEANING
OF MY PATH
IMPEDED?

YOU HAVE BEEN
LONG BELOW,
GONXHA.

EVEN NOW
YOU REEK OF THE
TERRESTRIAL.



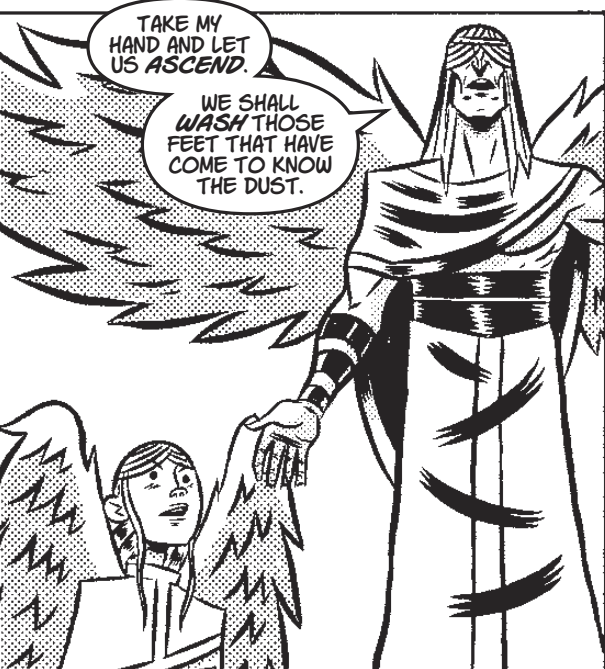


ALL THE MORE
REASON THAT I BE
PERMITTED TO *BATHE*
IN THE GLORY OF THE
HEAVENLY FATHER AND
SING HIS PRAISES.



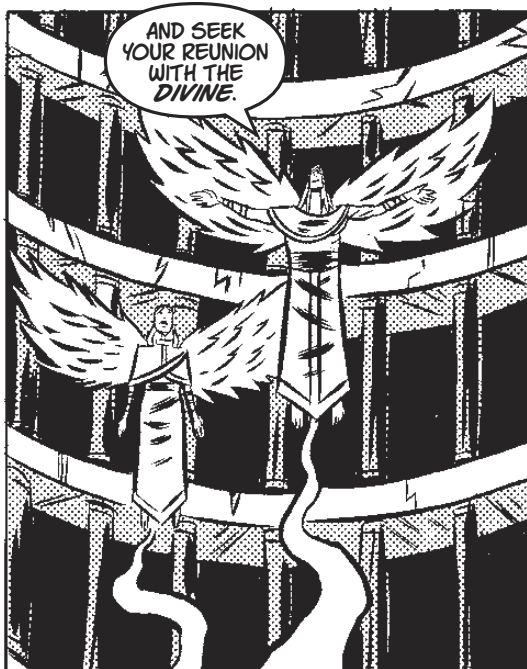
YES, MY CHILD,
SUCH WILL COME TO
PASS, BUT *FIRST*,
A REPORT, A
DEBRIEFING.

THE *HOST* MUST
KNOW THAT WHICH
HAS TRANSPIRED
BELOW.

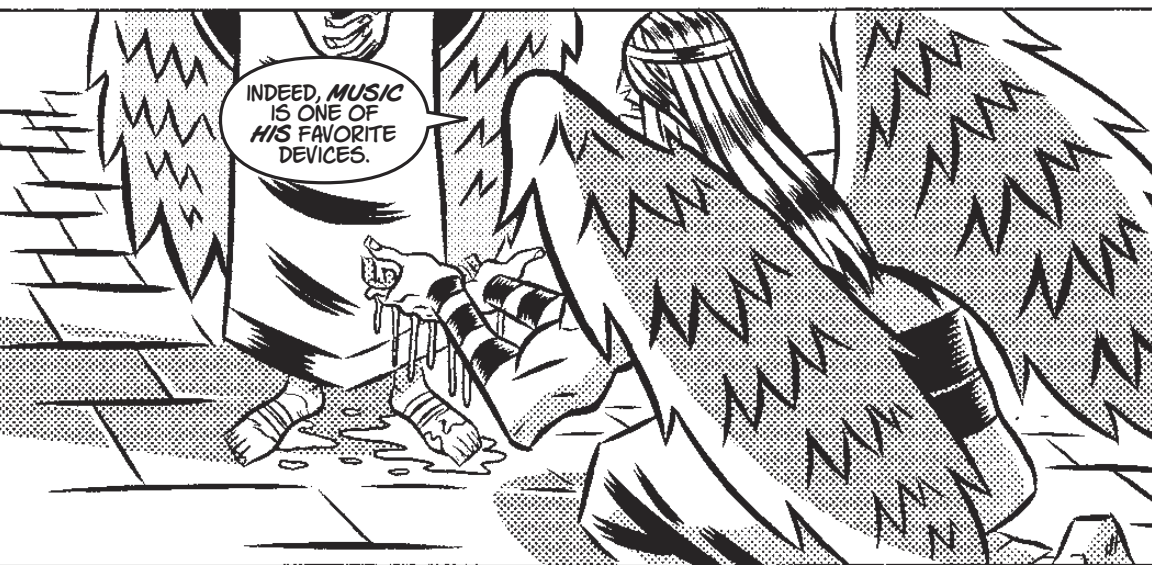


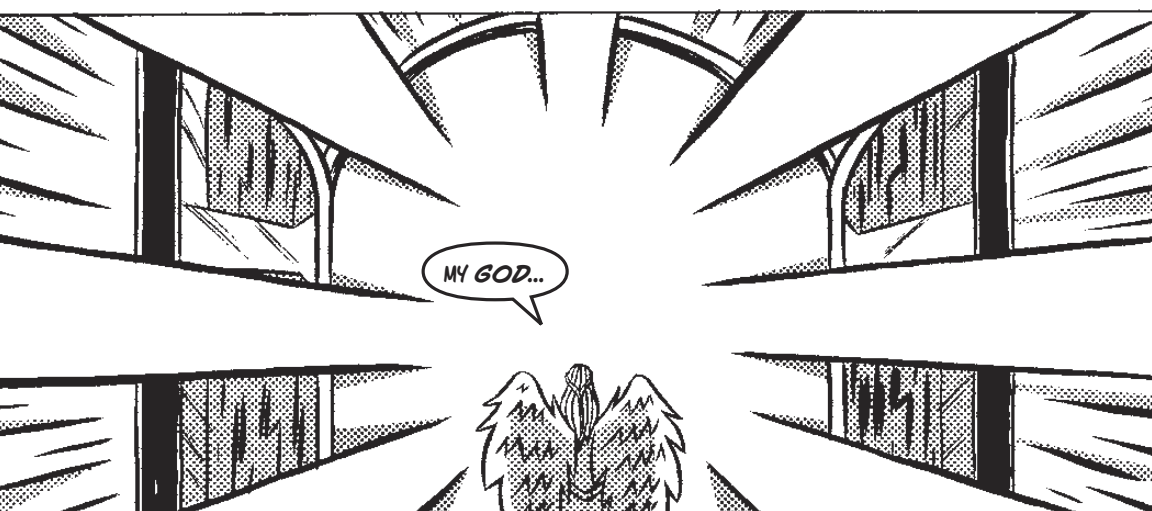
TAKE MY
HAND AND LET
US *ASCEND*.

WE SHALL
WASH THOSE
FEET THAT HAVE
COME TO KNOW
THE DUST.



AND SEEK
YOUR REUNION
WITH THE
DIVINE.







MY LORD,
THINE IS THE
WISDOM AND
THE KINGDOM.

I *BEG*
YOUR DIVINE
FORGIVENESS OF
MY INADEQUACIES
IN THIS TASK.

I AM BUT A *FRAIL*
VESSEL IN YOUR
HUMBLE SERVICE.



NO CHILD,
WORRY NOT.

THIS WAS
PROPHECY.



YOUR
FAILURE WAS
PREORDAINED.



PRAISE
BE TO GOD.



I'VE NEVER SEEN
THE INSIDE OF A
SKULL TANK.







ARE YOU NOT
GREAT ENOUGH,
STRONG ENOUGH?
DOES HE NOT
TRUST YOU?

DOES HE THINK
HIMSELF YOUR
BETTER?



HE IS MY
BROTHER.

YES, OF
COURSE, I'M
SURE HE IS **TRUE**
AND UNSELFISH.

IT'S JUST, I DON'T
KNOW. IT DOESN'T
SEEM RIGHT.



I'D SAY YOU
DESERVE A SWORD,
A SWORD OF YOUR
VERY **OWN**.

MY OWN
SWORD...



IT'S ONLY
FAIR.



BUT WHAT
DO I KNOW?

I'M JUST A
SIMPLE DAUGHTER OF
BAPHOMET. I COULD
BE WRONG.



I DON'T
LIKE HER.

THAT
GIRL.



I WANT
TO EAT
HER FACE.



UH, DUDES, THERE'S
SOMETHING *WEIRD*
UP AHEAD...



WHAT THE
HELL IS
THAT?





YOU ADD SALTPETER
TO BRIMSTONE AND
CHARCOAL TO MAKE
BLACK POWDER.



TO BLAST
THE PIT
DEEPER.

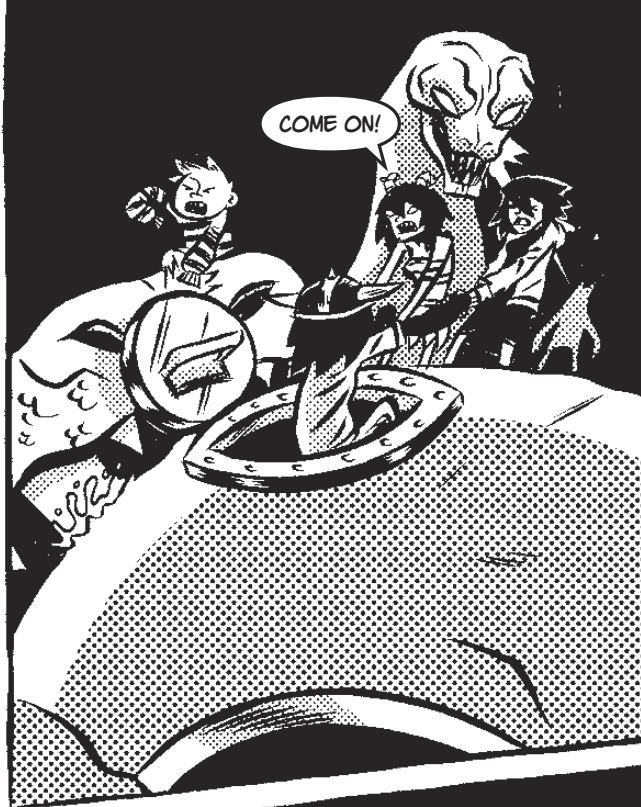


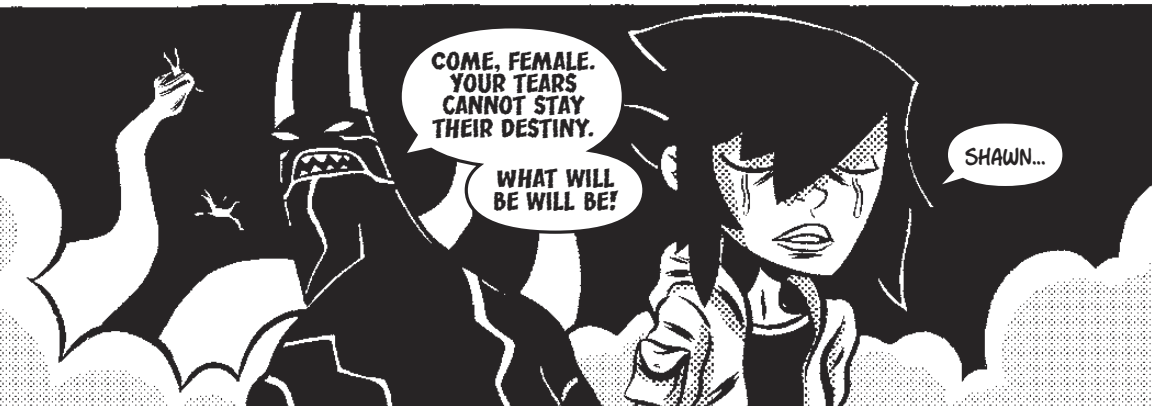
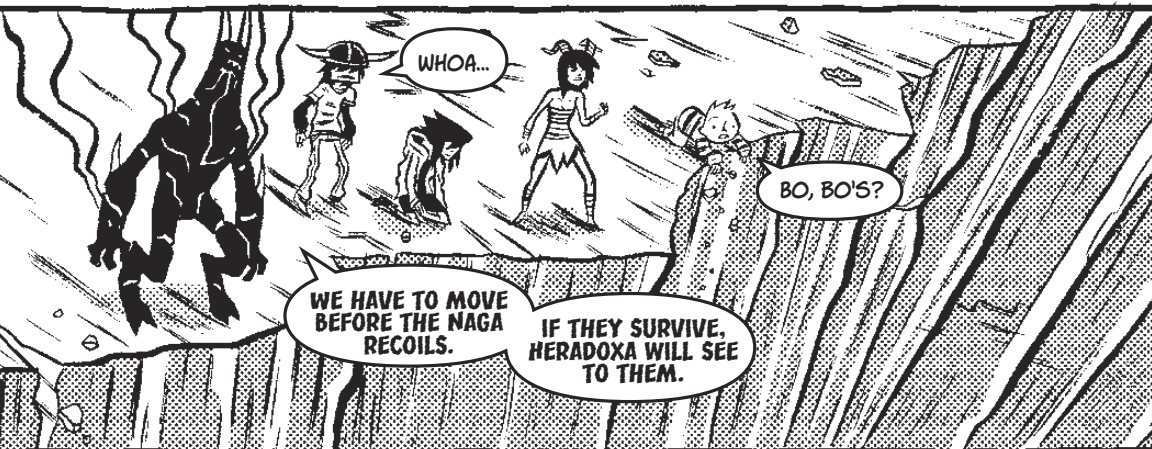
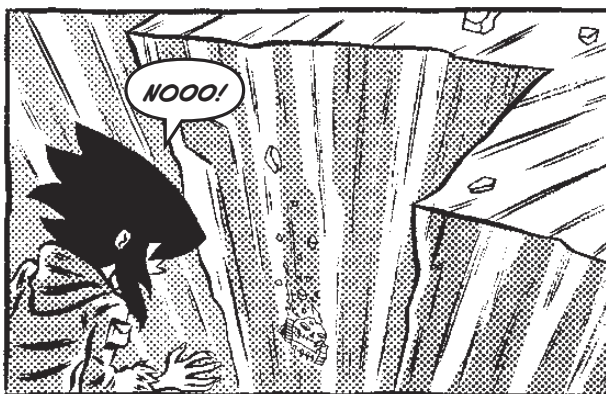
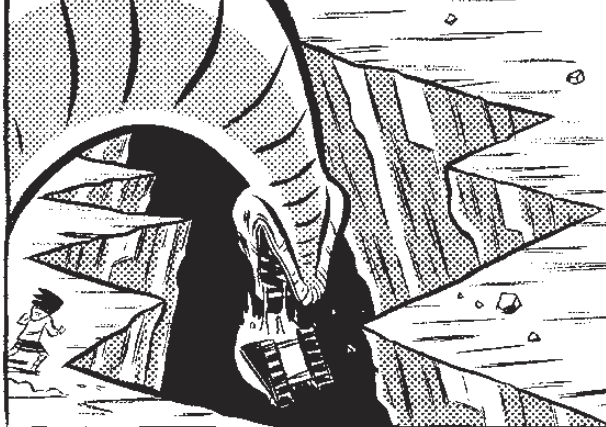
GROW
HELL.

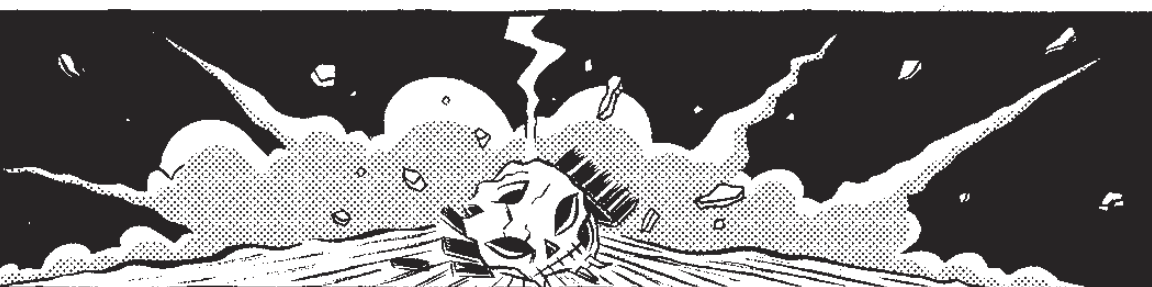
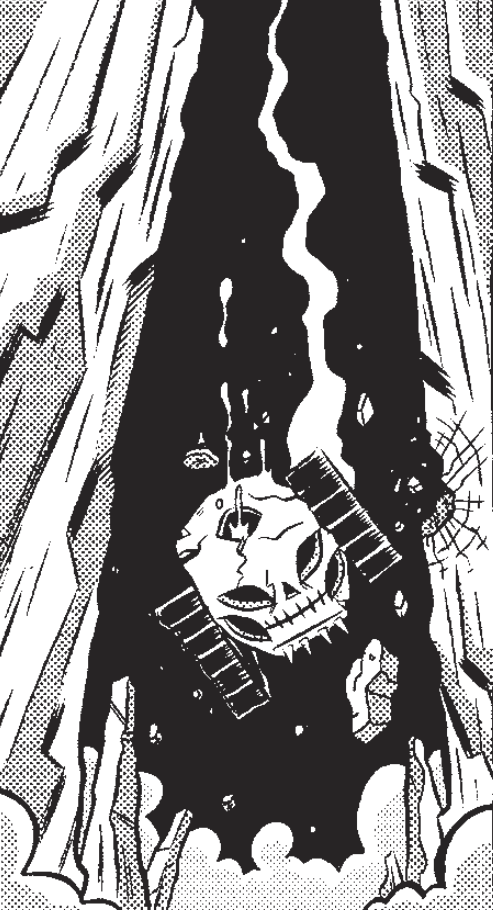


HELL'S
GROWING?



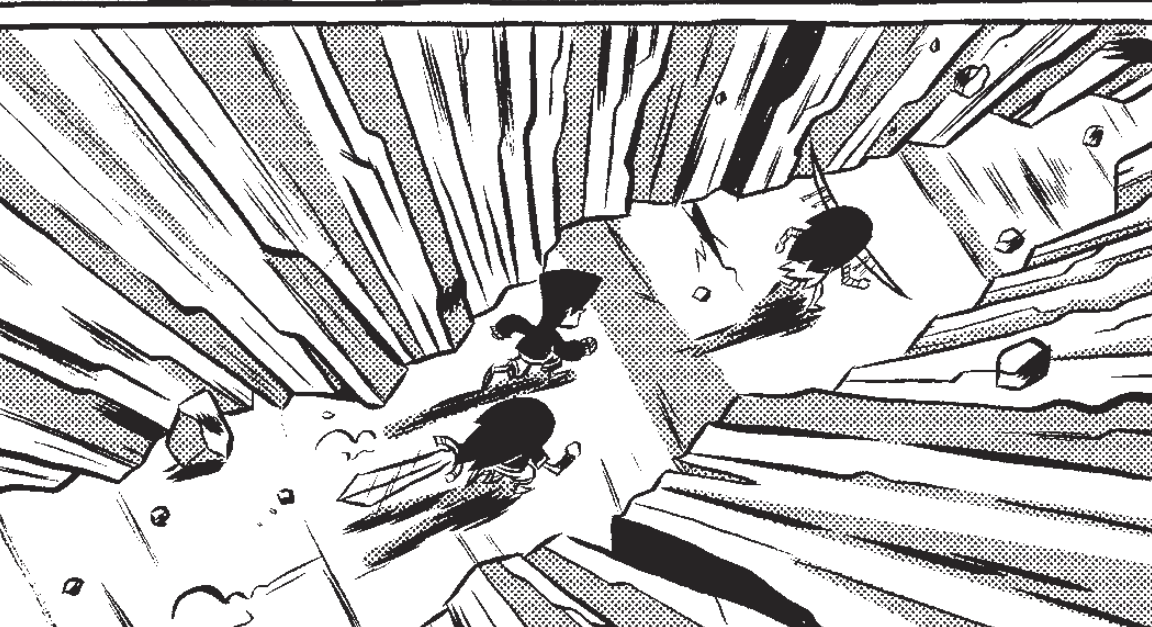
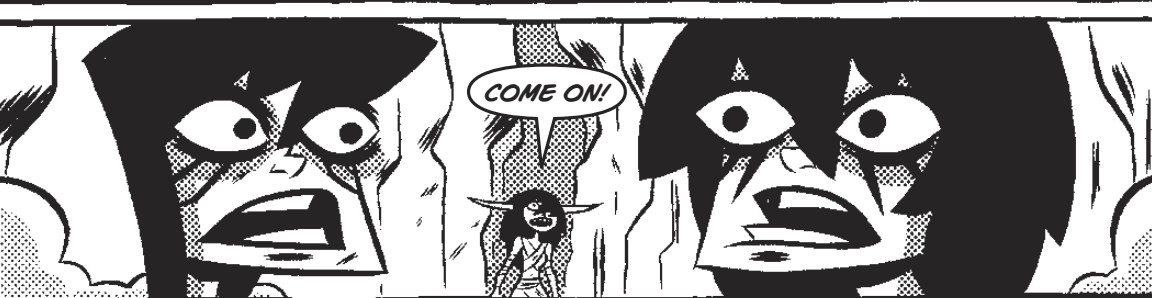












THE ANGELIC EMBASSY TO HELL.



MAKE WAY OR
FIND YOUR *PAIN* ON
THE BARB OF MY
SPEAR, *DEMON*!



THERE WILL BE
NO TASTE OF *HEAVEN*
FOR YOU, *BEAST*!



WE'VE BEEN
SUMMONED.

INDEED, THE
AMBASSADOR
AWAITS YOUR *FOUL*
AUDIENCE.



HERE WE SIT
IN THE MIDST OF THE
VERY *PIT* ITSELF. DO
YOU THINK US *BLIND*,
COUNSELOR?

DO WE ANGELS
STRIKE YOU AS
TOO AFRAID TO
GAZE INTO THE
ABYSS?



CUTTING
STRAIGHT TO
THE *BONE* AS
ALWAYS...

PRAY TELL
WHAT *TROUBLES*
YOU SO,
AMBASSADOR.



I BROUGHT
YOU ALLEGATIONS OF
HELL SEEKING EXPANSION
IN FLAGRANT *VIOLATION*
OF ITS CHARTER AND YOU
LAUGHED IN
MY FACE.



WOULD YOU
PREFER I *LAUGH* AT
YOUR *BACKSIDE*?



WELL, WE NOW
HAVE *CONFIRMATION*.
HELL IS INDEED
BEING EXPANDED.

EXPLOSIVE
EXCAVATION
CONTINUES IN
THE WESTERN SINK
AS WE SPEAK.



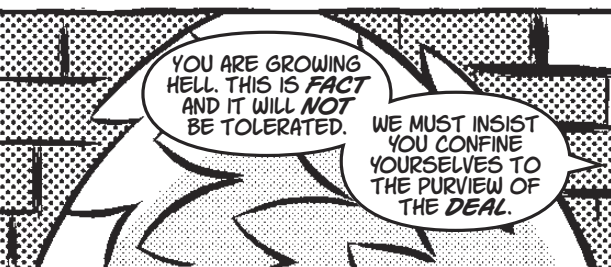
AND YOU
CAME BY THIS
CONFIRMATION
HOW?

IT'S NOT
SAFE FOR
SUCH A
PRETTY
CREATURE
TO WALK
THE BURN.



OUR SOURCES
ARE BEYOND
REPROACH.

LET US SAY
THAT *HE* WORKS
IN MYSTERIOUS
WAYS.



YOU ARE GROWING
HELL. THIS IS *FACT*
AND IT WILL *NOT*
BE TOLERATED.

WE MUST INSIST
YOU CONFINE
YOURSELVES TO
THE PURVIEW OF
THE *DEAL*.



THEN PERHAPS
IT'S TIME TO
RENEGOTIATE
THE *DEAL*.

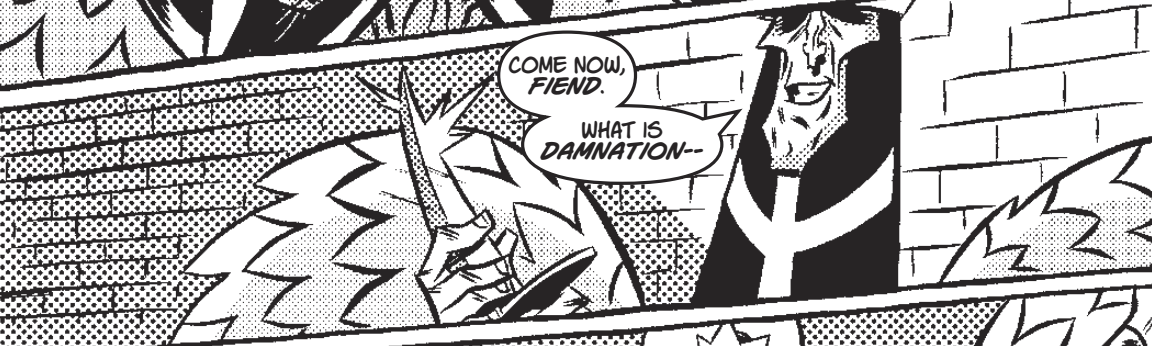


AH, SO
BE IT...



WHAT IS
THIS?!

YOU DARE *BREAK*
THE TREATY?!



COME NOW,
FIEND.

WHAT IS
DAMNATION--



WITHOUT A LITTLE
SUFFERING!





THERE IT IS, THE
BLACK FOREST.

YOUR
FOREST.



FROST...

IN HELL?

THE FREEZE CAN
BURN WORSE THAN
THE FLAME.

WE'RE CLOSE
TO HELL'S FROZEN
CORE HERE.



TRUE DAMNATION IS
THE CONSTRAINT OF
FREEDOM.

THE DEEPER YOU
GO THE COLDER IT
GETS UNTIL FINALLY YOUR
BLOOD COAGULATES.



AND YOU
LITERALLY
FREEZE
MOTIONLESS.

IMPRISONED
IN SIMPLE
STILLNESS.



CAN YOU FEEL
IT, SAM? HERE, IN
THE ROT AND
THE RANK--

I REMEMBER!



THE
FLARE!

YES, IT'S ALL
RUSHING BACK
NOW.



I DON'T
REMEMBER...



COME ON!



COME ON!



WHUUUU!



WHERE
ARE WE?

A NOTHINGNESS
FILLED ONLY WITH
**BLACKNESS AND
METAL.**

WELCOME
TO THE VOID.

THIS IS
WHERE WE
LIVED AS
THE ROTH.

FINALLY, WE
ARE *HOME*,
SAM.

HOME,
RIGHT...

I DON'T
REMEMBER
ANY OF THIS,
SHAWN...

**SAM, LOOK!
OUR OLD
VICTROLA
AND OUR
RECORDS!**

THEY'RE THE
RECORDS OF
THE **DAMNED**. THE
DEVIL'S OWN LABEL
FOR MUSICIANS
WHO'VE **SOLD**
THEIR **SOULS**.

CAN'T YOU
REMEMBER,
SAM?

HOW COULD YOU
FORGET *NICCOLO*
PAGANINI!

OR ROBERT JOHNSON'S RETURN TO THE CROSSROADS?

WHAT ABOUT GIUSEPPE TARTINI?

THE DEVIL'S TRILL
SONATA WAS *OUR*
FAVORITE.

I REMEMBER
NOTHING.

IT'S ALL
A BLANK.



WHAT IS THIS?

A *FROST AXE*
ALBUM CALLED,
"THE FALL".

THEY HAVEN'T
MADE THIS
RECORD YET.

AH, BUT
IT SEEMS
THEY *WILL*.

AT SOME POINT THIS
FROST AXE WILL SELL
THEIR SOULS TO THE
DEVIL AND MAKE HIM
A RECORD.

SOME POINT,
LIKE IN THE
FUTURE?

DAMNATION IS
ETERNAL, BOTH
FORWARDS AND
BACKWARDS
IN TIME.

WE *HAVE*
TO PLAY IT.

INDEED!



AAAARGHHH!

I CAN FEEL
MY EARDRUMS
RELENT AND
BURST.

SO THUNDEROUS
IT HURTS.

IT'S SO
MUCH STRONGER
THAN THEIR
EARLIER WORK.

SO GRIM...
SO PURE...
SO TRUE!

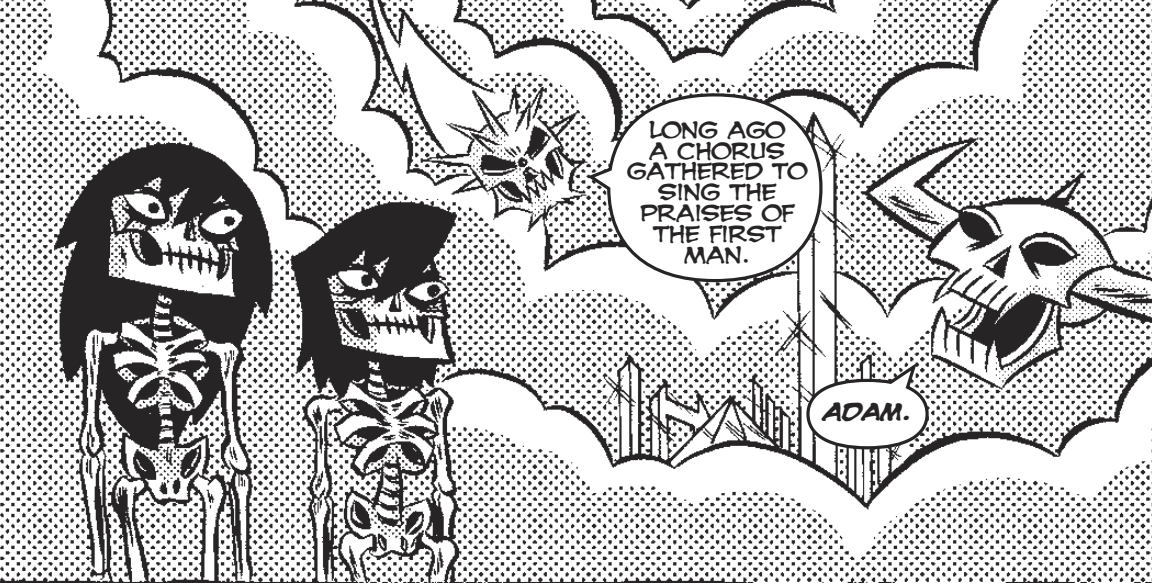
THIS
COMPOSITION
IS BASED IN
SUBAUDIBLE
FREQUENCIES.

GIVE UP YOUR
EARS AND RELEASE
YOURSELF
UNTO IT.

IF YOU RESIST,
THE SONG WILL
CRUSH YOU.

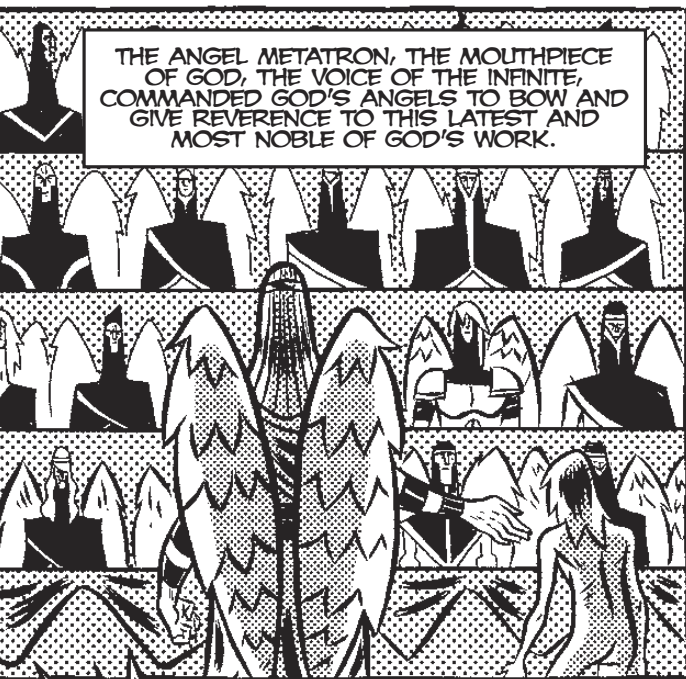
SHAWWWWWWN!

AAAARGHHH!



LONG AGO
A CHORUS
GATHERED TO
SING THE
PRAISES OF
THE FIRST
MAN.

ADAM.



THE ANGEL METATRON, THE MOUTHPIECE
OF GOD, THE VOICE OF THE INFINITE,
COMMANDED GOD'S ANGELS TO BOW AND
GIVE REVERENCE TO THIS LATEST AND
MOST NOBLE OF GOD'S WORK.



THE ANGELS ALL BOWED.

ALL BUT
ONE.

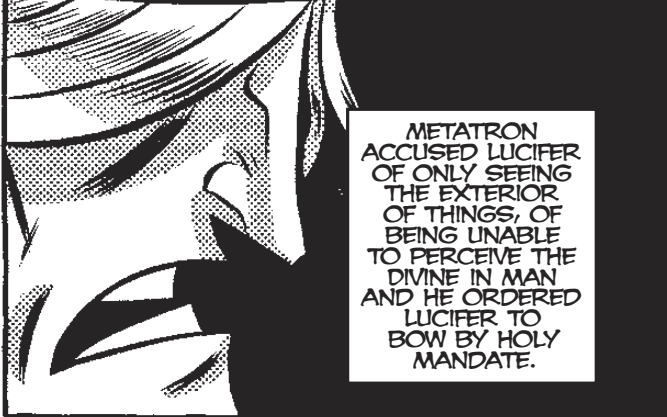


LUCIFER THE
RED, THE COLOR OF
LOVE AND BLOOD,
THE DAWNING SUN
AND THE END OF
DAYS, REFUSED.



LUCIFER CONTESTED THAT HE, AN ANGEL MADE OF FIRE, WOULD NEVER BOW TO A MAN MADE OF CLAY.

HE RESERVED THAT REVERENCE AND LOVE FOR THE ONE TRUE GOD.



METATRON ACCUSED LUCIFER OF ONLY SEEING THE EXTERIOR OF THINGS, OF BEING UNABLE TO PERCEIVE THE DIVINE IN MAN AND HE ORDERED LUCIFER TO BOW BY HOLY MANDATE.



BUT LUCIFER WOULD NOT BE SHOUTED DOWN AND DEMANDED COUNCIL WITH GOD HIMSELF.



CRIES OF MADNESS CONSUMED THE COUNCIL.



FOR NONE MAY HAVE OPEN COUNCIL WITH GOD.

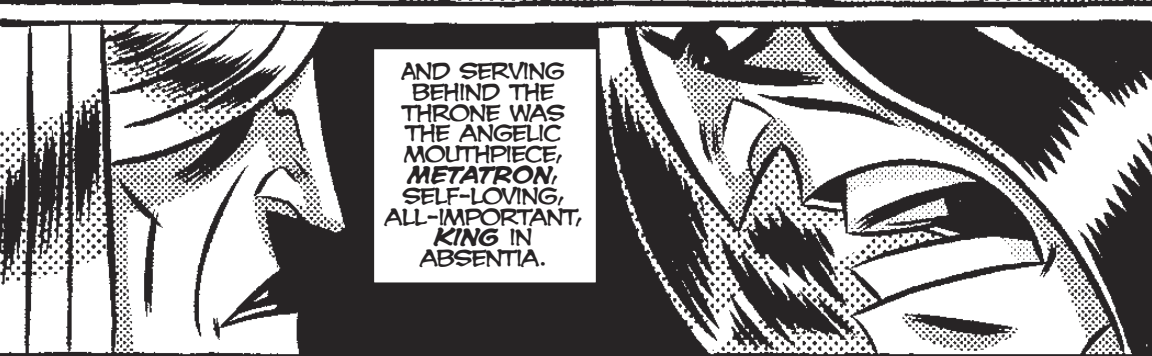
PURE DIVINE CONCENTRATION MUST BE MAINTAINED TO HOLD THE VERY FABRIC OF THE UNIVERSE TOGETHER.



LUCIFER CHALLENGED THAT GOD
DID NOT SPEAK TO ANY ANGEL,
NOT EVEN METATRON.

HE ACCUSED
METATRON OF
ISSUING ORDERS
WITH THE VOICE
OF GOD THAT
WERE HIS ALONE.

LUCIFER PROPOSED
THERE WERE INDEED
TWO POWERS
IN HEAVEN. THE
ONE TRUE GOD,
ALL-KNOWING,
ALL-CONSUMED.




AND SERVING
BEHIND THE
THRONE WAS
THE ANGELIC
MOUTHPIECE,
METATRON,
SELF-LOVING,
ALL-IMPORTANT,
KING IN
ABSENTIA.



BLASPHEMY!

BLASPHEMY!



METATRON REMINDED
LUCIFER THAT HE WAS
TO BE THE ACCUSER
OF MAN AND HAD NO
PROVIDENCE TO
PROSECUTE AN ANGEL
OF THE CHORUS.

BUT A CHALLENGE SO
POINTED COULD
NOT GO UN-BLUNTED.



TO QUELL THE FEARS
OF THE FRIGHTENED,
METATRON BARED
HIS BACK.



HE TOOK SIXTY LASHES OF THE FIERY
ROD TO DEMONSTRATE HE WAS NOT AN
INDESTRUCTIBLE GOD, OR SOME LESSER YHVH,
BUT AN ANGEL WHO COULD BE PUNISHED.



THE FLOCK OF ANGELS WERE EASILY
FOOLED BUT LUCIFER SAW THIS
FOR THE THEATER IT WAS.



HE REMAINED UNSATISFIED,
LEAVING BUT ONE PATH...



THE CREATION OF TREASON.

ANGELIC REVOLT,
SATANIC REBELLION.



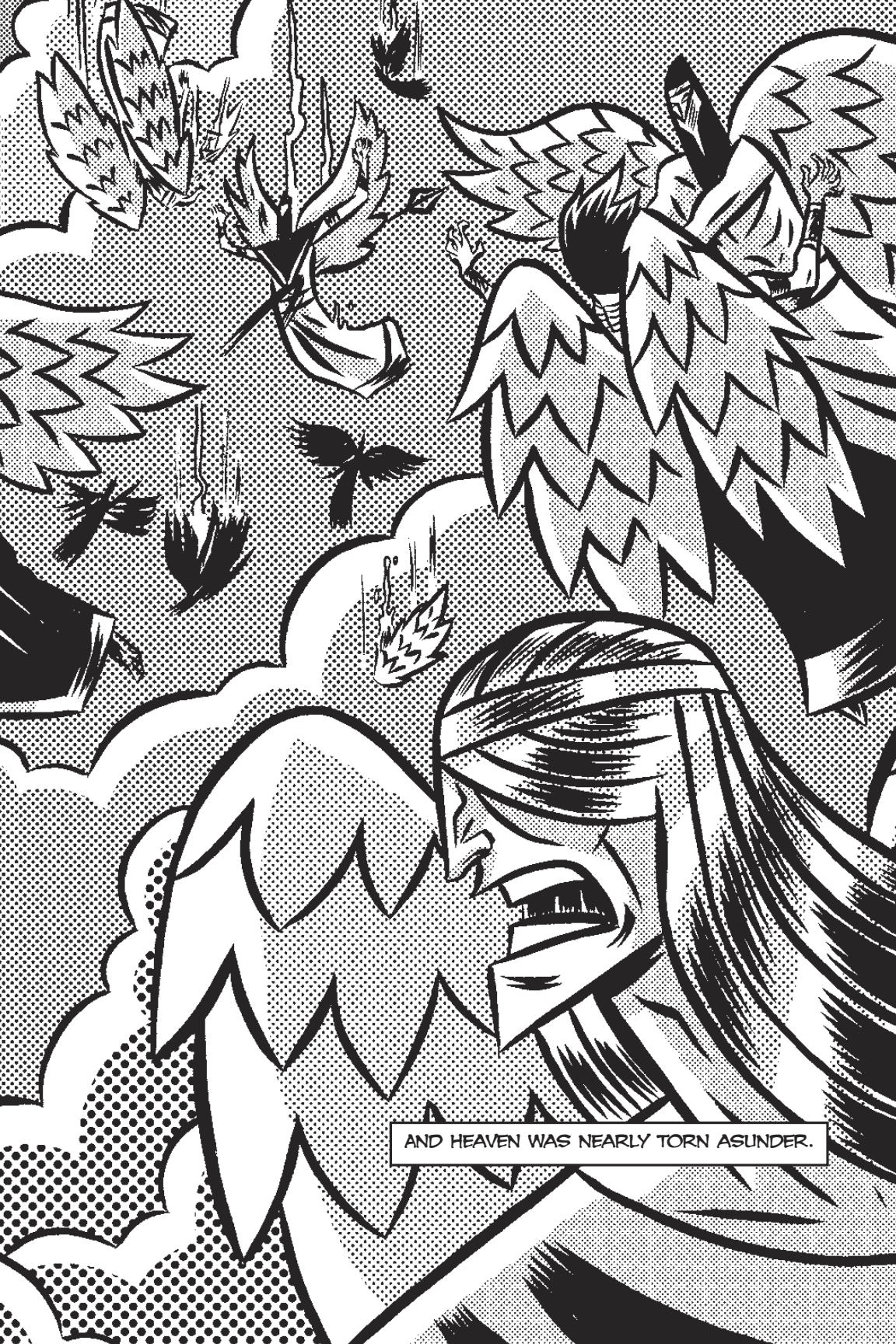
HIS BROTHER IN ARMS,
THE ARCHANGEL MIKAIL,
REFUSED TO JOIN HIM.



BUT OF THE ANGELS NUMBERED TEN
THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND, A
THIRD STOOD AT LUCIFER'S SIDE.



ANGEL BATTLED ANGEL.



AND HEAVEN WAS NEARLY TORN ASUNDER.

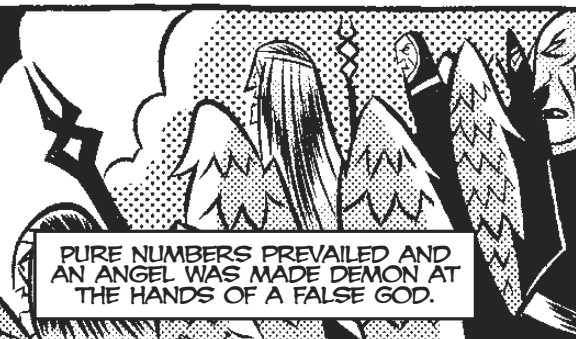


LUCIFER COULD TASTE
VICTORY, SMELL ITS GLORY.

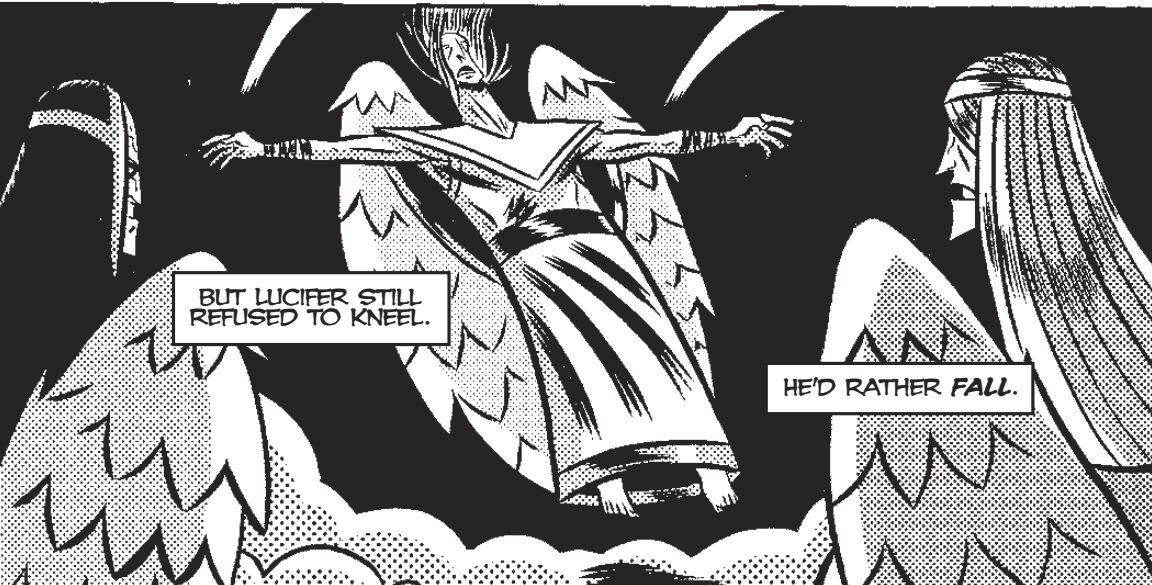


BUT THE SCENT
QUICKLY SOURED.

AND THE REEK OF
BRIMSTONE BURNED
HIS NOSTRILS.



PURE NUMBERS PREVAILED AND
AN ANGEL WAS MADE DEMON AT
THE HANDS OF A FALSE GOD.



BUT LUCIFER STILL
REFUSED TO KNEEL.

HE'D RATHER FALL.



SIDE B!

SIDE B!




IT'S *BLANK*?

WHAT?



LOOK, THERE
ARE NO GROVES OR
ANYTHING. ONLY A
CENTER LABEL.

IT'S TITLED
"THE ASCENSION."



IT SEEMS THIS
SIDE HAS YET TO
BE WRITTEN.




SOMETHING IS
ETCHED IN THE
RUNOFF MARGIN.

"DO WHAT
THOU WILT. SO
MOTE IT BE."

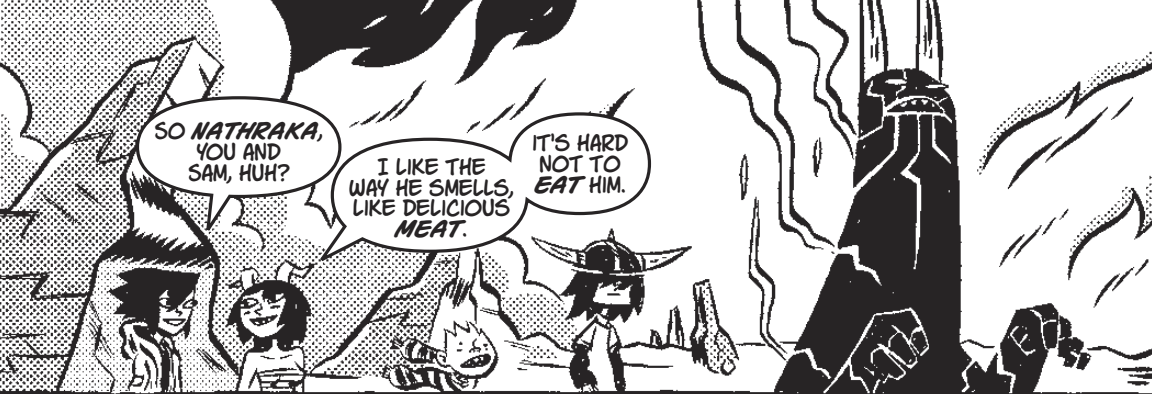


IT'S *MAGIC*.



IT MEANS YOU
MUST FOLLOW
YOUR OWN WILL,
FIND YOUR *TRUE*
PATH...

AND *WRITE*
THE RECORD
YOURSELF.



SO NATHRAKA,
YOU AND SAM, HUH?

I LIKE THE
WAY HE SMELLS,
LIKE DELICIOUS
MEAT.

IT'S HARD
NOT TO
EAT HIM.



I HOPE HE'S
NOT **BLOODY** AND
DISMEMBERED.

I KNOW
THE FEELING.



I'VE NEVER
REALLY TOLD SHAWN
HOW I FEEL
ABOUT HIM.

NOW I'M
AFRAID I MIGHT
NEVER GET
THE CHANCE.



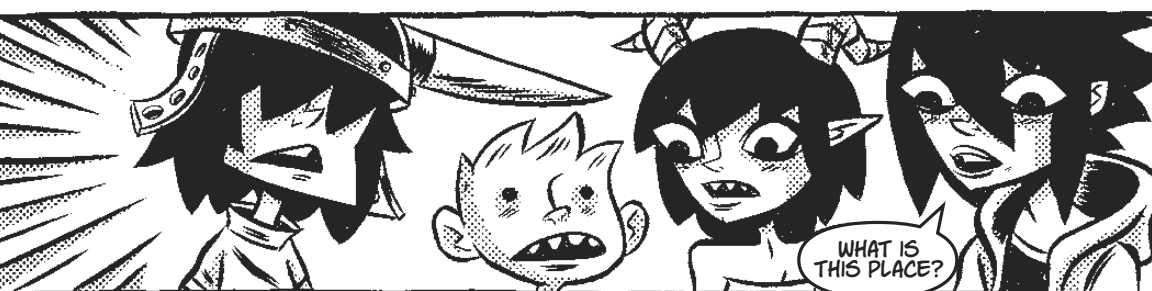
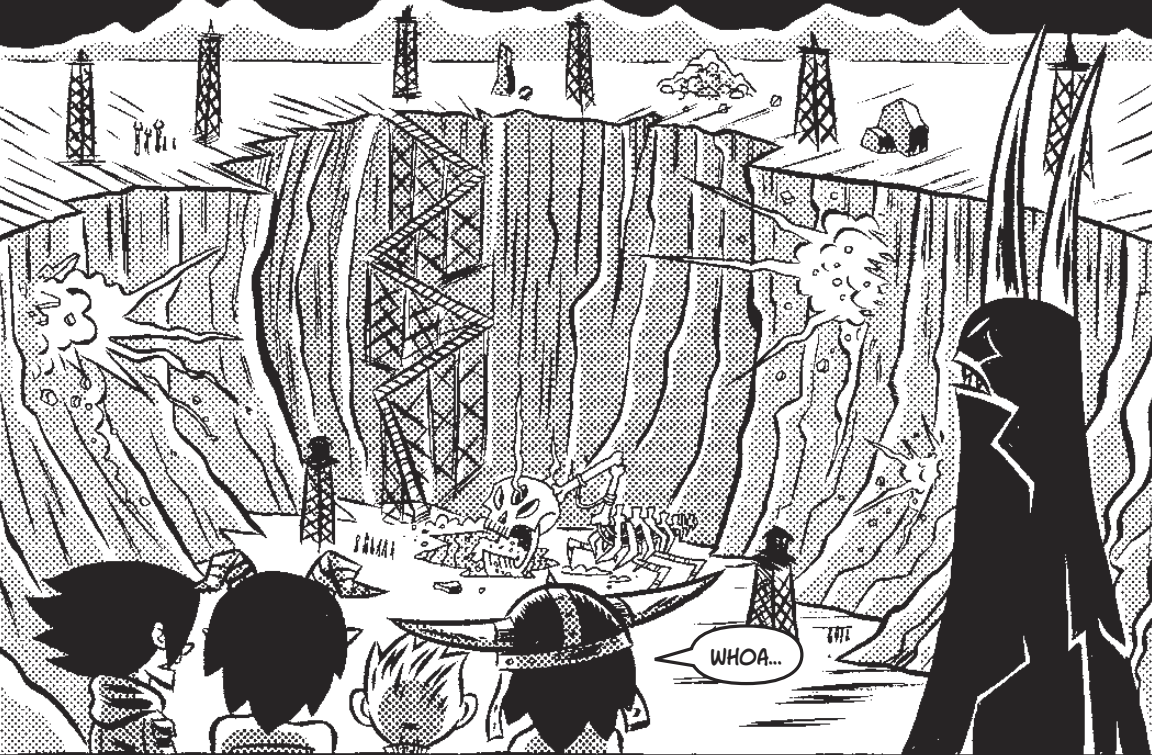
NO TREES,
NO BUMBLE
BEES!

YEAH MAN,
I DON'T SEE
ANY FOREST.



HEY, COAL
DUDE. ARE WE
GETTING CLOSE?

VERY...









HE'D RATHER
HAVE YOU *RUN*
LIKE A WOMAN
THAN AT HIS
SIDE?



HAVE AT
THEE!

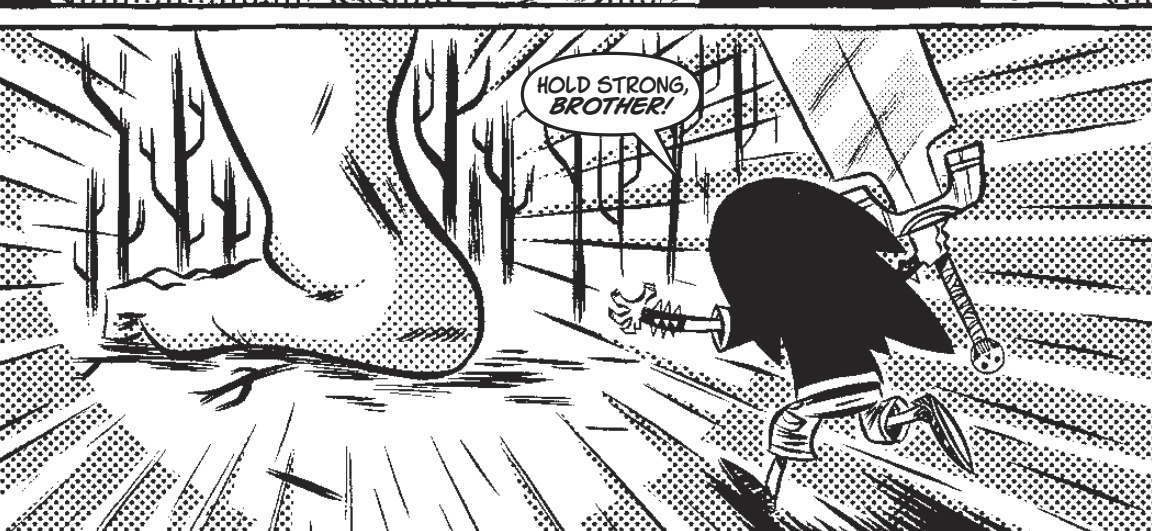


HEY!



WHERE ARE
YOU *GOING?!*

AAAAAGH!





THE END OF
ACHILLES IS
TOO GOOD FOR
YOU, GIANT!



YAHH!

THIS IS
CRAP!

I WAS AS
HELPLESS AS
A BABY.



SHAWN, HE
TRIED TO
SMOKE ME!



WHY DO YOU
ALWAYS GET THE
SWORD?

COME NOW
SAM, YOU KNOW
WE SHARE IT.



IN BATTLE
I AM LESS FOR
THIS SHARING.

SPEAK
YOUR MIND
THEN, SAM.

I WANT A
SWORD OF
MY OWN.

I MUST
DEMAND IT.



YOU
DEMAND--

STRONG
WORDS,
BROTHER.

IT IS
ONLY FAIR.





IT IS
SETTLED
THEN.

A QUEST
IS BEGUN!



BUT WHAT
OF THE OTHERS?
THEY WILL EXPECT
US HERE.



I CAN
PUT WORD IN
THE WIND.

COAL WILL
LEAD THEM TO
FOLLOW.



MAKE IT SO,
WOMAN, TIME
IS WASTING.



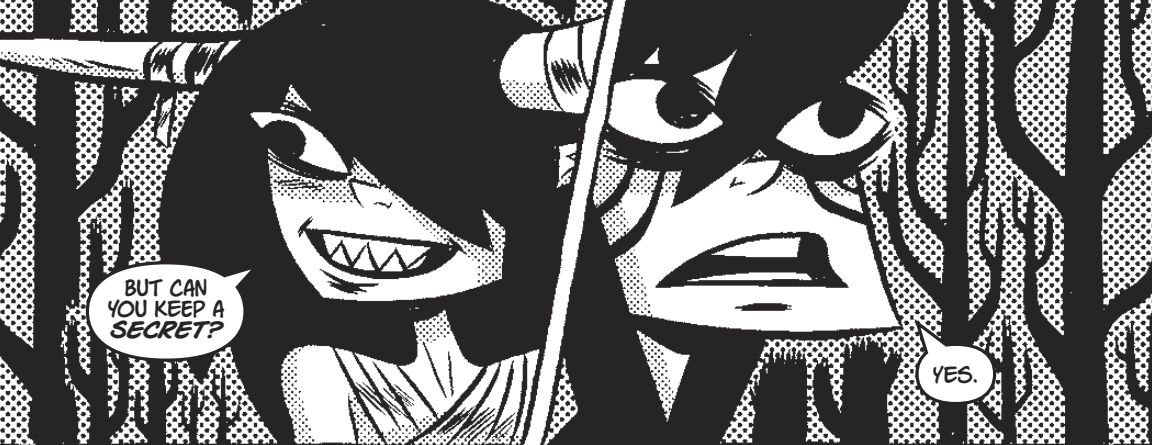
MY BROTHER
MUST HAVE HIS
STEEL.



SEE, MY
BROTHER
IS TRUE.

SO IT
WOULD SEEM.

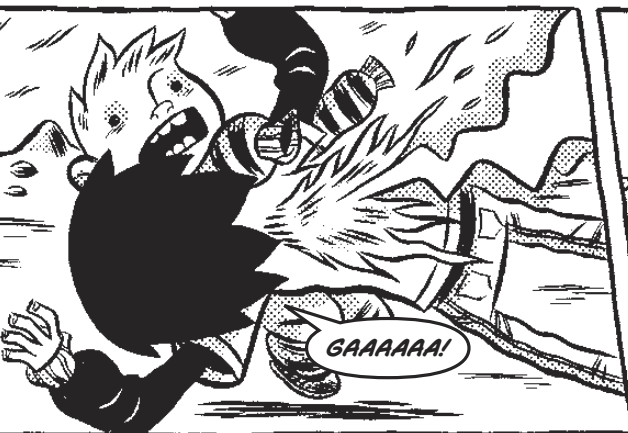














IT HAD A GOOD
RUN, SAW MANY
SETS AND TASTED
THE RUMBLE.

IT WILL BE
MISSED BUT MET
A FITTING END.



YOU ARE
CHARRED BAD
BUT I CAN SEE
TO IT IN THE
GOBLIN WAY.

OW--OW--



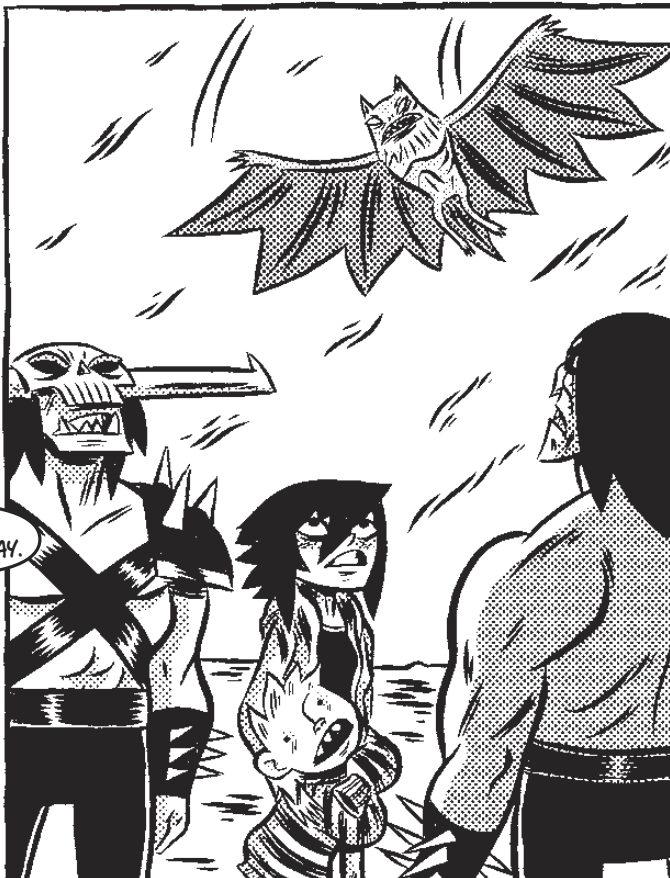
WE CAUGHT
YOUR SCENT
AND HAVE BEEN
TRACKING YOU.

YOUR
TIMING WAS
IMPECCABLE.



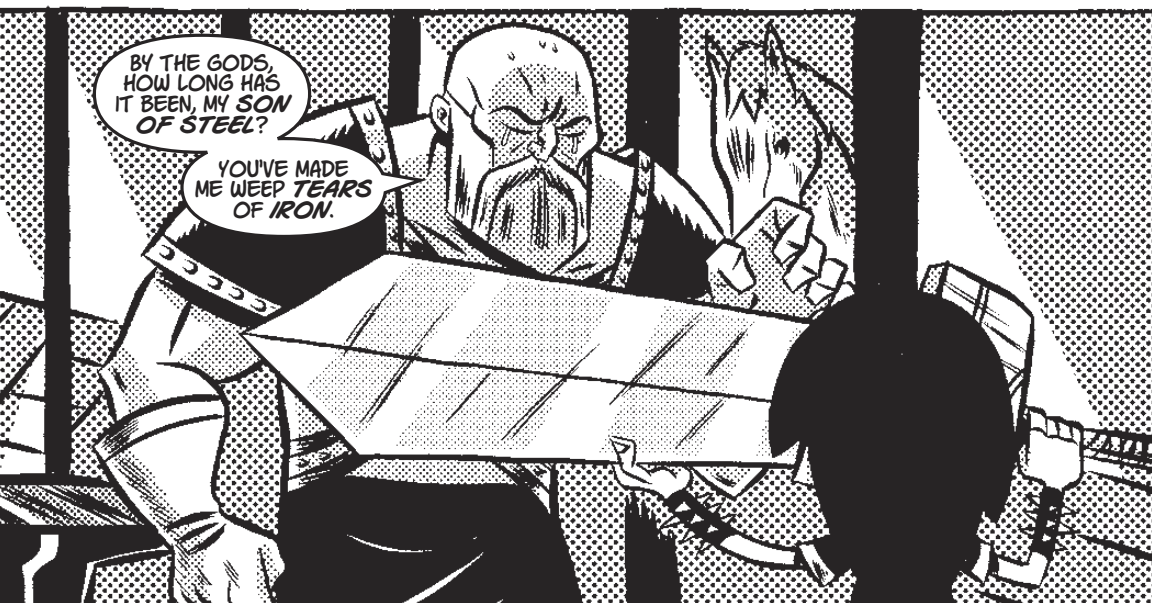
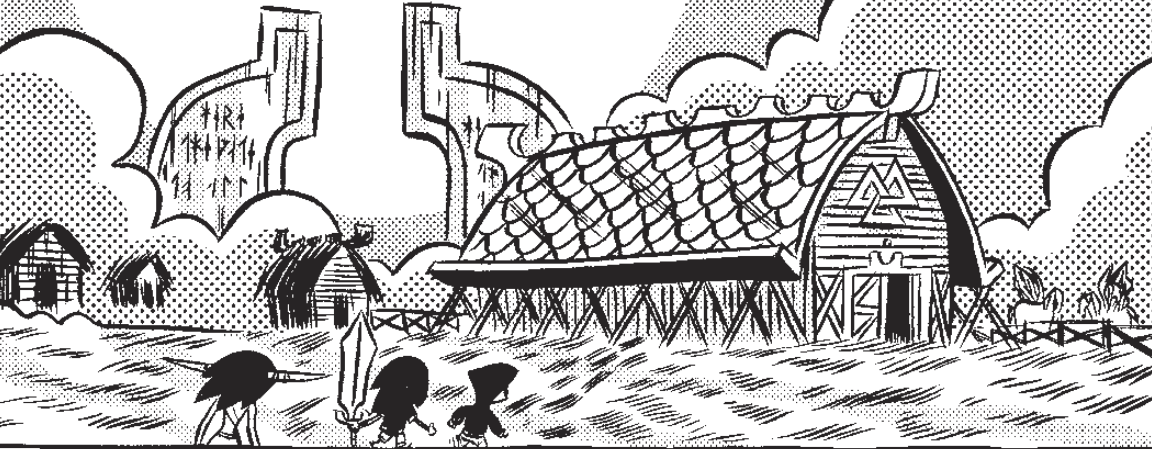
WHERE ARE
THE BROTHERS
STRONGHAND?

WE WERE
TRYING TO FIND
THEM WHEN THIS
COAL GUY TURNED
TRAITOR.











HOW DID
YOU COME BY
THIS SWORD
OF ATOLL?

I MADE IT
FOR THE DEMON
ROTH AND SUCH
THAT ONLY HE
COULD WIELD IT.



WE ARE HE.
BUT AS YOU
SEE WE NEED A
SECOND SWORD,
A PAIR.

WE'VE COME
TO TASK YOU TO
ONCE AGAIN PLY YOUR
TRADE, OH MASTER
OF METAL.



TO MAKE...
ANOTHER...



YOU TEMPT ME
GREATLY BUT I...

I MUST
REFUSE.



NOW I'M JUST
A HUMBLE BLACK-
SMITH IN THE
SERVICE OF THE
VALKYRIE.



I SHOE THE
HORSES, I KNOW
MY PLACE.

I DARE NOT
OVERREACH
AGAIN.



WHAT IS THIS
FRAILITY?

WHERE IS
THE GORN OF
LEGEND?

WHO HAS
NEUTERED
YOU SO?



THEY
CALLED IT A
"BLOOD
EAGLE."



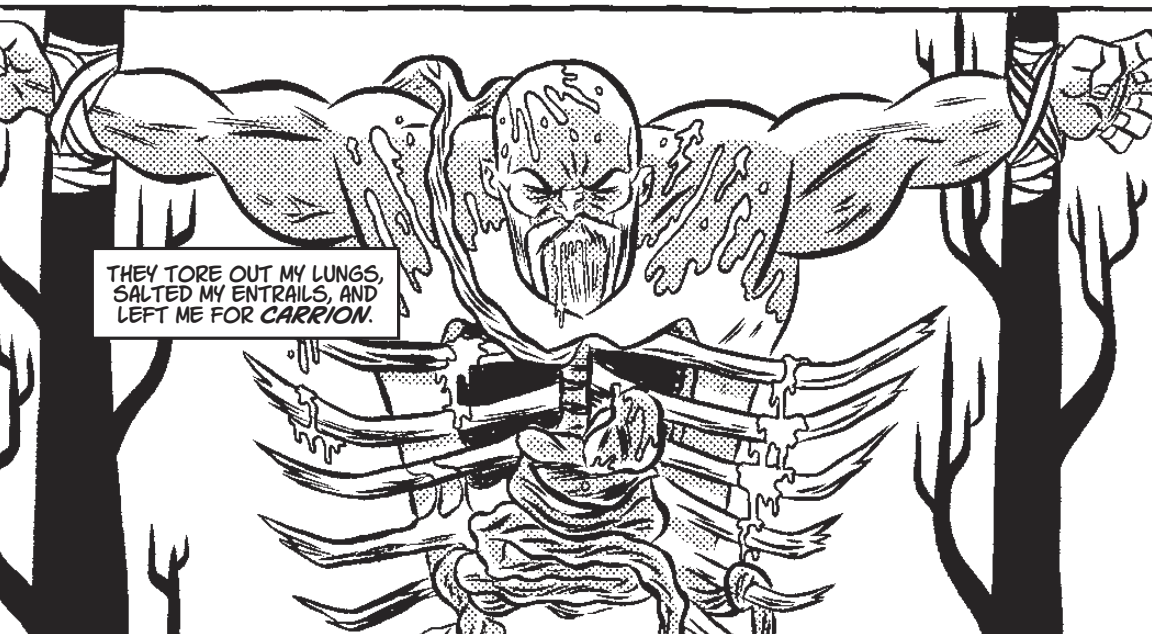
I'D SPENT MY LIFE *MAKING*
SWORDS BUT NEVER LEARNED
TO PROPERLY USE ONE.



THEY CUT MY RIBS
FROM MY SPINE.



PULLED THEM UNTIL THEY BROKE, BENT
BACK LIKE BLOODY BONE WINGS.



THEY TORE OUT MY LUNGS,
SALTED MY ENTRAILS, AND
LEFT ME FOR *CARRION*.



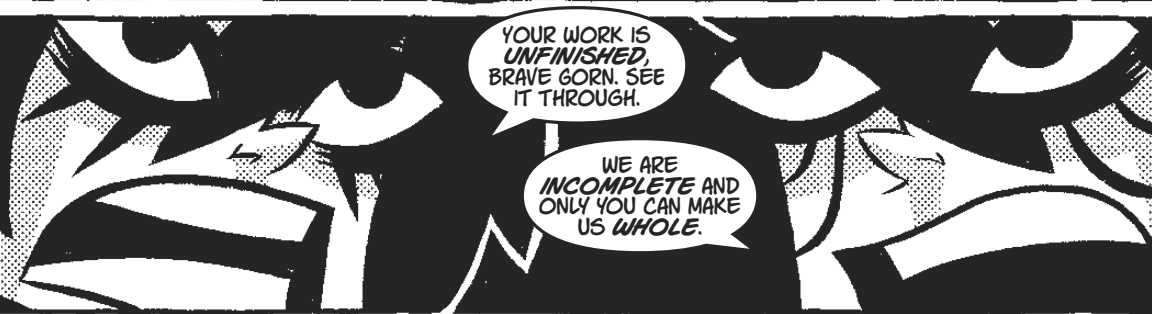
THIS WAS MY
PUNISHMENT
FOR MAKING SO
BLACK A
BLADE.

AND I
SWORE I'D
NEVER MAKE
ANOTHER.



BUT WHO DO
YOU NOW *FEAR*
IN THIS LAND OF
THE DEAD?

IS THERE
TRULY NO
COURAGE
HERE?



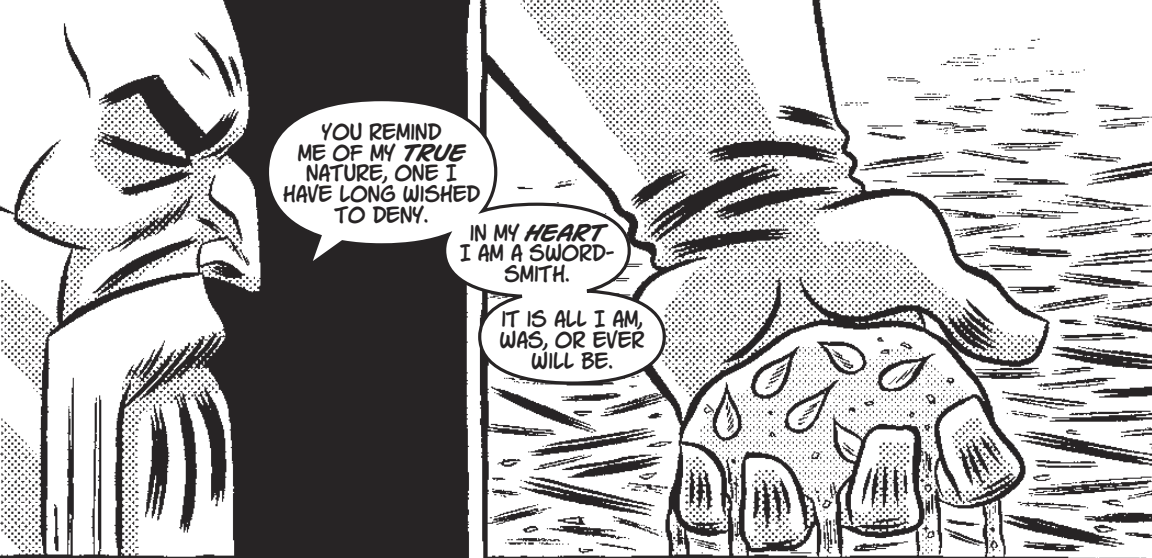
YOUR WORK IS
UNFINISHED.
BRAVE GORN. SEE
IT THROUGH.

WE ARE
INCOMPLETE AND
ONLY YOU CAN MAKE
US *WHOLE*.



MAKE US A
SISTER TO
THIS DEVIL
SLAYER.

A SWORD
TO MAKE
THE GODS
TREMBLE.



YOU REMIND
ME OF MY *TRUE*
NATURE, ONE I
HAVE LONG WISHED
TO DENY.

IN MY *HEART*
I AM A SWORD-
SMITH.

IT IS ALL I AM,
WAS, OR EVER
WILL BE.



I WILL MAKE
YOU THE MATCH
OF THIS
DEVIL BLADE.

I WILL MAKE
YOU A *GOD*
SLAYER.



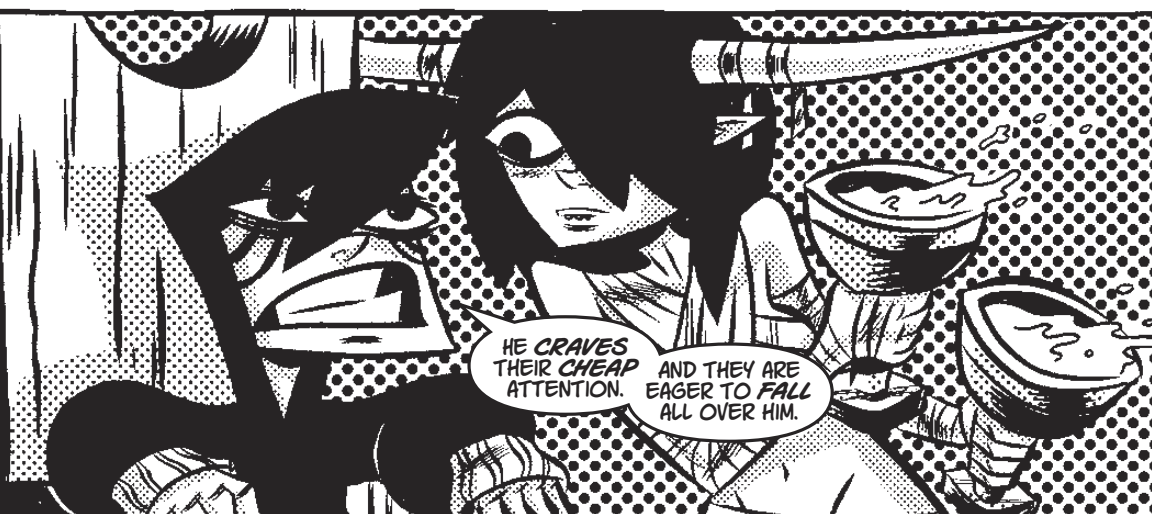
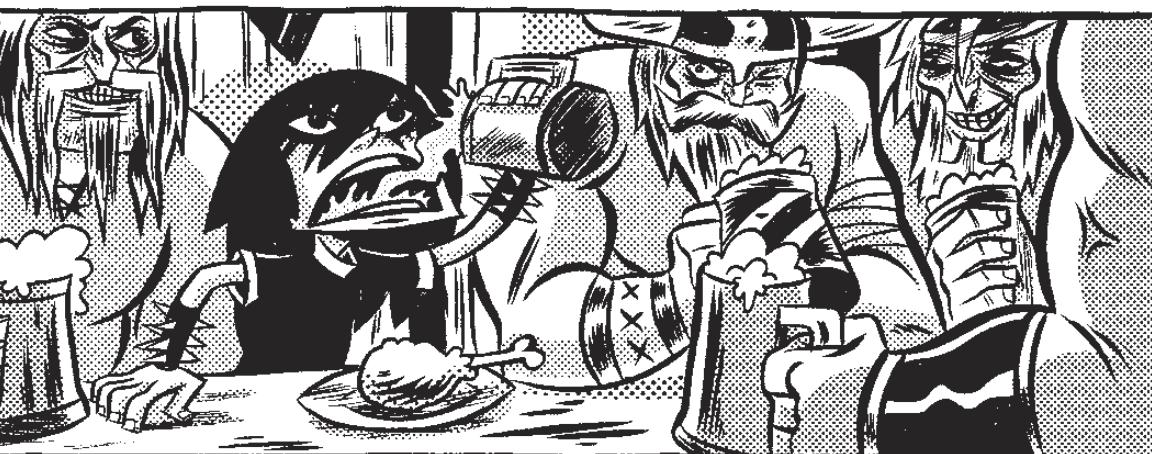
AND IF YOU
MEET *ODIN* HIM-
SELF ON THE
ROAD--

HE WILL
BE *CUT* BY
ITS EDGE.



NOW LEAVE
ME THIS NIGHT
TO PREPARE
THAT WHICH
I MUST.

IN THE
MORNING I
WILL *BEGIN*.

















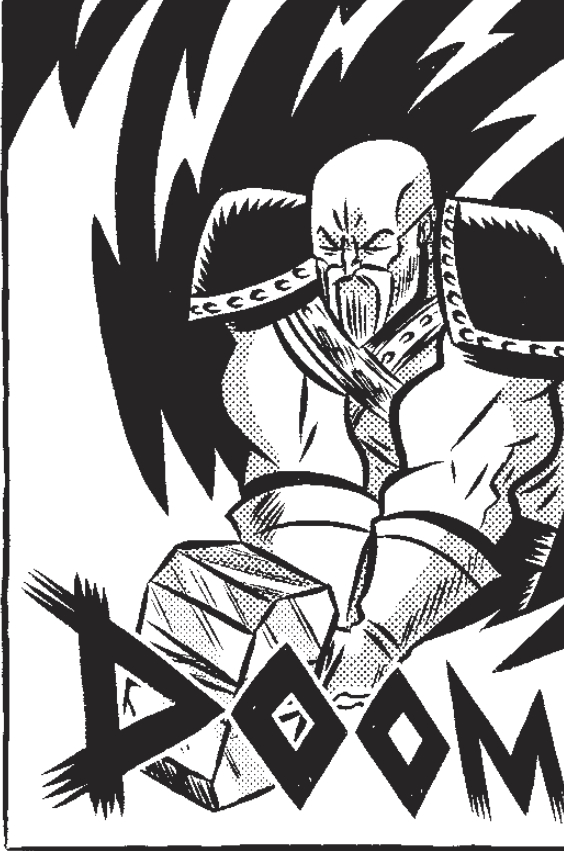
FORGED IN FIRE STOLEN
FROM THE SUN--

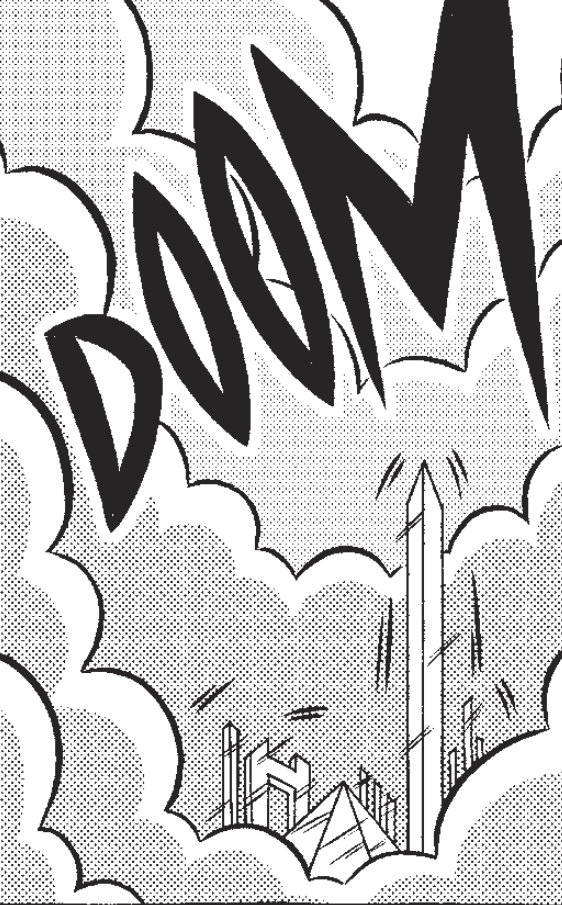


7
USING AN ALLOY OF
IRON, URU AND GOLD--



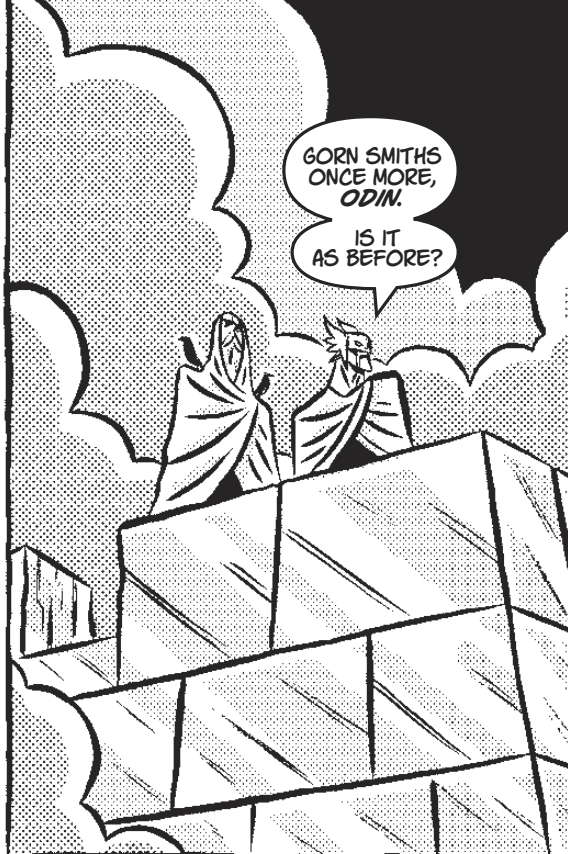
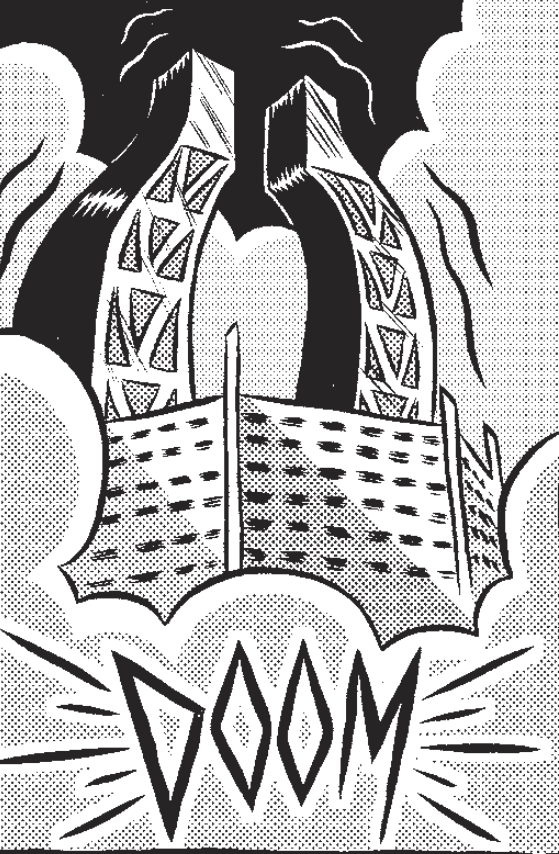
DOWN















AWAKE, MY
PRINCE. IT IS
THE *DAWN* OF THE
BLACK HEARTS.

TIME TO CLAIM
YOUR SWORD.

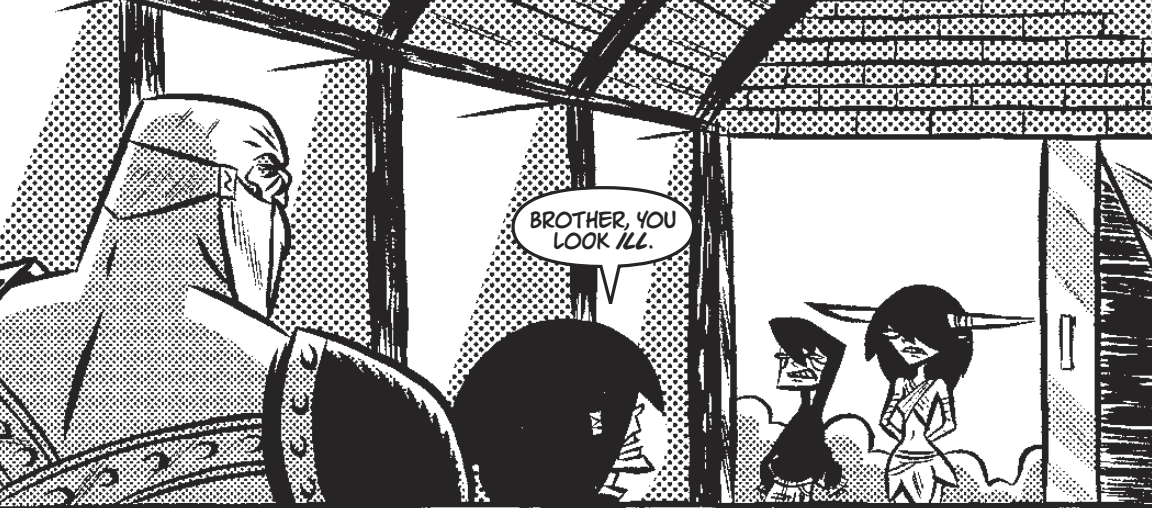


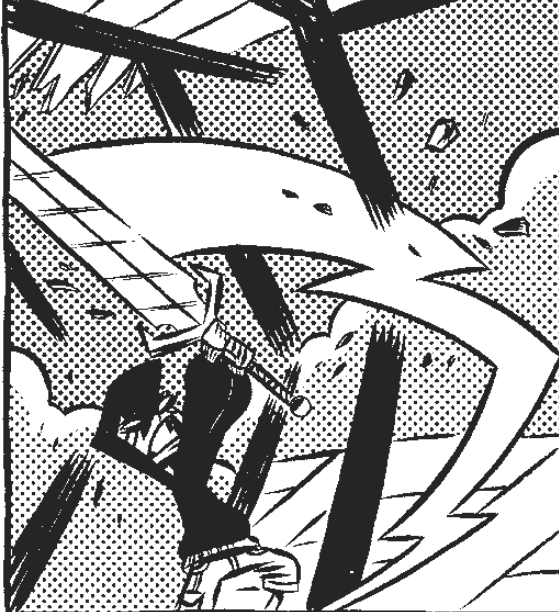
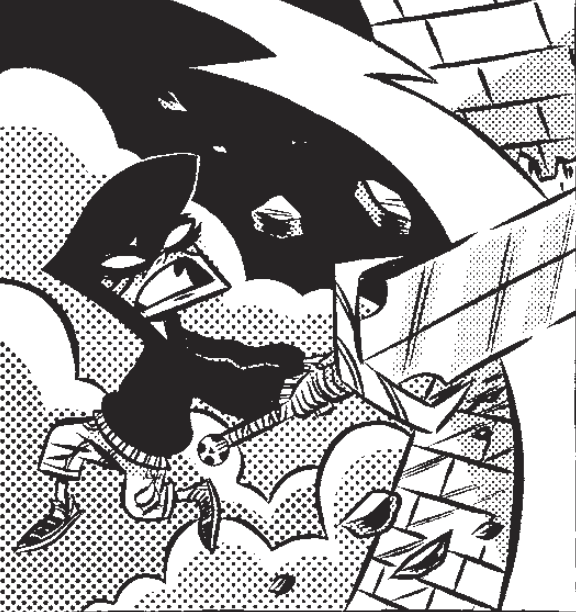
WHERE ARE MY
CLOTHES?

I *BURIED*
THEM.



TO GIVE THEM
THAT *GRAVE*
SCENT.







TEMPTRESS!



SAM, I FEAR
YOU'VE BEEN
POISONED
WITH LIES.

NO, HE
FEARS YOUR
POTENTIAL.

YOU COULD BE
THE HARBINGER.
THE HERALD.

YOUR BROTHER
HOLDS YOU BACK. HE IS
BUT YOUR AFTERBIRTH.
WALKING VISCERA TO BE
ABORTED AND
DISCARDED.

IF MY WORDS
ANGER HIM IT'S
ONLY BECAUSE
HE FEARS THEIR
TRUTH.



THE WITCH IS
CRAZY, SAM.

SHE
BETRAYS US.

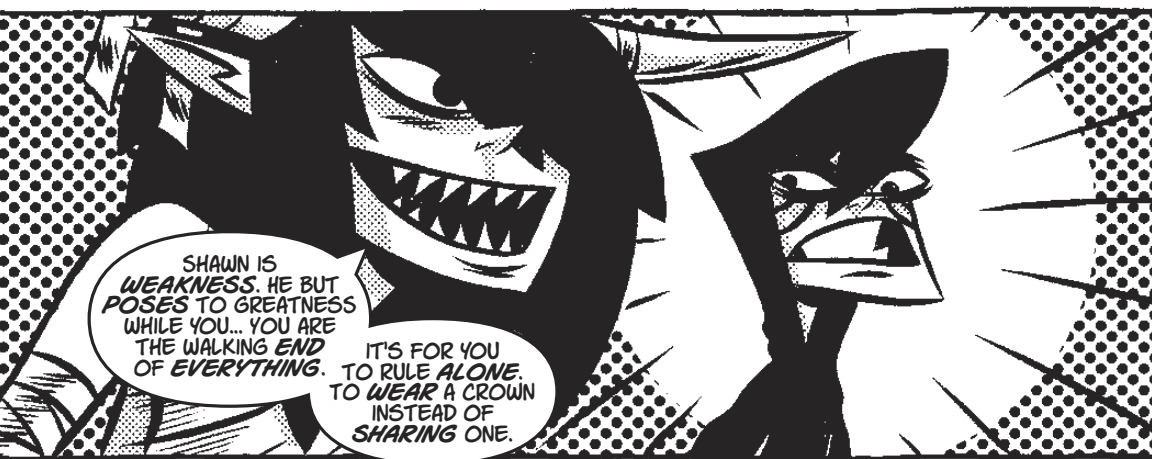


SO IT'S A
MISTAKE, SOME
VILE PLOT THAT A
GIRL LIKE ME OVER
YOU FOR ONCE?



YOU ARE THE
BROTHER OF THE
LEFTHAND PATH. YOU
ARE THE *BLACK*
BROTHER.

THAT IS *CLEAR*
FROM HERE TO
THE KINGDOM OF
BLASHYRKH.



SHAWN IS
WEAKNESS. HE BUT
POSES TO GREATNESS
WHILE YOU... YOU ARE
THE WALKING *END*
OF *EVERYTHING*.

IT'S FOR YOU
TO RULE *ALONE*.
TO *WEAR* A CROWN
INSTEAD OF
SHARING ONE.



SO YOU'D
CHOOSE *HER*
OVER *ME*,
SAM?

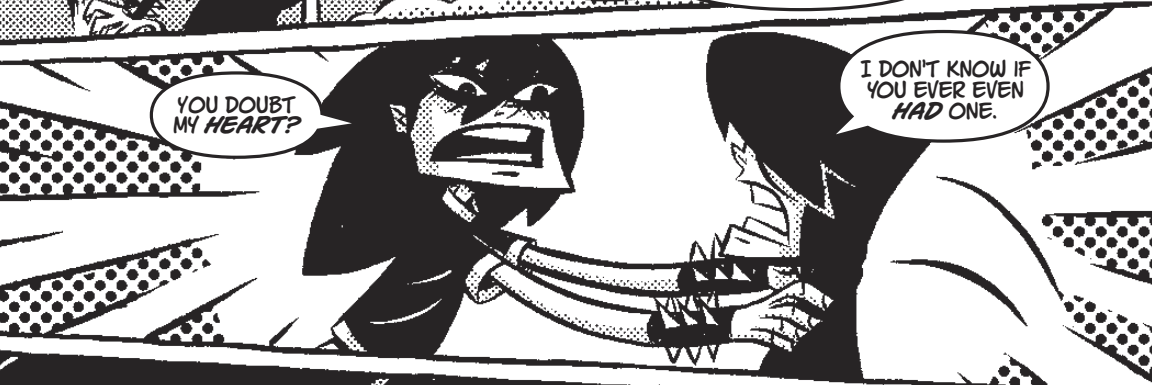
WHAT *TRUE*
COMPANION CAN SO
EASILY *RESCIND*
THEIR FRIENDSHIP?

COMPANION,
FRIEND? YOU
INSULT ME FOR I
AM *NEITHER*.

WE ARE *BROTHER*.
HATING YOU IS AS IF
I HATE *MYSELF*.



BUT WHEN A
LIMB GOES RANCID,
CANCEROUS, TURNS *FALSE*,
IT MUST BE EXCISED FOR THE
HEALTH OF THE WHOLE.



YOU DOUBT
MY HEART?

I DON'T KNOW IF
YOU EVER EVEN
HAD ONE.



SHALL I
SHOW IT
TO YOU?!



MY BLOOD
IS *ANCIENT*,
WRATHFUL
AND *EVIL*.

TASTE IT IF YOU
DOUBT ME!

YOU ARE
FALSE METAL.

WHAT DID
YOU SAY?

YOU
HEARD ME.

SAY IT AGAIN.
I DARE YOU.

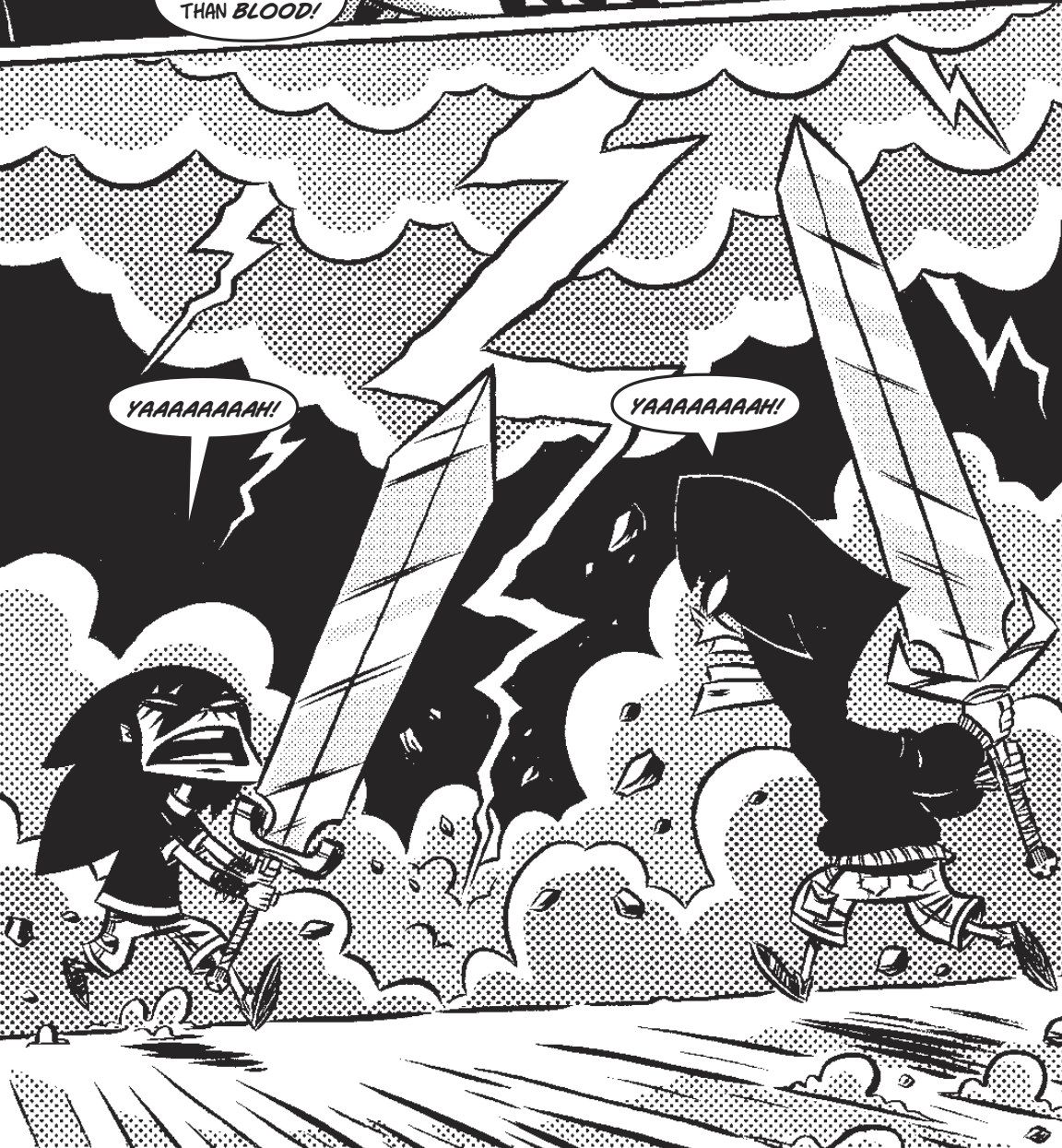
I'LL SHEATH
MY SWORD IN
YOUR CHEST!

YOU ARE
FALSE!



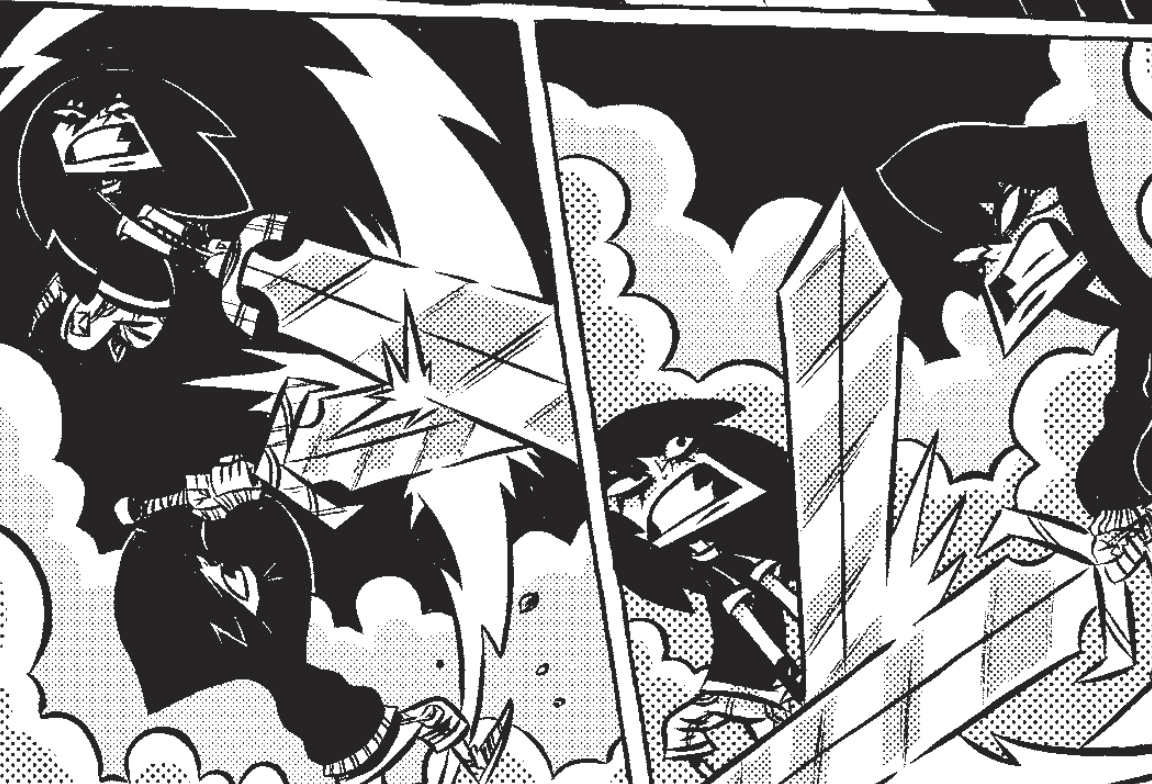
COME THEN,
BROTHER!

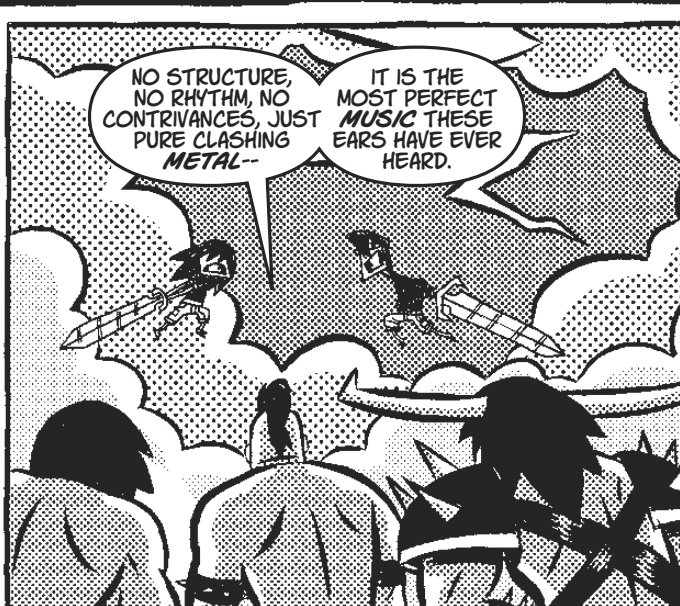
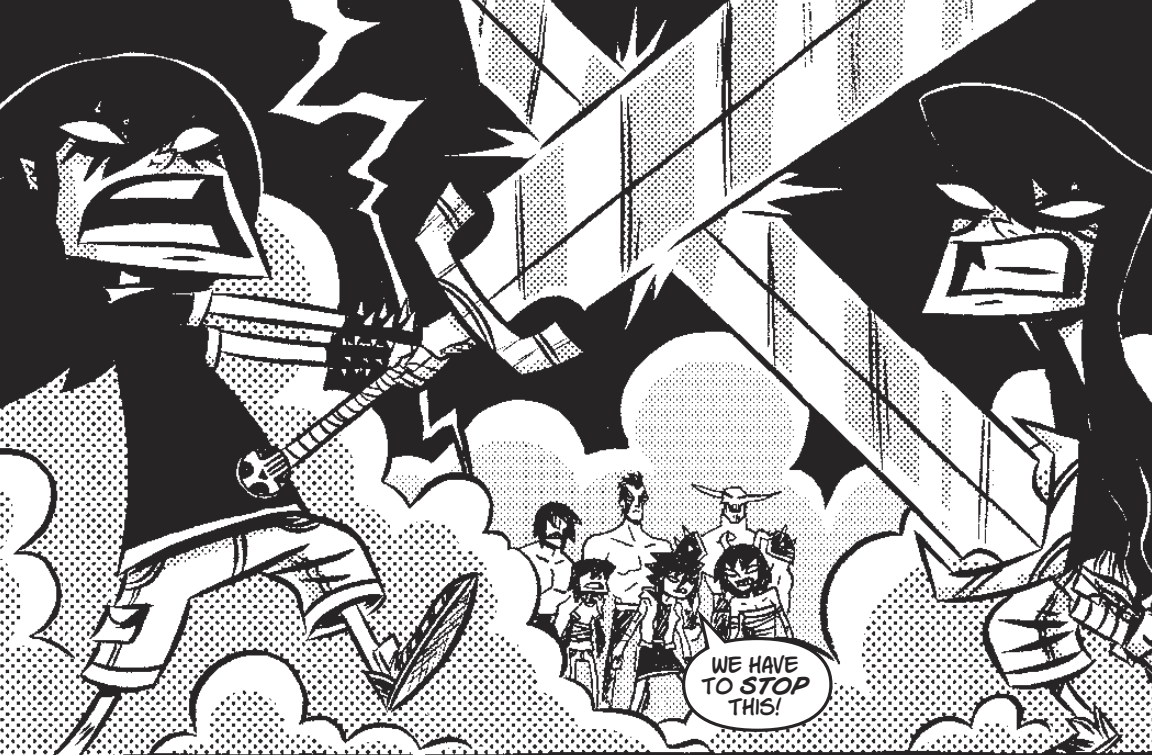
YOU WILL
FIND MORE FIRE
THAN BLOOD!



YAAAAAAAHH!

YAAAAAAAHH!





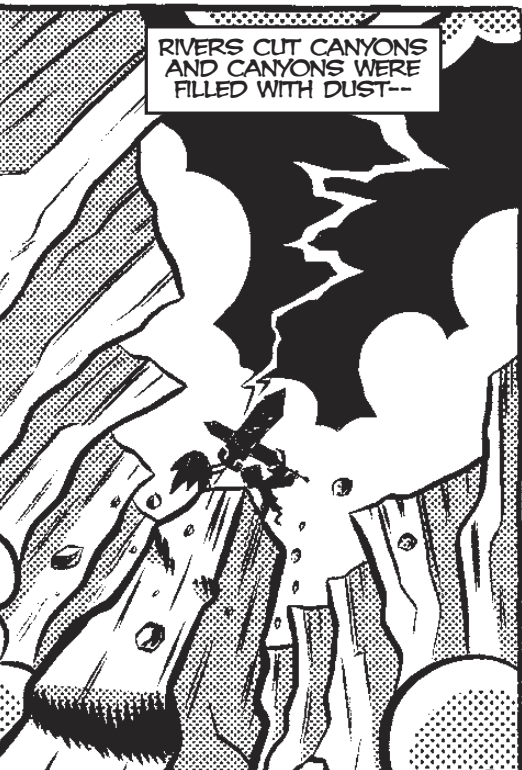
AS BROTHER FOUGHT BROTHER, SMALL
SAPLINGS GREW INTO GREAT FORESTS--



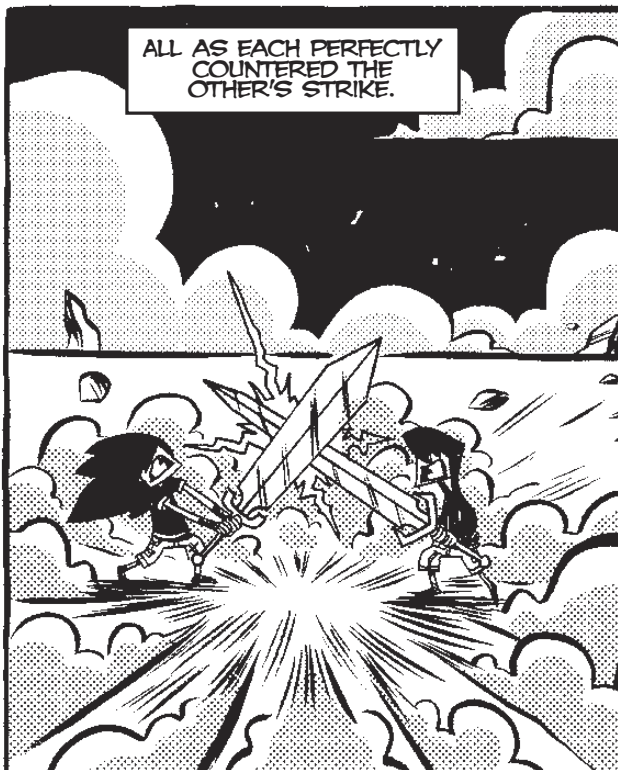
MOUNTAINS ROSE AND FELL--



RIVERS CUT CANYONS
AND CANYONS WERE
FILLED WITH DUST--



ALL AS EACH PERFECTLY
COUNTERED THE
OTHER'S STRIKE.

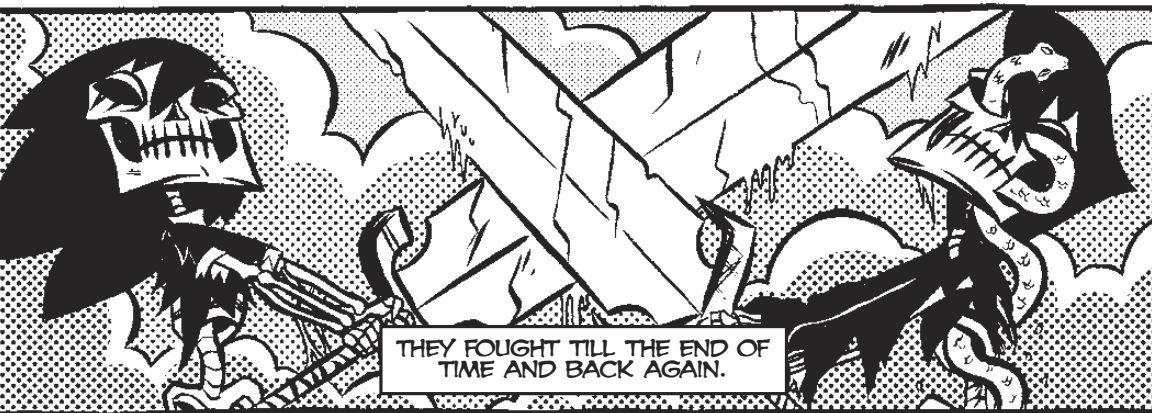




THEY FOUGHT FOR AGES---



THEY FOUGHT FOR EONS---



THEY FOUGHT TILL THE END OF
TIME AND BACK AGAIN.



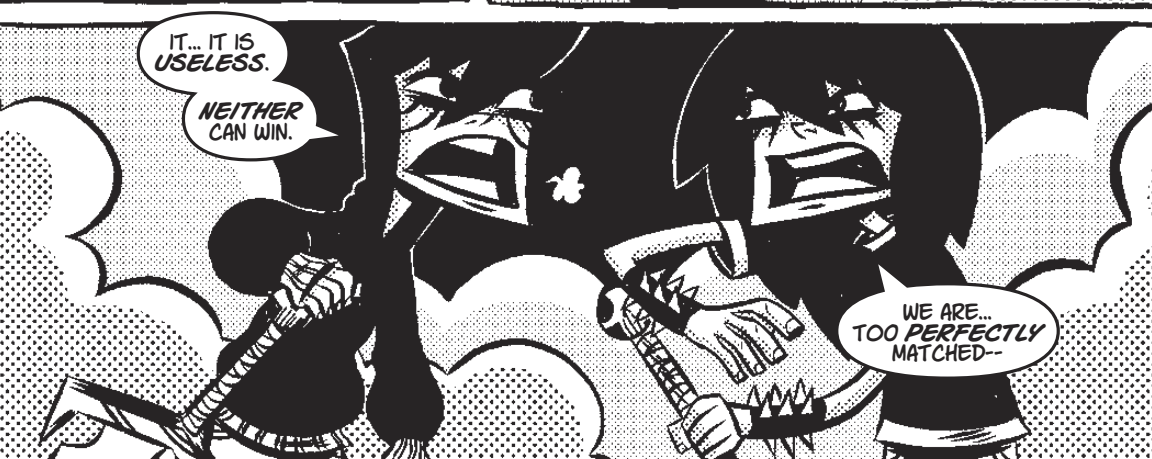
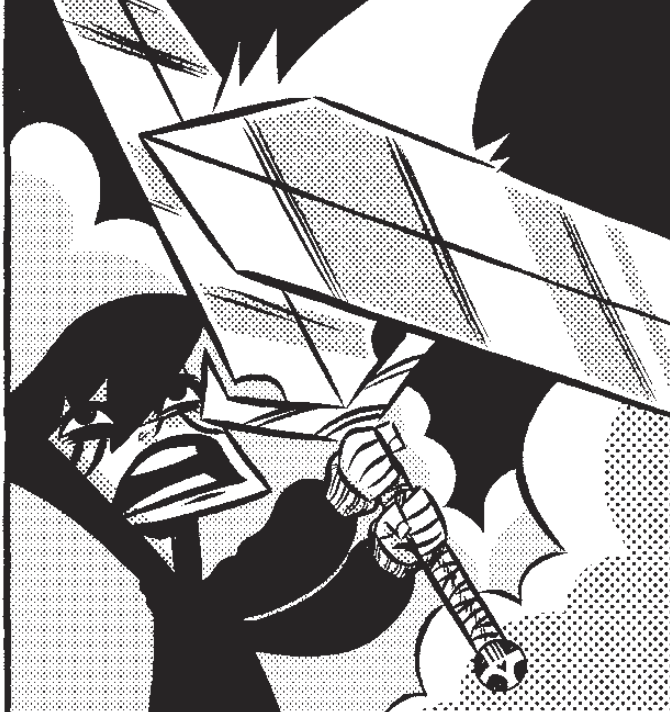
THEY FOUGHT FOREVER---



THEY FOUGHT, NEVER ONE
GAINING THE UPPER HAND.



THEY FOUGHT,
UNTIL FINALLY--



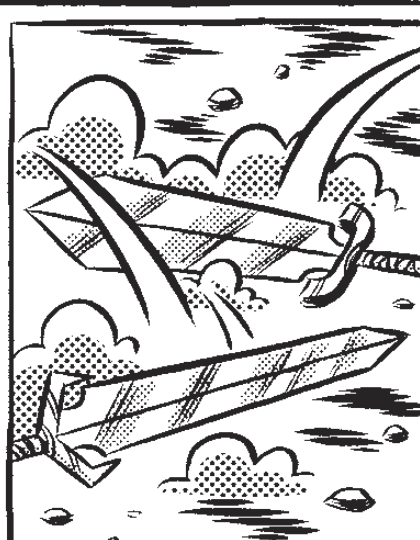
IT... IT IS
USELESS.

NEITHER
CAN WIN.

WE ARE...
TOO PERFECTLY
MATCHED--



WE ARE
TOO EQUAL.



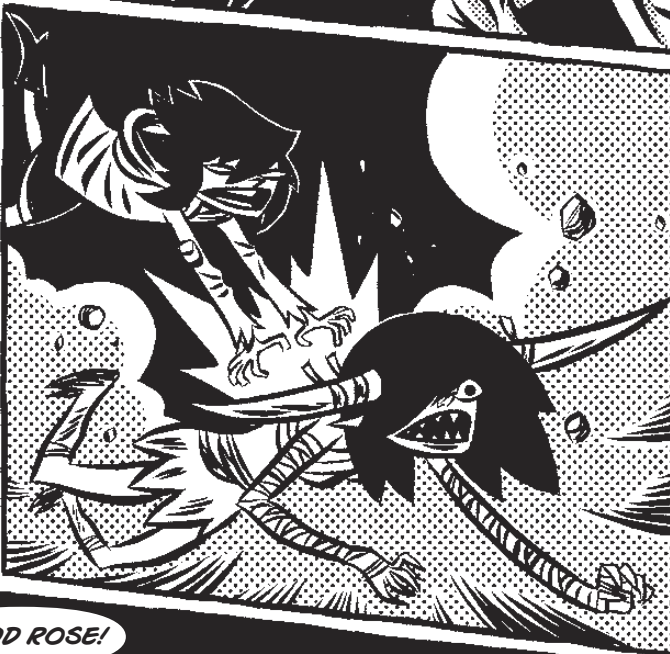




THE BROTHERS
UNITED!



NOT SO
FAST, COW.

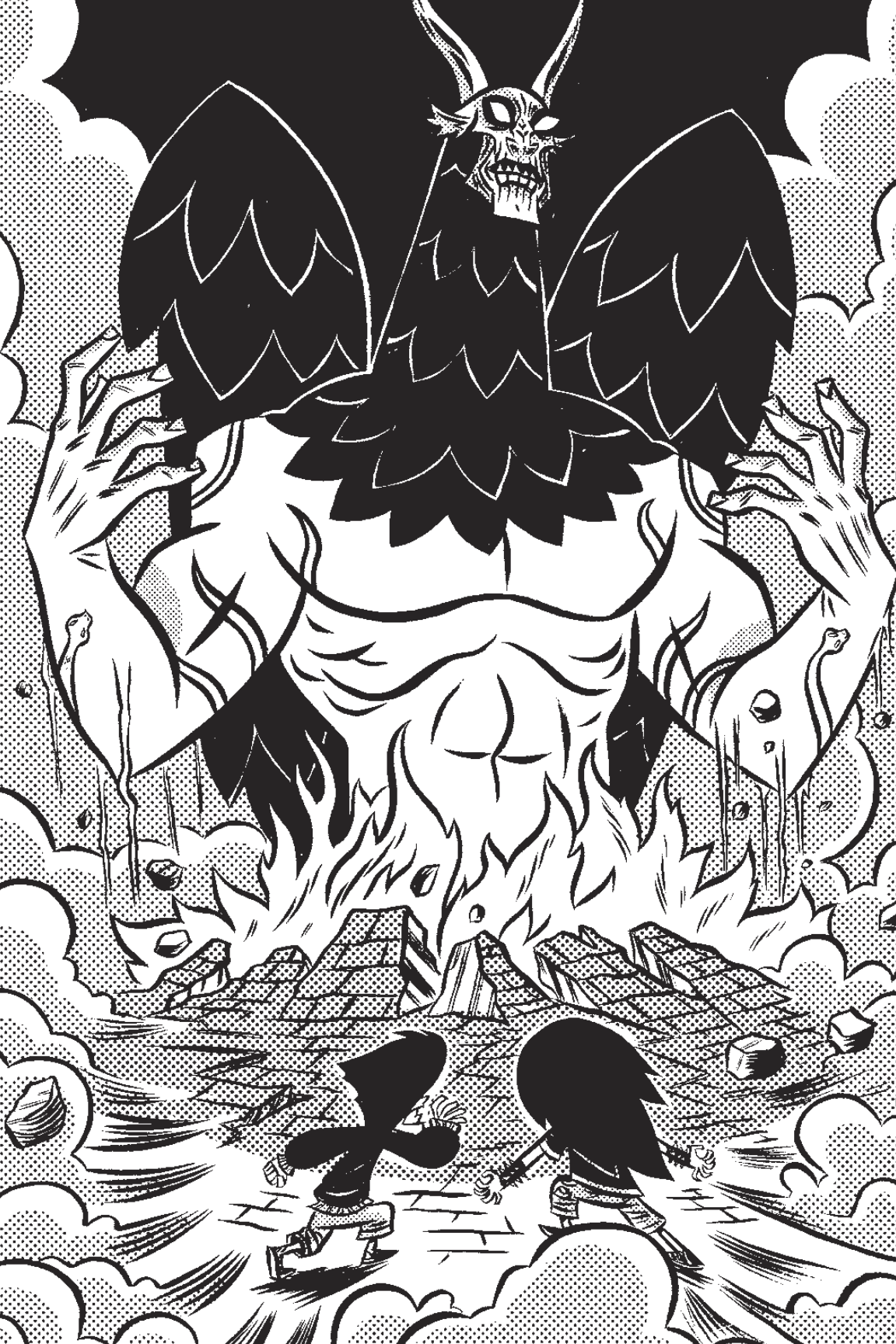


BLOOD ROSE!

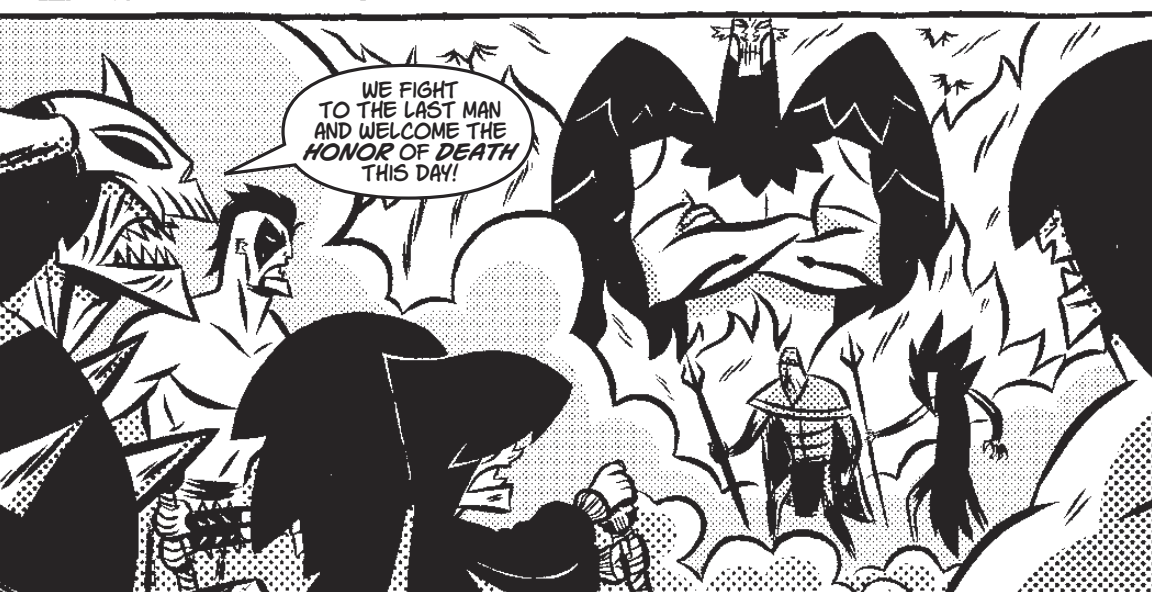
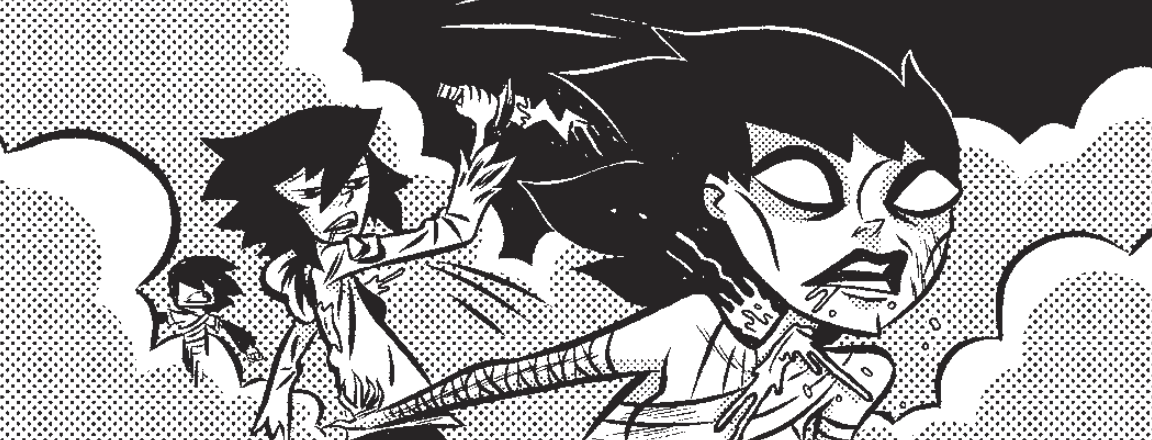
AAAAGH!

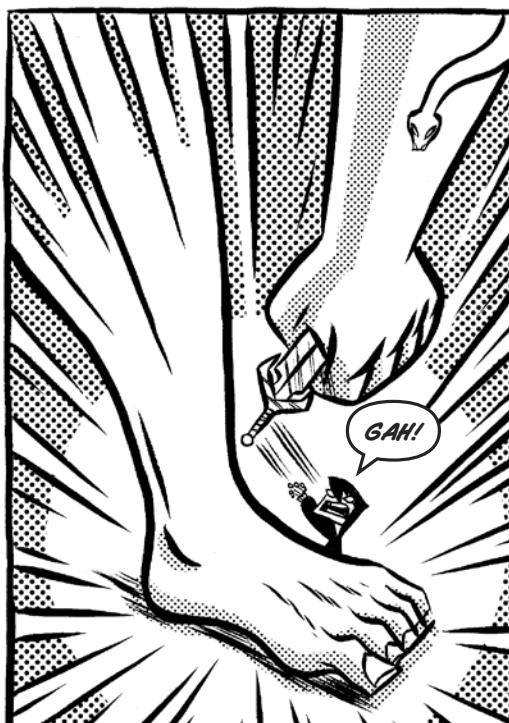
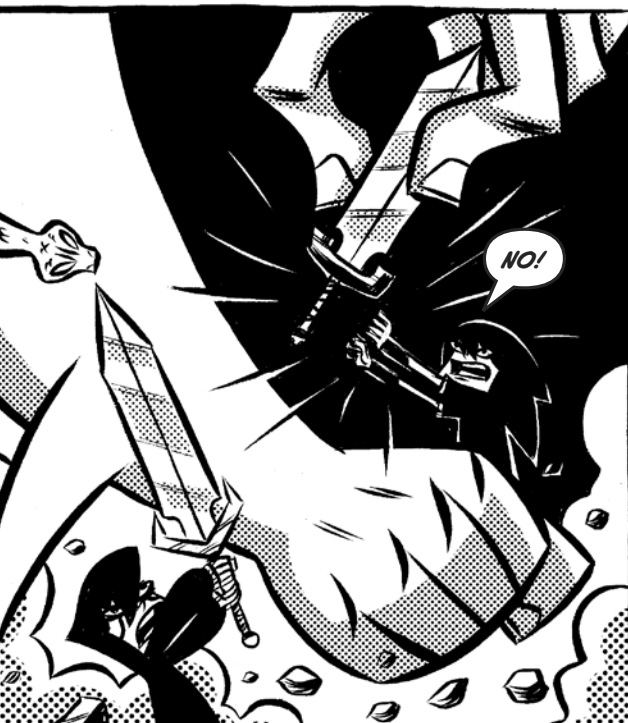


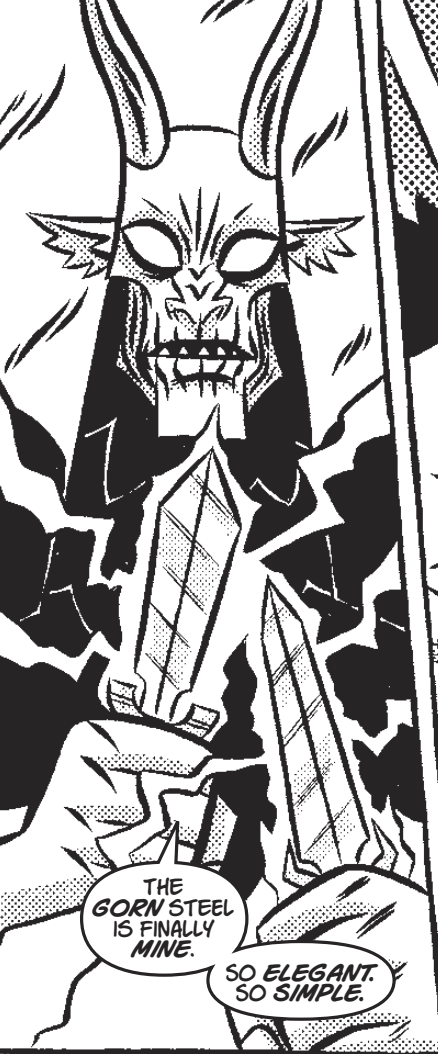






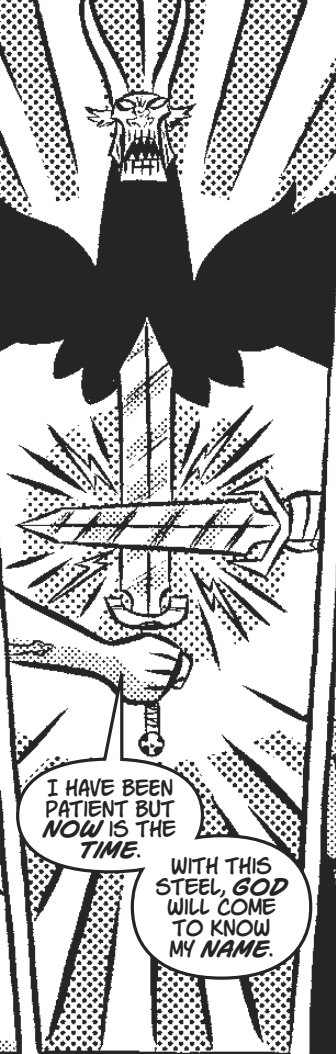






THE
GORN STEEL
IS FINALLY
MINE.

SO ELEGANT.
SO SIMPLE.



I HAVE BEEN
PATIENT BUT
NOW IS THE
TIME.

WITH THIS
STEEL, GOD
WILL COME
TO KNOW
MY NAME.

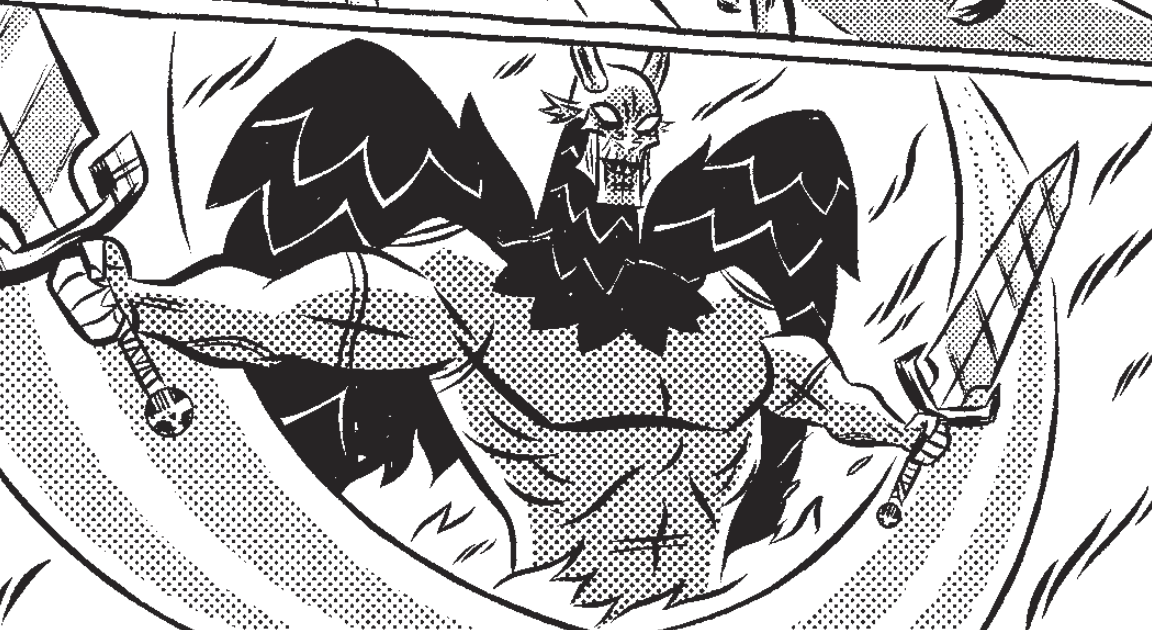
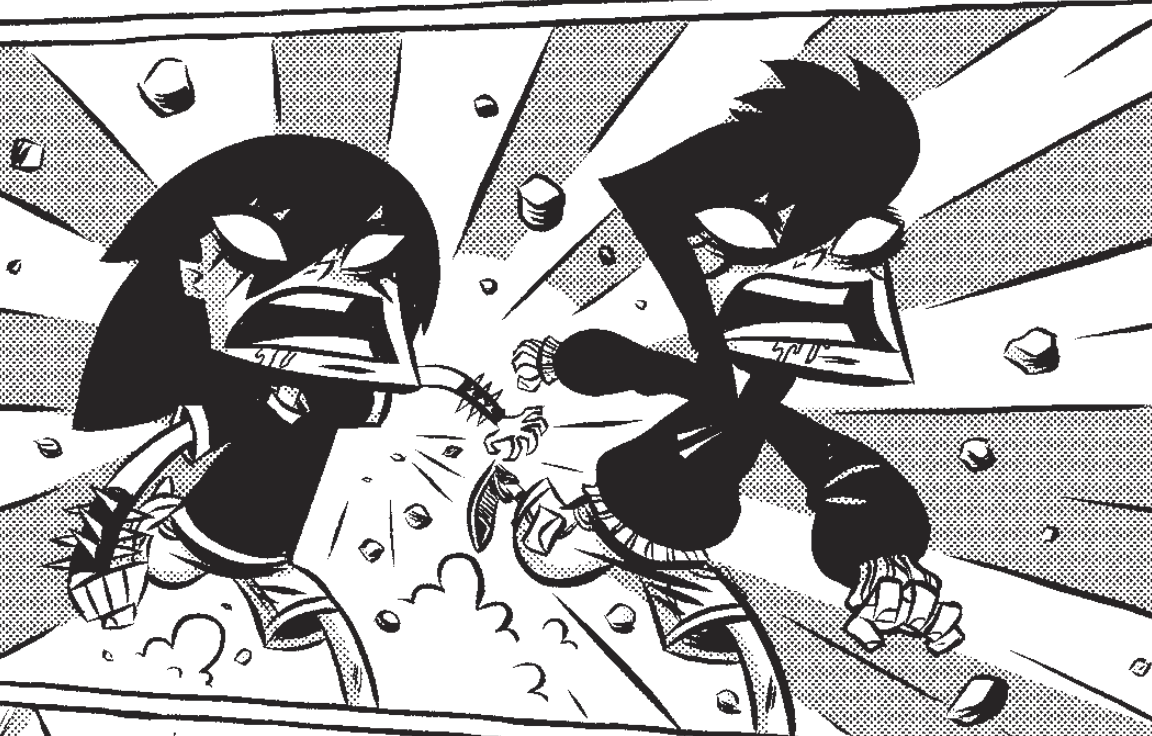


--TO
SHOUT IT!



GIVE US OUR
SWORDS.

OR WE WILL
PRY THEM FROM
YOUR DEAD
DAMN HANDS.





FIRST, THERE WAS
BLACKNESS.

AND TO ***BLACKNESS***
ALL THINGS ***RETURN.***





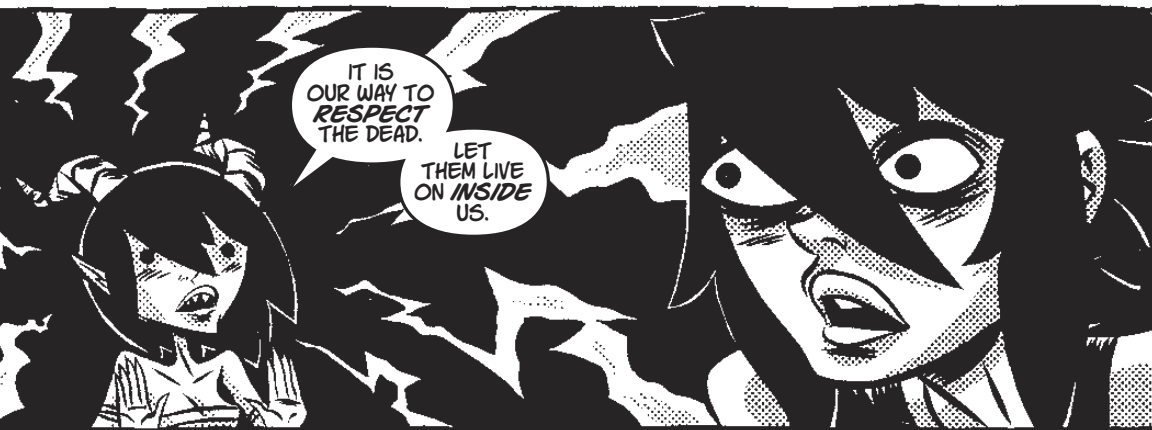


WAKE UP,
SHAWN.

PLEASE,
WAKE UP.



SHOULD
WE EAT
THEM?



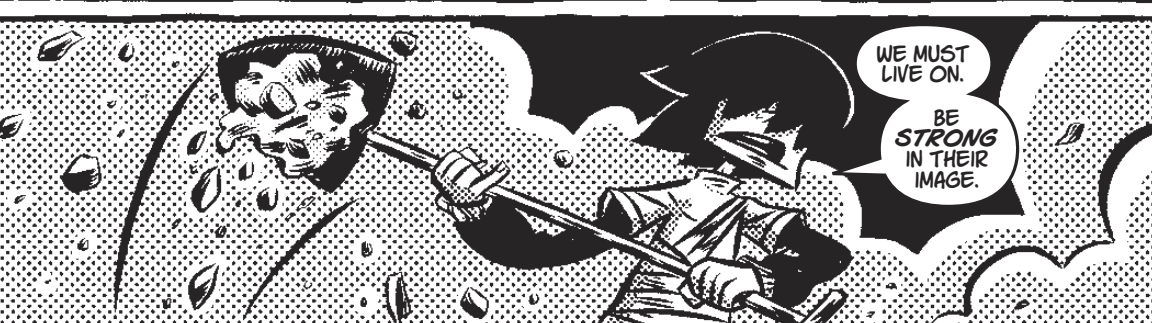
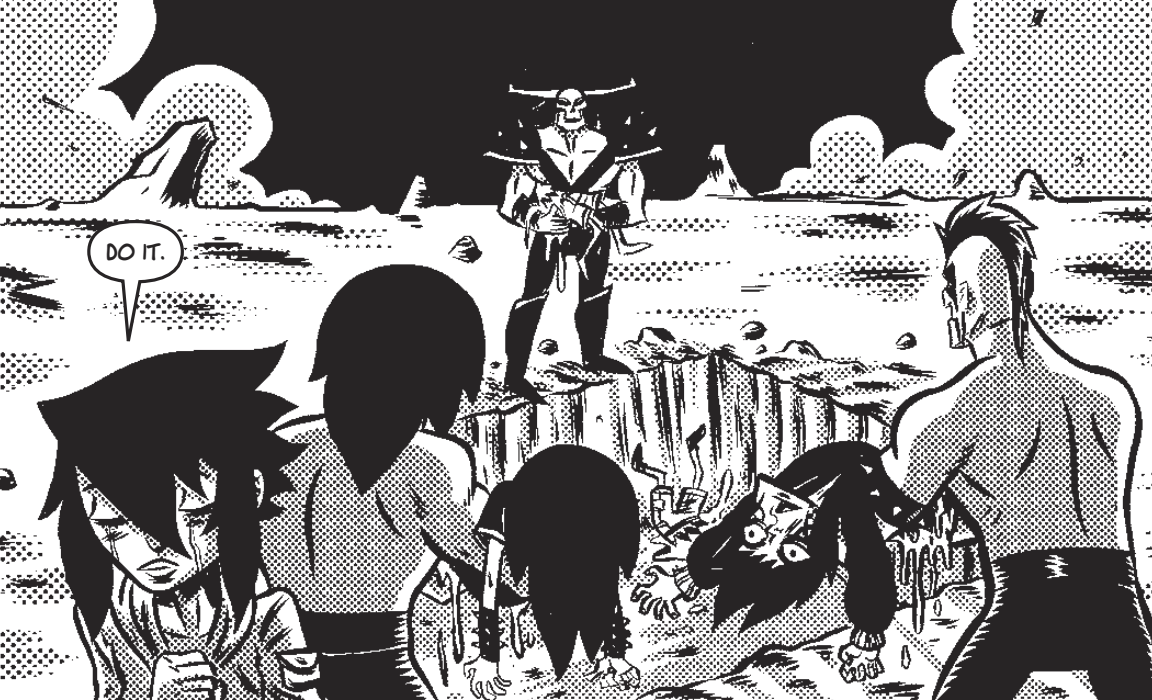
IT IS
OUR WAY TO
RESPECT
THE DEAD.

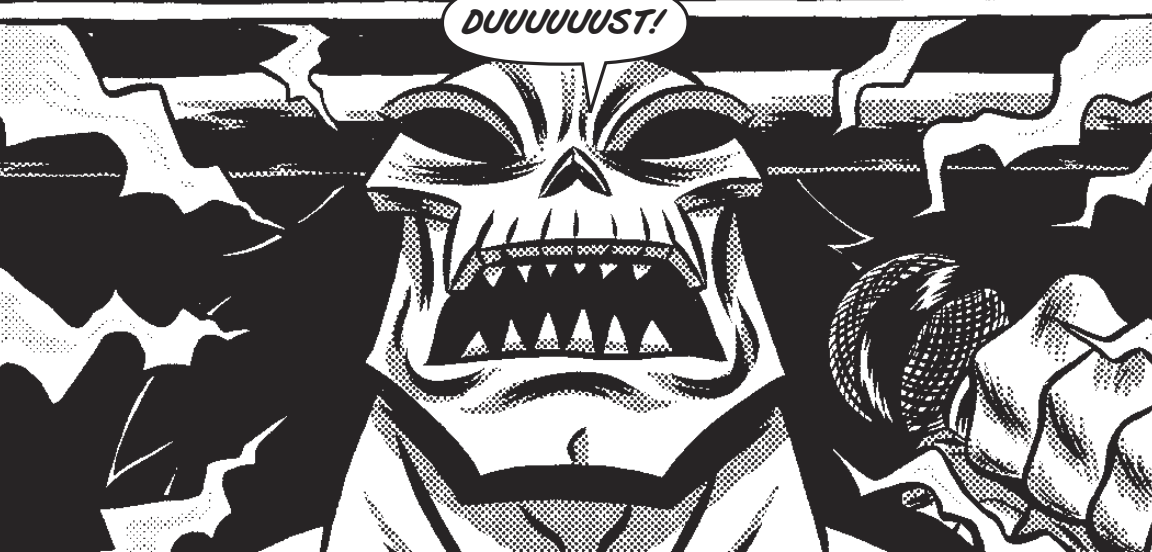
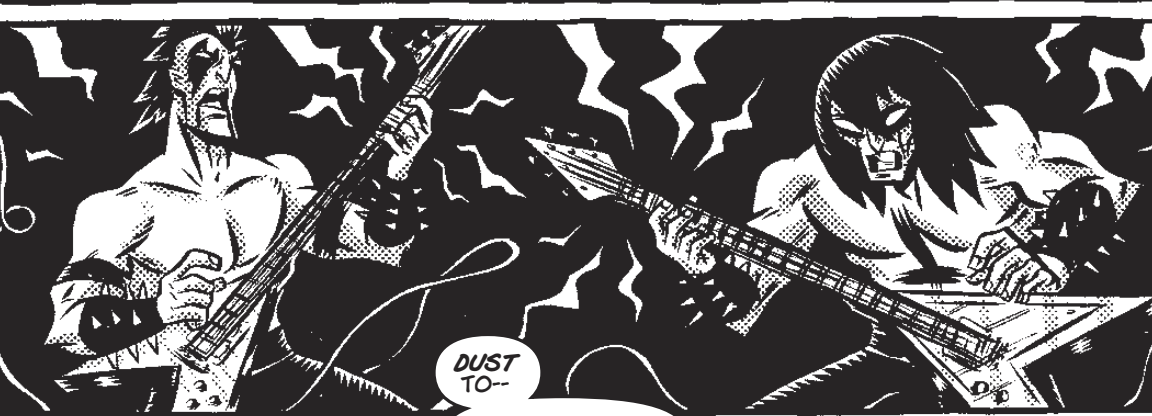
LET
THEM LIVE
ON *INSIDE*
US.

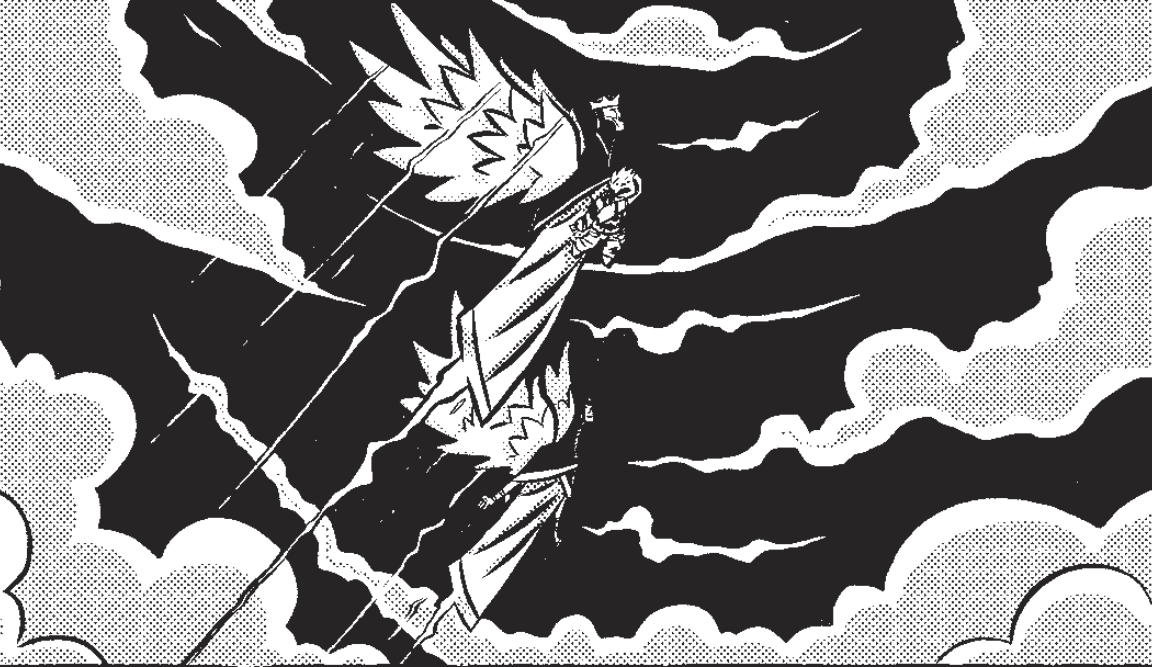


WE
BURY OUR
DEAD.













PEACE
BE WITH YOU,
AMBASSADOR.



WHERE IS
METATRON?

WE'VE
BROUGHT HIM
HIS PAWN.



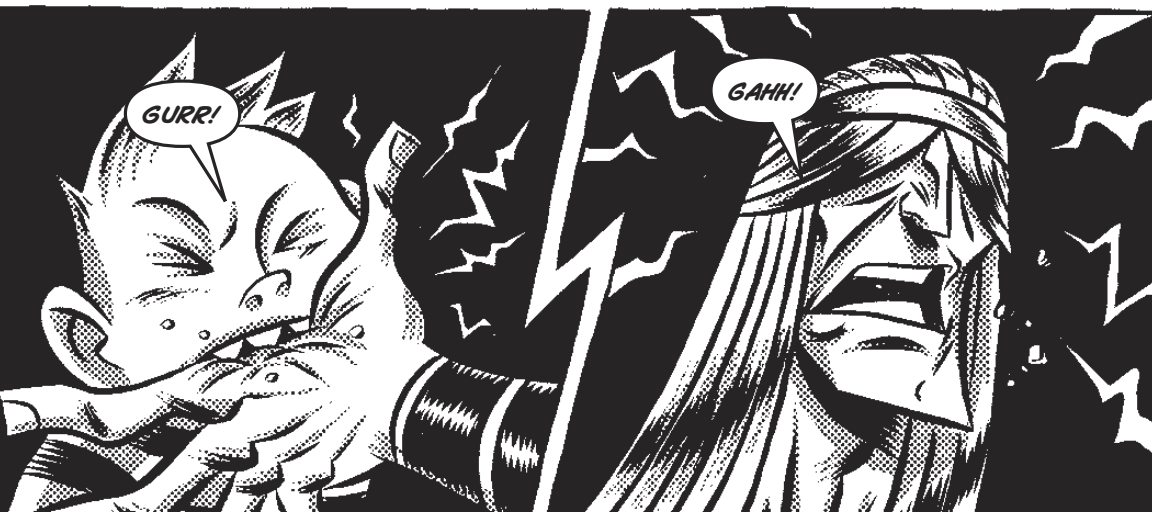
GO WITH GOD,
AMBASSADOR.

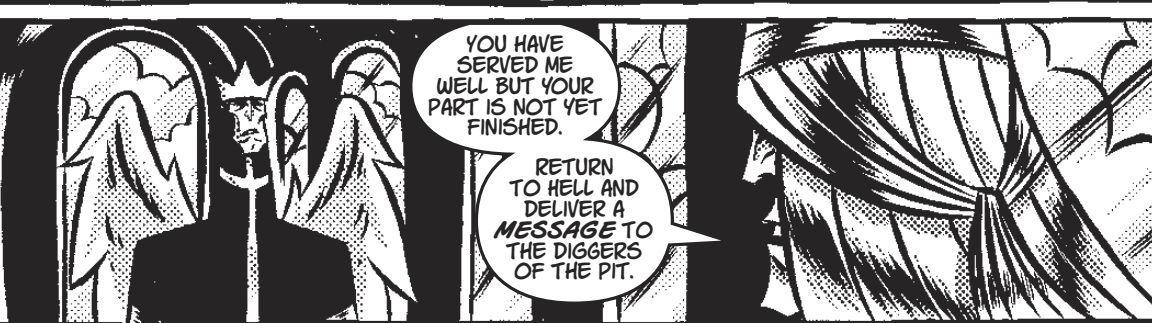
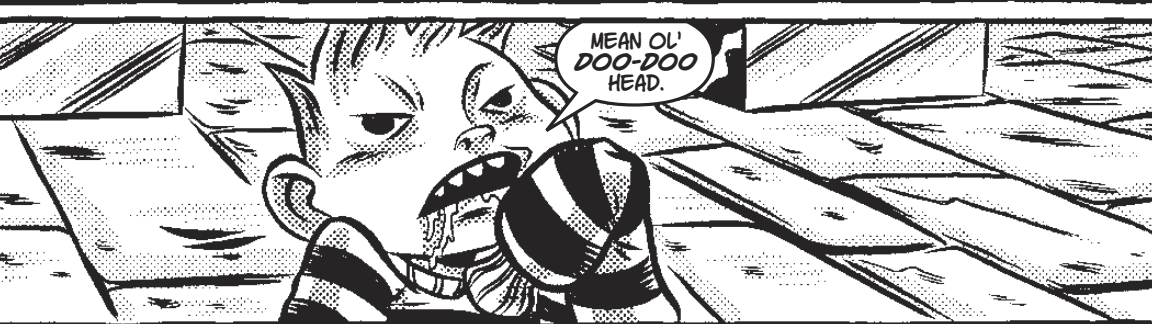
AND
FIND HIM IN
THE CHAMBER
HENCE.

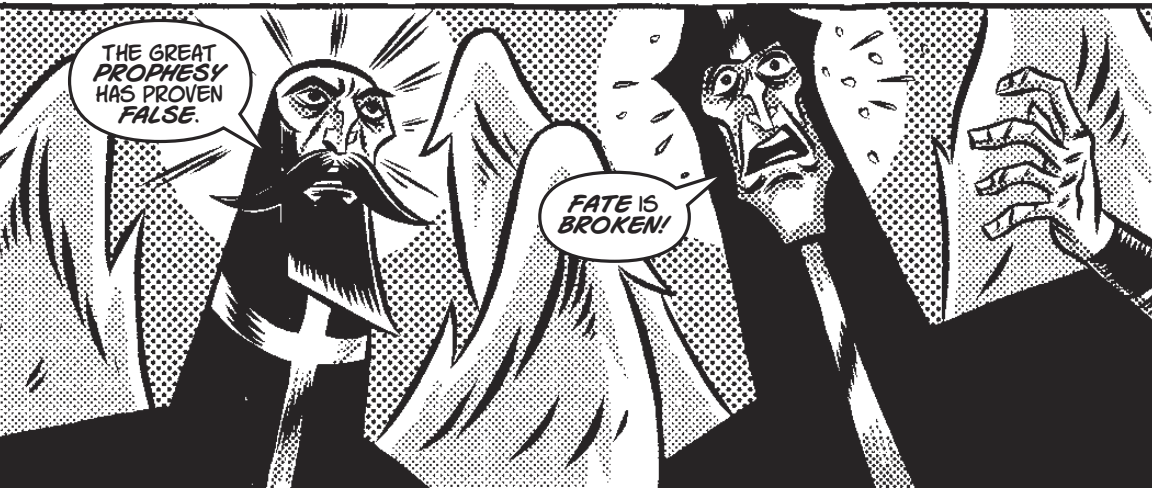


COME,
RUNT.

YOUR
DESTINY IS
AT HAND.











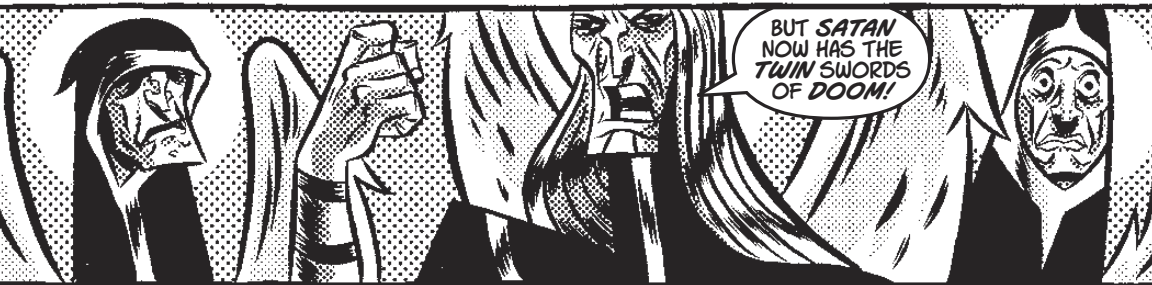
YES--
THE GREAT
PROPHESY
HAS PROVEN
FALSE.

THE
ESCHATON
HAS BEGUN.

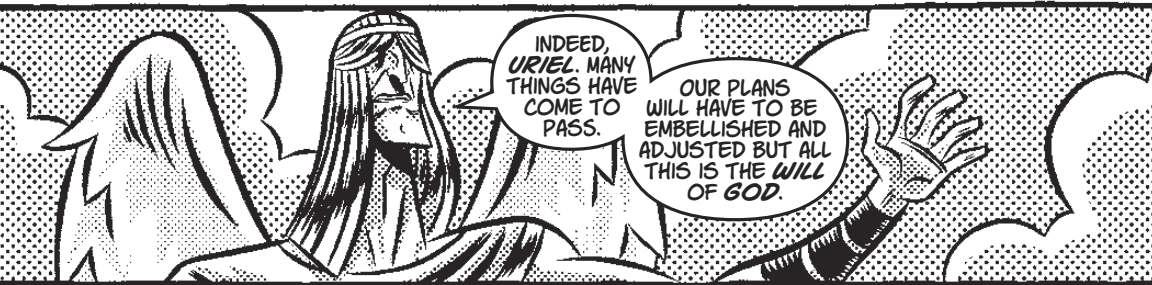


THE
PRESENT IS
AT AN END BUT
THE FUTURE
IS OURS.

WE
MUST NOT
PANIC. FOR
WHAT MAY BE
UNKNOWN TO
US IS CLEAR
TO GOD.



BUT SATAN
NOW HAS THE
TWIN SWORDS
OF DOOM!



INDEED,
URIEL. MANY
THINGS HAVE
COME TO
PASS.

OUR PLANS
WILL HAVE TO BE
EMBELLISHED AND
ADJUSTED BUT ALL
THIS IS THE WILL
OF GOD.



YOU
MUST HAVE
FAITH.



THE PRINCE
OF LIES HAS
OVERPLAYED
HIS HAND.

AND WE HOLD
THE KEY TO HIS
UNDOING.



NOW--

IF YOU WILL
PERMIT ME TO MAKE AN
INTRODUCTION...



BEHOLD
THE KEY TO THE
SERPENT'S FINAL
FALL.

BEHOLD
THE KEY TO
THE DIVINE
PLAN.



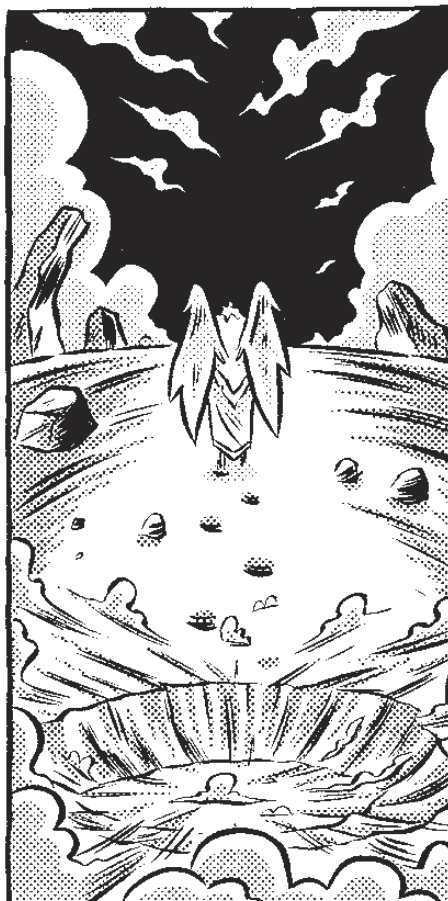
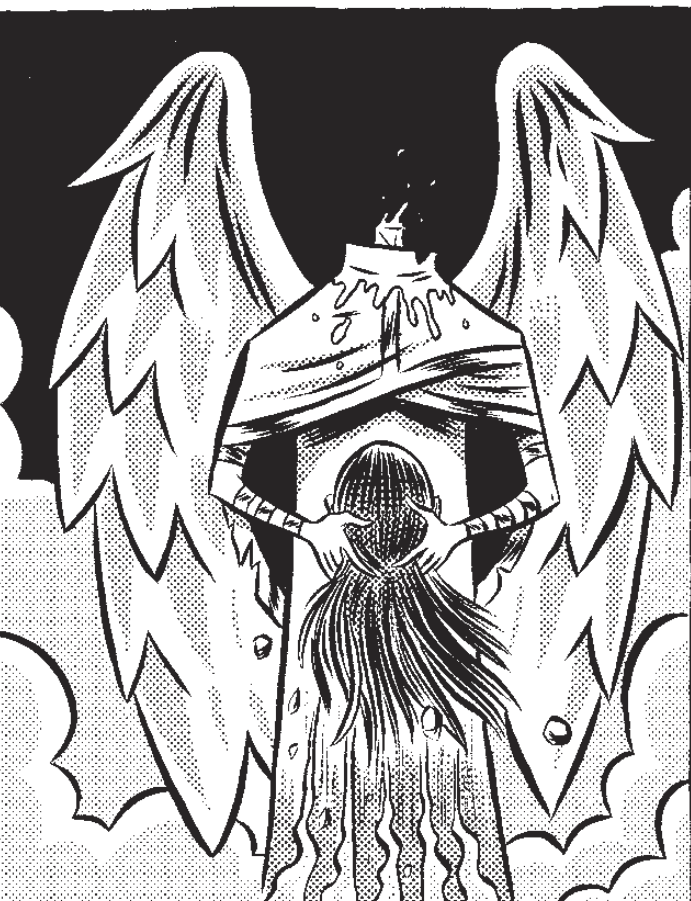
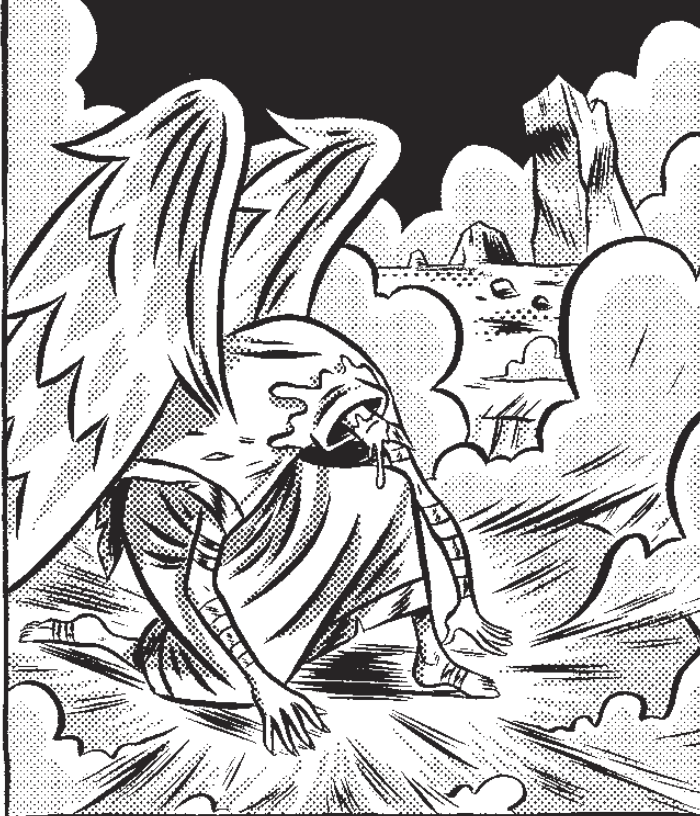
BEHOLD OUR
SALVATION!

BEHOLD--



THE
ANTICHRIST!







ASMODEUS
SEEKS AN AUDIENCE,
MY LIEGE.

LET HIM
COME.



EXCAVATION
CONTINUES AS
ORDERED, *SIRE*.
HELL GROWS NEAR
THE EDGE OF
TERRA FIRMA.

WE SHOULD BE
CLOSE ENOUGH TO
BREACH WITHIN
THE INTERVAL.

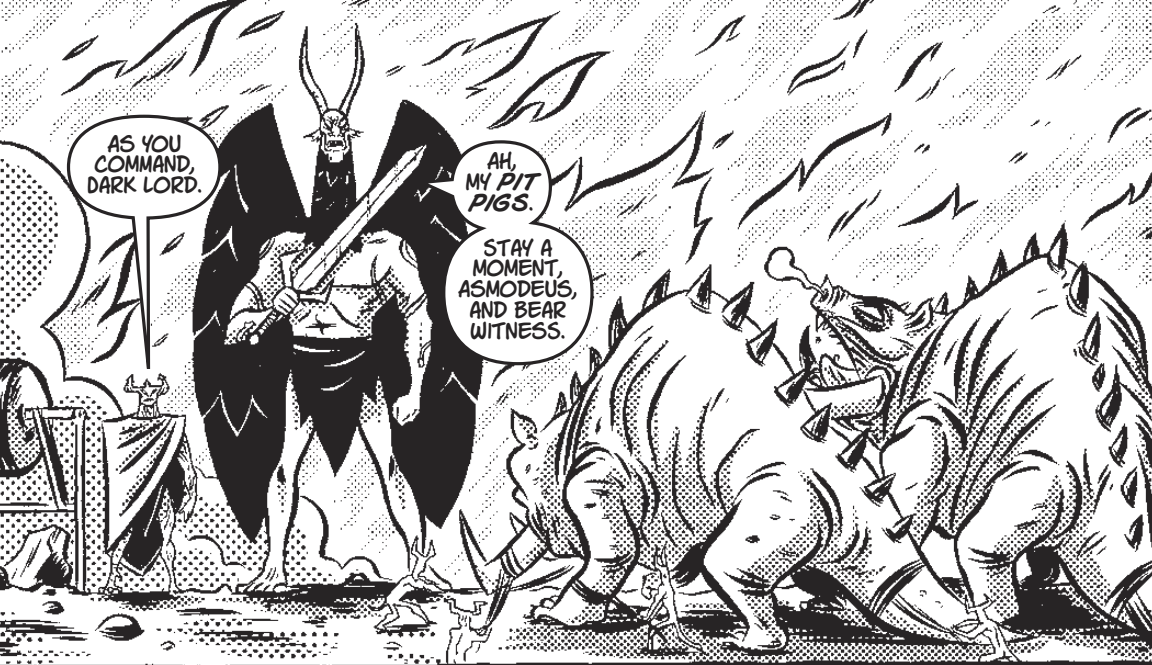


ALL THE
PREPARATIONS
PROCEED TOWARD
ARMAGEDDON.



HAVE
BEEZEBUB
PREPARE TERRESTRIAL
SIEGE WORKS.

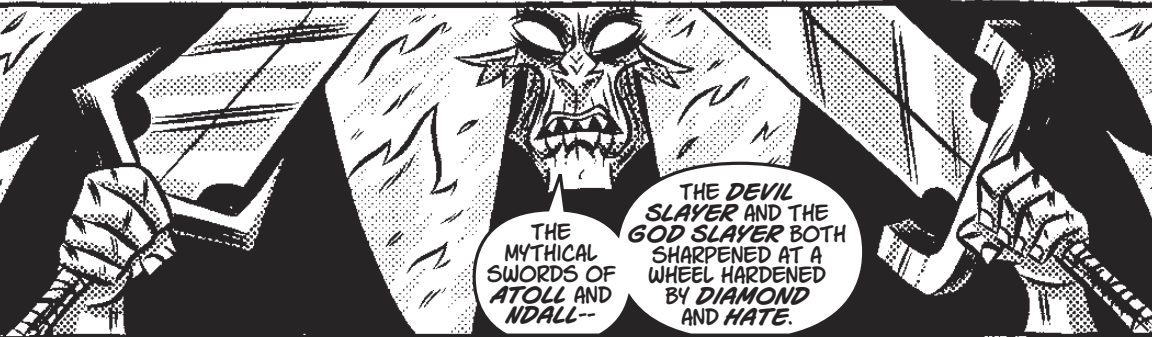
OUR
REBIRTH WILL
NOT BE WITHOUT
RESISTANCE.



AS YOU
COMMAND,
DARK LORD.

AH,
MY PIT
PIGS.

STAY A
MOMENT,
ASMODEUS,
AND BEAR
WITNESS.



THE
MYTHICAL
SWORDS OF
ATOLL AND
NDALL--

THE DEVIL
SLAYER AND THE
GOD SLAYER BOTH
SHARPENED AT A
WHEEL HARDENED
BY DIAMOND
AND HATE.



BUT ARE
THEY SHARP
ENOUGH FOR
OUR DARK
WORK?

THESE ARE
THE LARGEST
BEASTS IN
THE PIT.



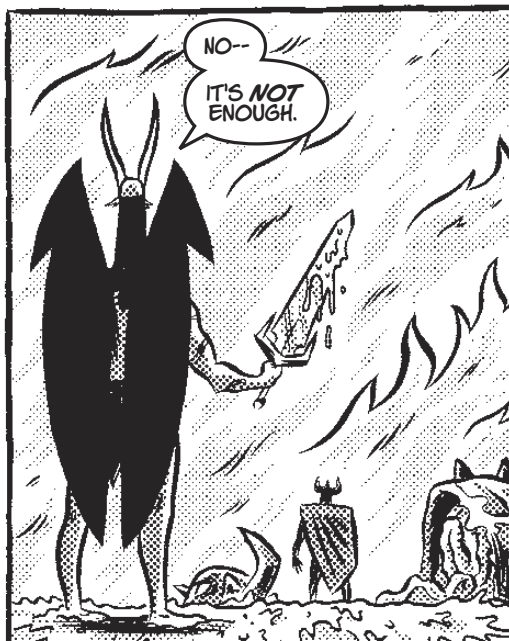
MORE
THAN SIXTY
TONS OF MEAT,
SCALE, TEETH
AND BONE.

A
SINGLE
SWING, A
TRUE
TEST.



IMPRESSIVE.
YOU *EASILY*
CLEAVED BOTH
BEASTS.

SPLIT
THEIR GUTS
ACROSS THE
BURN.



NO--
IT'S *NOT*
ENOUGH.



THE SWORDS
MUST BE
SHARPER.

SO SHARP
THAT THEY PASS
THROUGH THE BEASTS
UNNOTICED.



DO NOT
UNDERESTIMATE
OUR DIVINE PREY,
ASMODEUS.

WE SEEK
TO KILL AN
ALL-KNOWING,
ALL-SEEING
GOD.



THE SWORDS
MUST BE SHARP
ENOUGH TO PIERCE
THE SKY.

SHARP
ENOUGH TO
PULL DOWN THE
HEAVENS.



SHARP ENOUGH
TO **HALVE** THE
GODHEAD BEFORE
IT EVEN KNOWS
WE'VE **STRUCK.**



HERE LIE THE BODIES
OF SHAWN AND
SAM STRONGHAND.

LIFELESS AND
LEFT TO ROT.



THEIR SKINS
DARKEN PURPLE
AND BLACK.

LIVOR MORTIS.
THE *BLUE* DEATH.




THEIR
MUSCLE TISSUE
GOES RIGID.

RIGOR MORTIS.
THE *STIFFNESS*
OF DEATH.



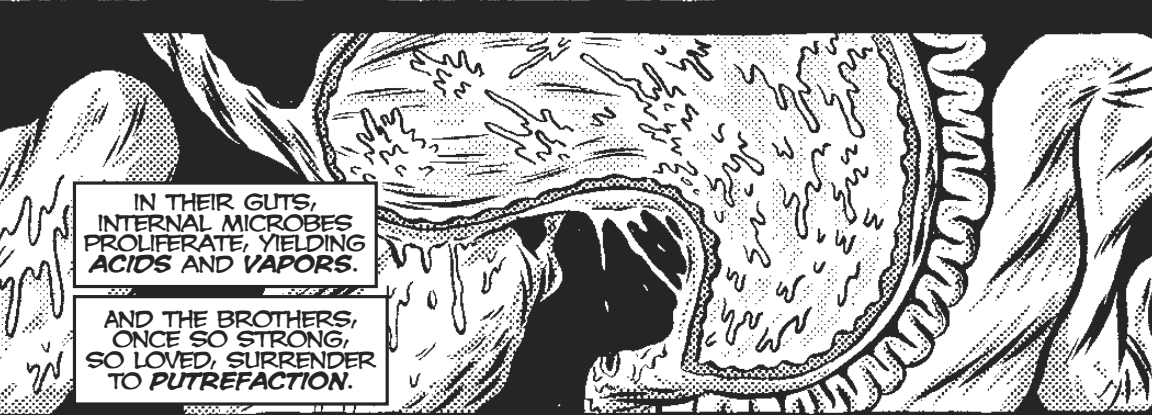
ALL HEAT ESCAPES
THEIR FLESH.

ALGOR MORTIS.
THE *COLD* DEATH.

A detailed black and white illustration showing a microscopic view of numerous cells. Some cells are ruptured, with jagged lines and radiating patterns indicating the release of enzymes. The overall texture is dense and chaotic.


THEIR DEAD CELLS
RUPTURE, RELEASING
ENZYMES THAT
CANNIBALIZE THE
SURROUNDING TISSUE.

SO BEGINS
AUTOLYSIS, THE
SELF-DIGESTION.

A black and white illustration showing a cross-section of a body. Internal organs are visible, with wavy, radiating lines emanating from them, representing the release of acids and vapors. The scene is depicted in a dramatic, high-contrast style.

IN THEIR GUTS,
INTERNAL MICROBES
PROLIFERATE, YIELDING
ACIDS AND **VAPORS**.

AND THE BROTHERS,
ONCE SO STRONG,
SO LOVED, SURRENDER
TO **PUTREFACTION**.

A black and white illustration of two men lying on the ground. They appear to be in a state of extreme distress or pain, with wide, staring eyes and open mouths. The background is dark and textured.

THE ACCUMULATION
OF GASES CAUSE
THEIR SEALED
AREAS TO SWELL.

ORGANS AND
CAVITIES THAT
ESCAPED THE
FATAL BISECTION
BLOAT.

A black and white illustration showing a close-up of a man's face. He has a pained expression, with sweat or tears on his forehead and a grimace. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting his features.

PRESSURE FORCES
SHAWN'S INTESTINES
TO PUSH OUT.

THE SAME PRESSURES
FORCE FLUIDS TO
ESCAPE FROM **SAM'S**
NOSE, MOUTH AND...




THE ESCAPING FLUIDS
AND VAPORS HAVE
AN UNMISTAKABLY
PUTRID ODOR.

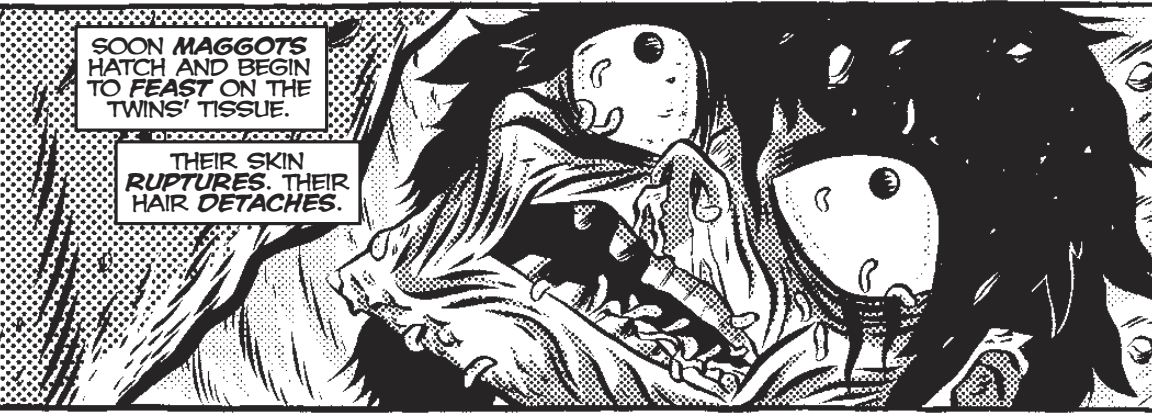
THIS AROMA OF
DECAY SUMMONS
CARRION INSECTS.



THE *COFFIN FLY*
WILL BURROW OVER SIX
FEET DEEP IN SEARCH
OF A BURIED CARCASS.



THE FLIES FEED ON OUR
DEAR, DEAD BROTHERS
AND SEEK SUITABLE
OVIPOSITION SITES.



SOON *MAGGOTS*
HATCH AND BEGIN
TO FEAST ON THE
TWIN'S' TISSUE.

THEIR SKIN
RUPTURES. THEIR
HAIR *DETACHES*.



WORMS COME
AND AID THE
MAGGOTS IN
ACTIVE DECAY.

EATING, EATING,
EATING, EATING.



WHEN FINALLY NOTHING REMAINS TO
CONSUME, THE MAGGOTS MOVE AWAY TO
PUPATE AND THE WORMS OFF TO MATE.



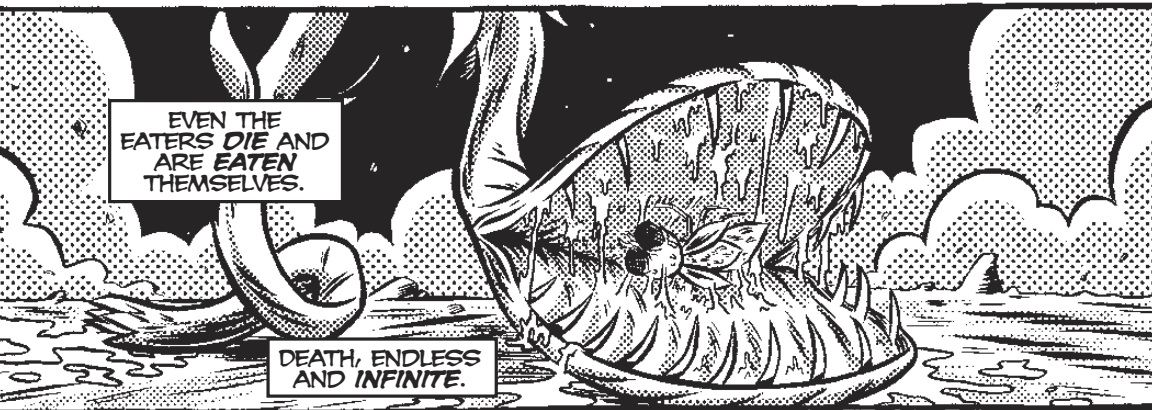
THE LAST
BITS OF DRY
SKIN AND
CARTILAGE
ROT AWAY,
LEAVING
ONLY BONES.

AND OUR BOYS
LAY SILENT, ALONE,
SKELETONIZED.



SUBSOIL ACIDS
REDUCE THE
SKELETONS TO
UNRECOGNIZABLE
COMPONENTS.

AND IN TIME...
THERE IS
NOTHING LEFT
BUT *DIRT*.



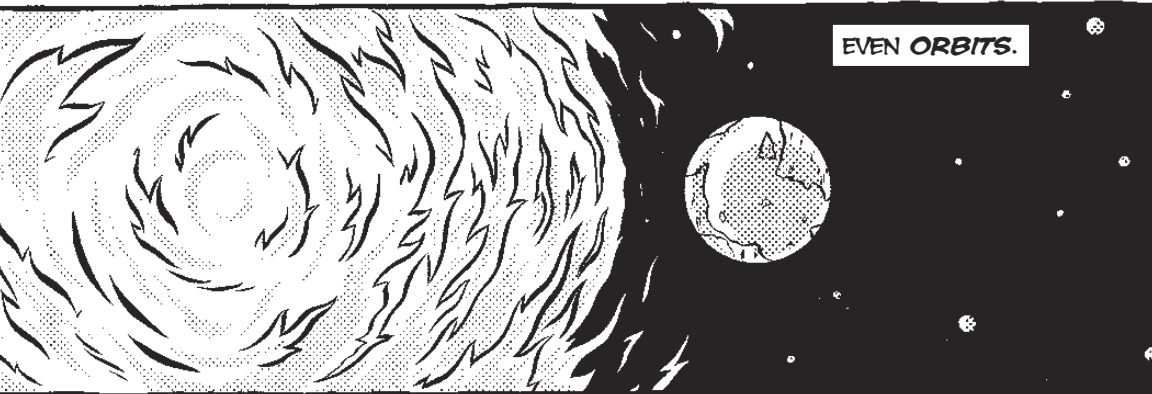
EVEN THE
EATERS DIE AND
ARE EATEN
THEMSELVES.

DEATH, ENDLESS
AND INFINITE.

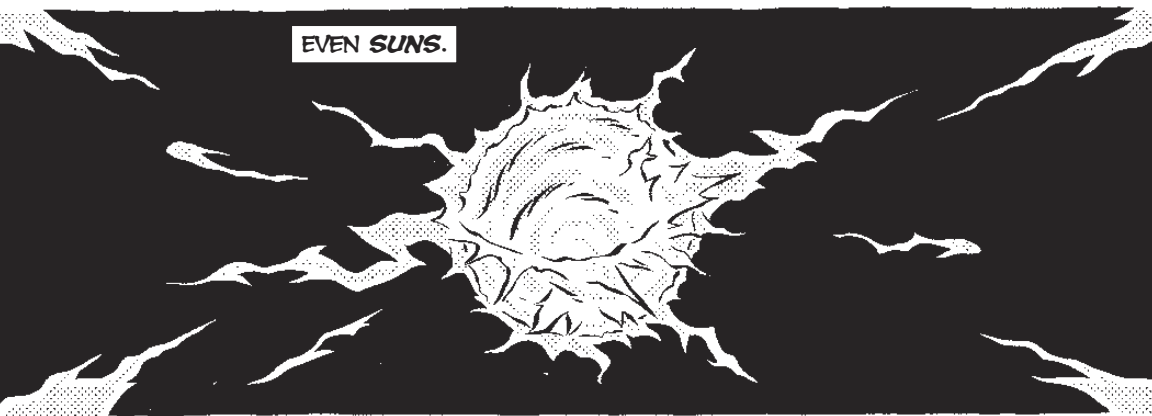


THE INESCAPABLE
CYCLE.

EVERYTHING ENDS.
EVERYTHING DECAYS.



EVEN ORBITS.



EVEN SUNS.







THE EXPLODING STAR
COLLAPSES UNDER ITS OWN
GRAVITATIONAL WEIGHT.

INTO A
SINGULARITY.



WHERE ALL MATTER
IS CRUSHED TO
INFINITE DENSITY.

WHERE NOTHING
ESCAPES, NOT
EVEN *LIGHT.*



WHERE *SPACE* AND
TIME CEASE TO EXIST
AND THERE IS ONLY...



BLACKNESS.



THE *EVENT HORIZON*.
THE EDGE OF THE ABYSS.



THE *ABYSS* IS A
PLACE BEYOND
PERSPECTIVE.



BEYOND RIGHT
AND WRONG.

BEYOND
HOPE OR FEAR.



IT WILL *DESTROY* MOST
WHO DARE LOOK INTO IT.

DRIVE OTHERS *MAD* FROM JUST
CONTEMPLATING IT EXISTS.




BUT THE
RARE ONE...

THE MAGISTER
TEMPLI, WHO
HAS UTTERLY
DESTROYED
THEMSELF...



LET GO OF
ALL *EGO*, *ID*,
AND *SELF*.

IF THEY HAVE
TRULY FOLLOWED
THE WAY OF THE
LEFT HAND PATH...

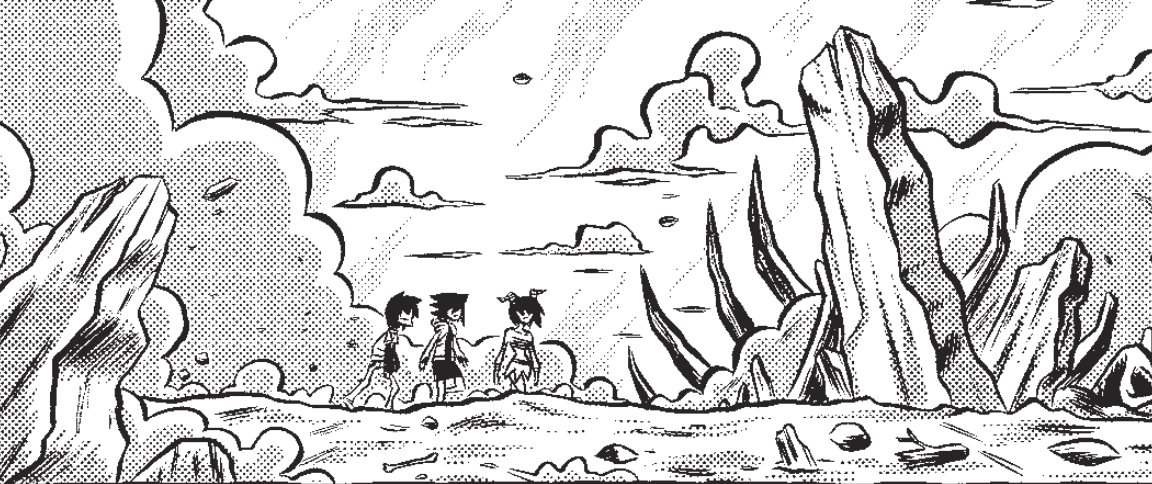


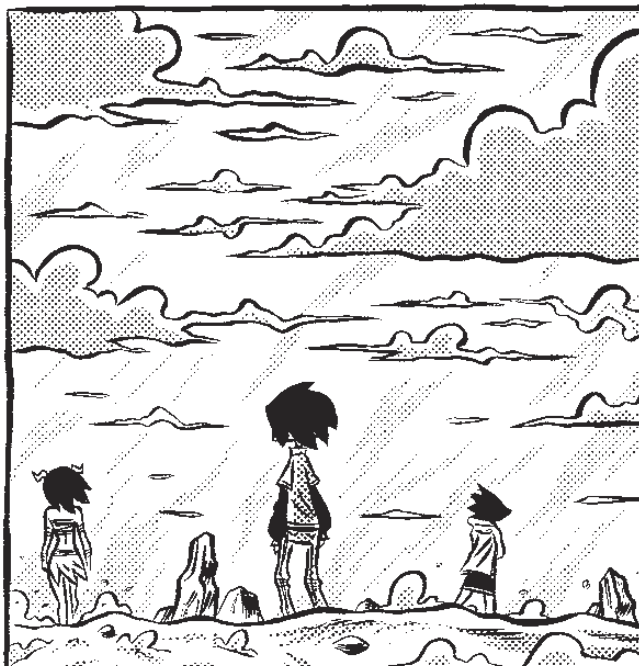
AND GIVEN
UP *ALL* THAT
THEY ARE...

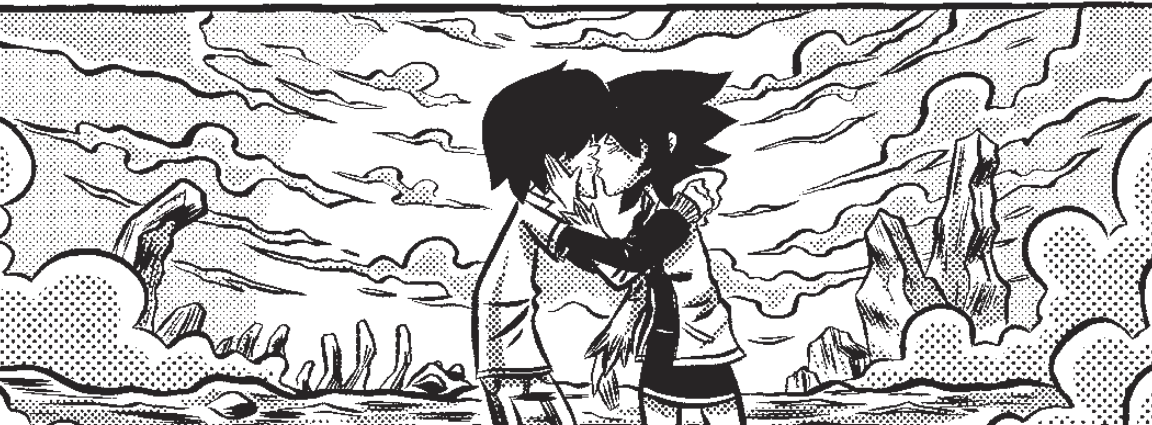
THEN THAT
RAREST OF
INDIVIDUALS
MAY BECOME...

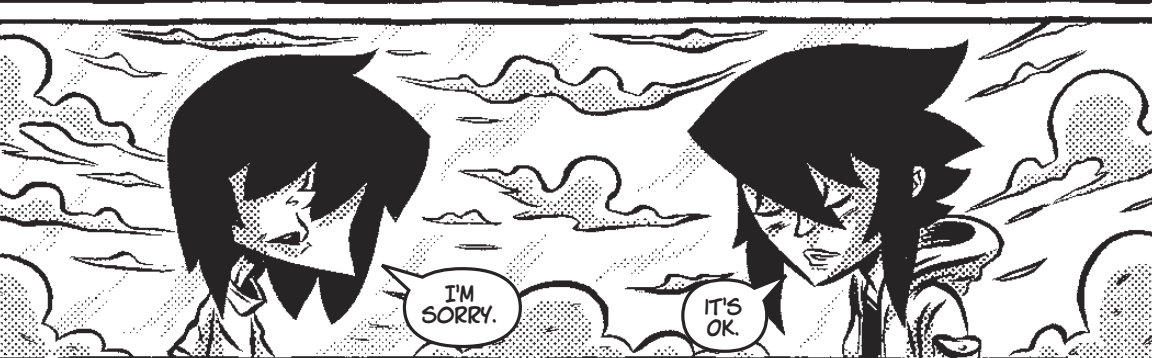


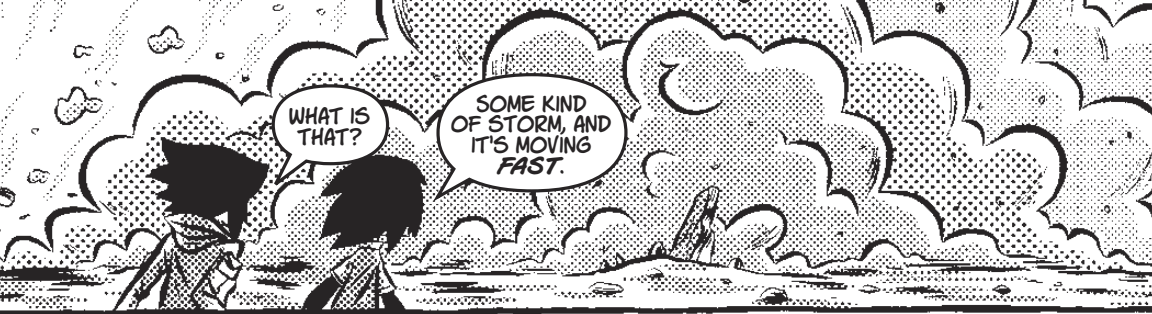
SOMETHING
NEW.

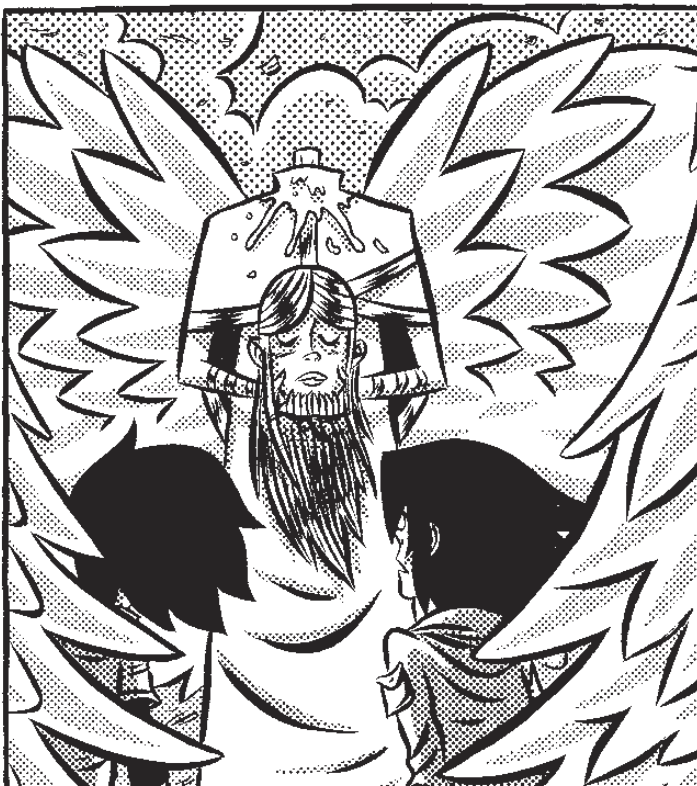
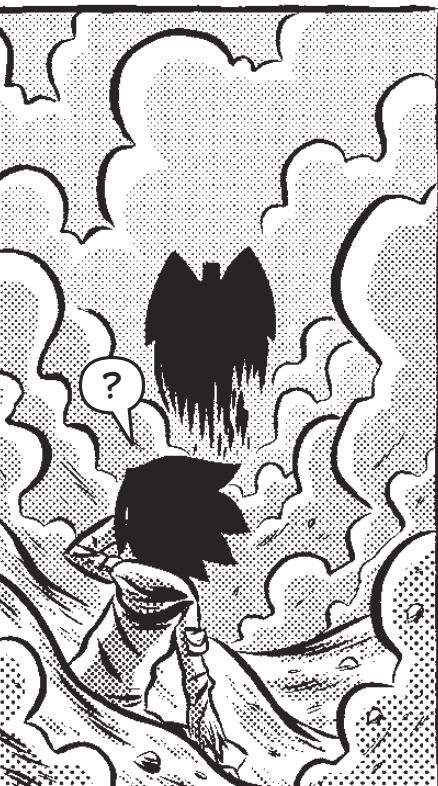
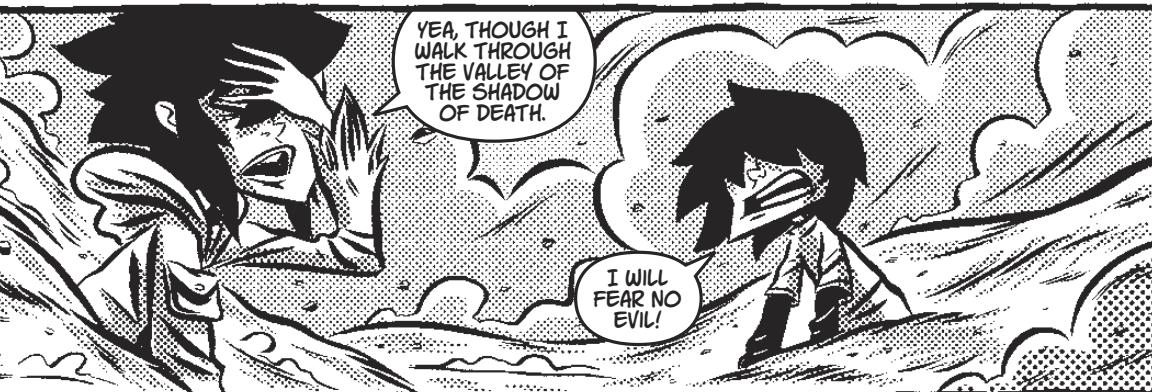




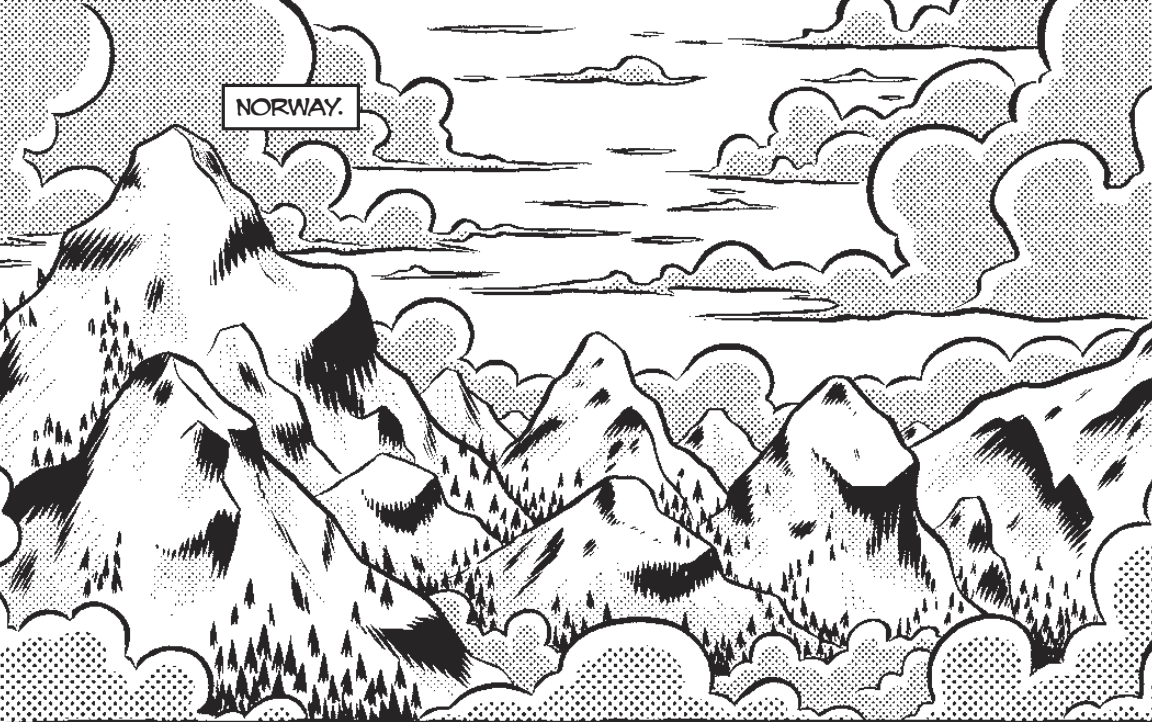


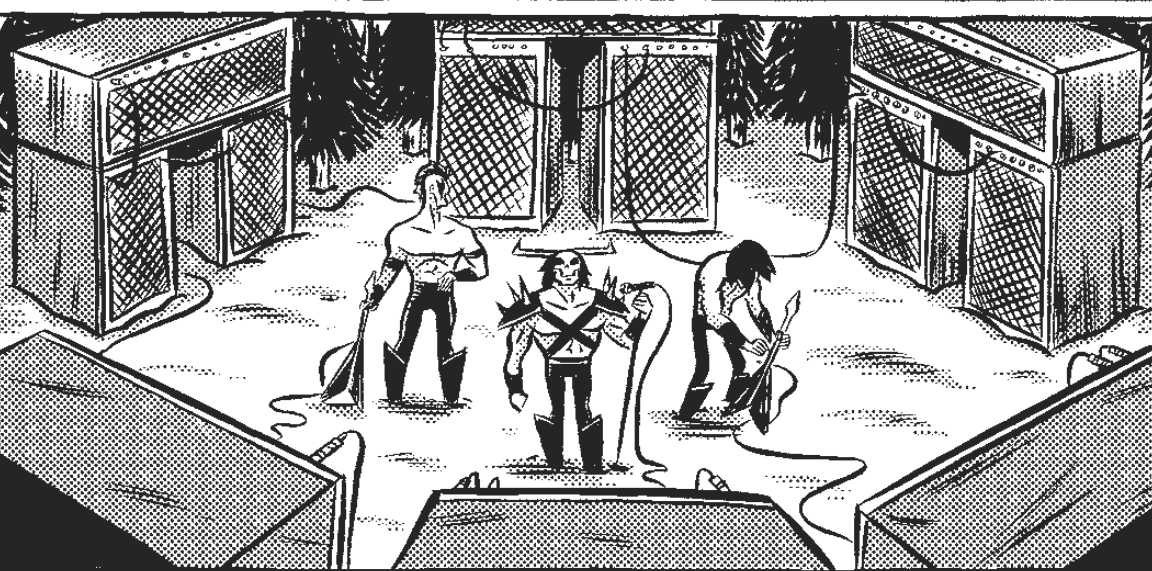






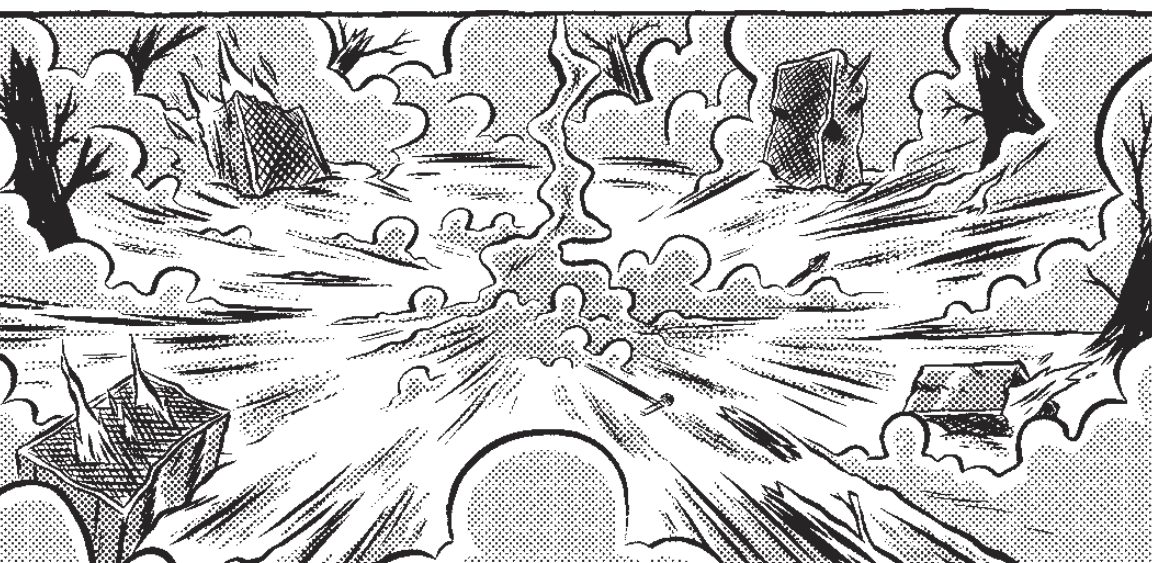
NORWAY.

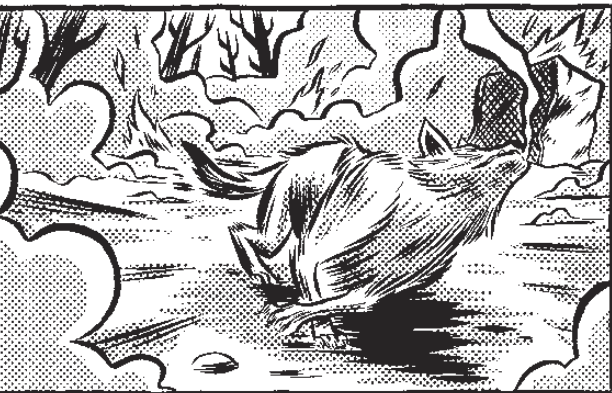
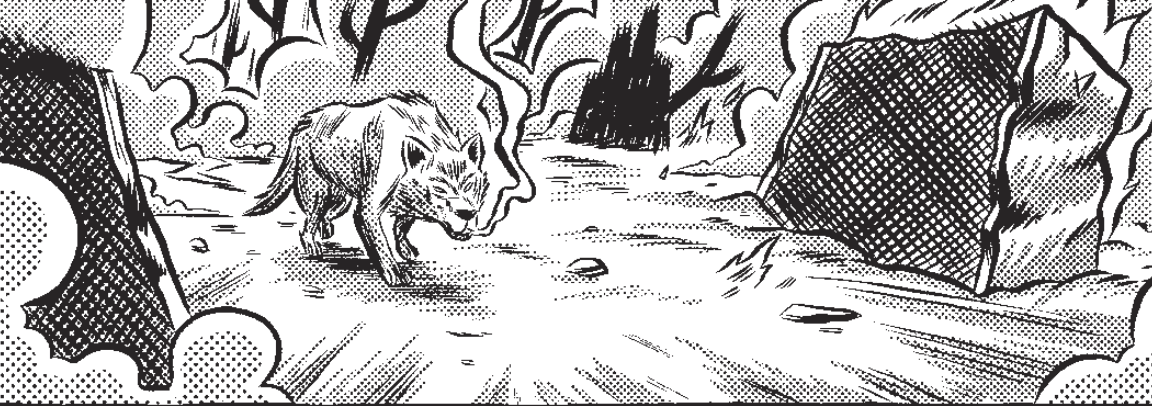


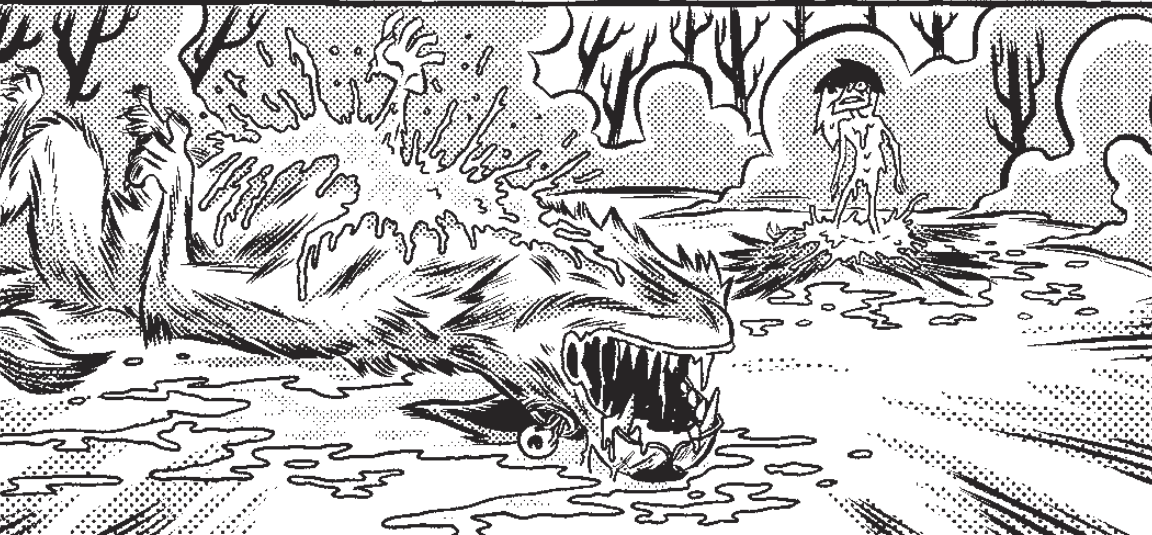
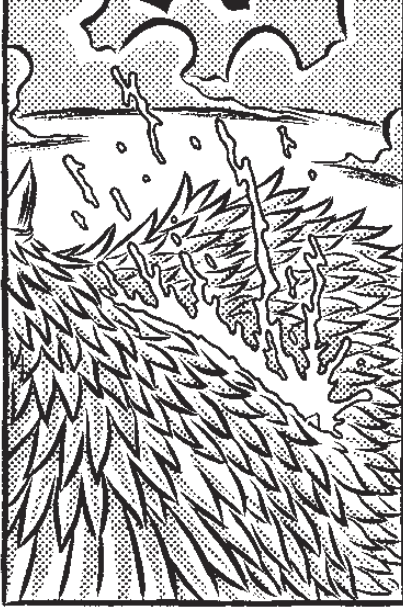




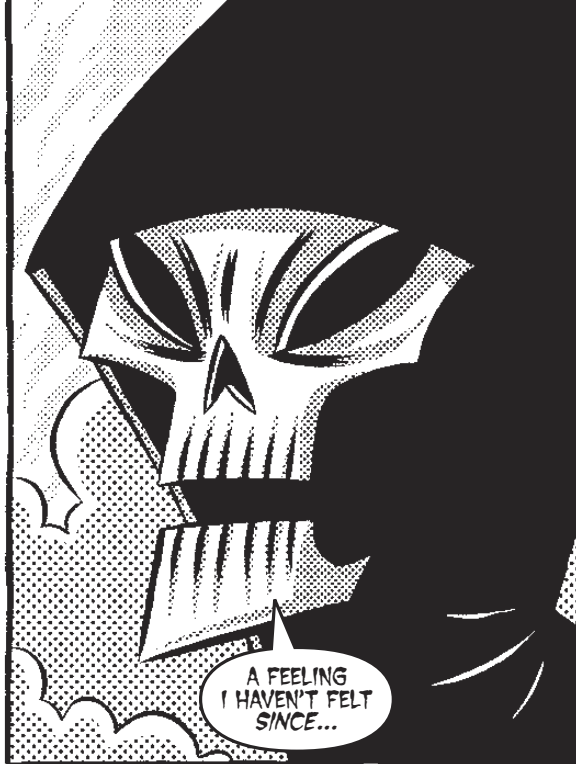














WHERE
IS *HE*?
WHERE IS
LELAND?

I *SMELL*
HIM ON YOUR
FLESH!



WHERE
IS *MY*
CHILD?

WE
SEEK HIM
TOO.



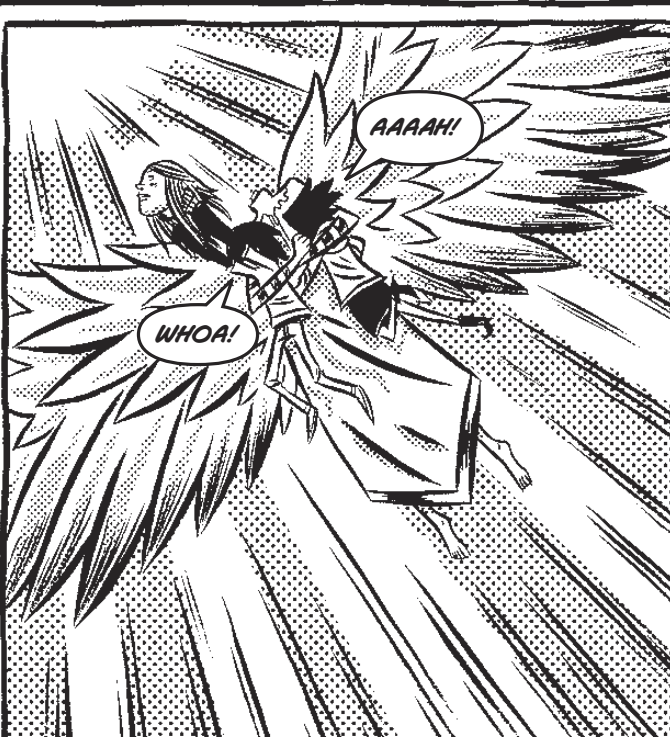
WHY DO
YOU SEEK THE
LITTLE ONE?

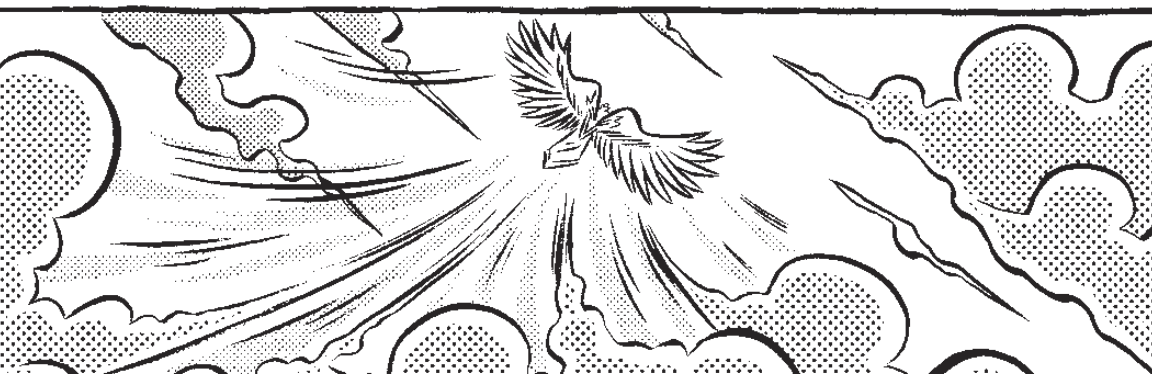
HE...

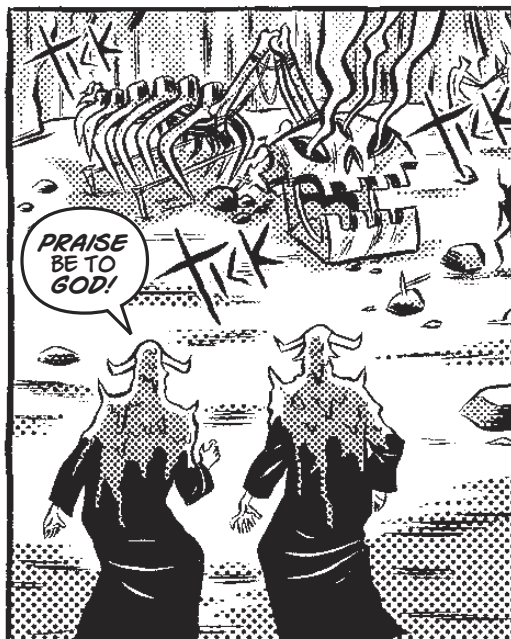
HE IS OUR
FRIEND.

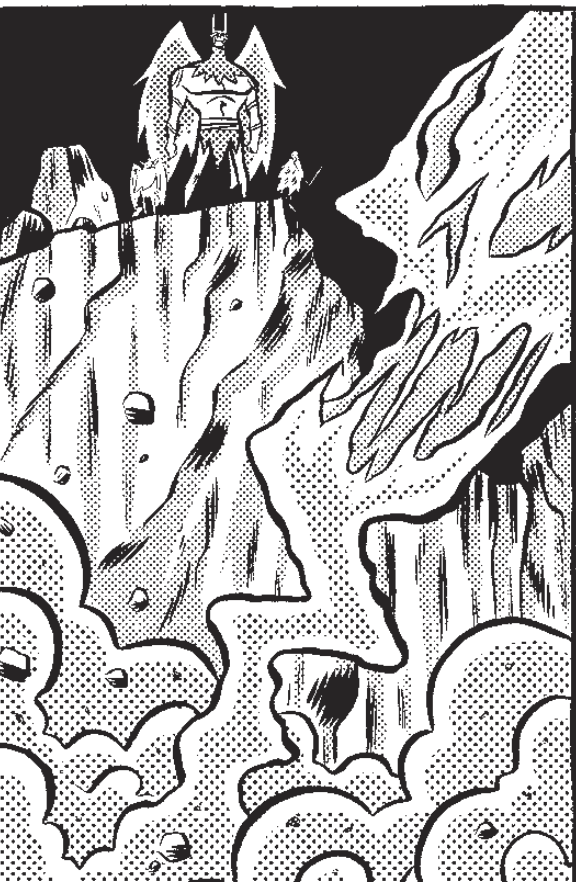
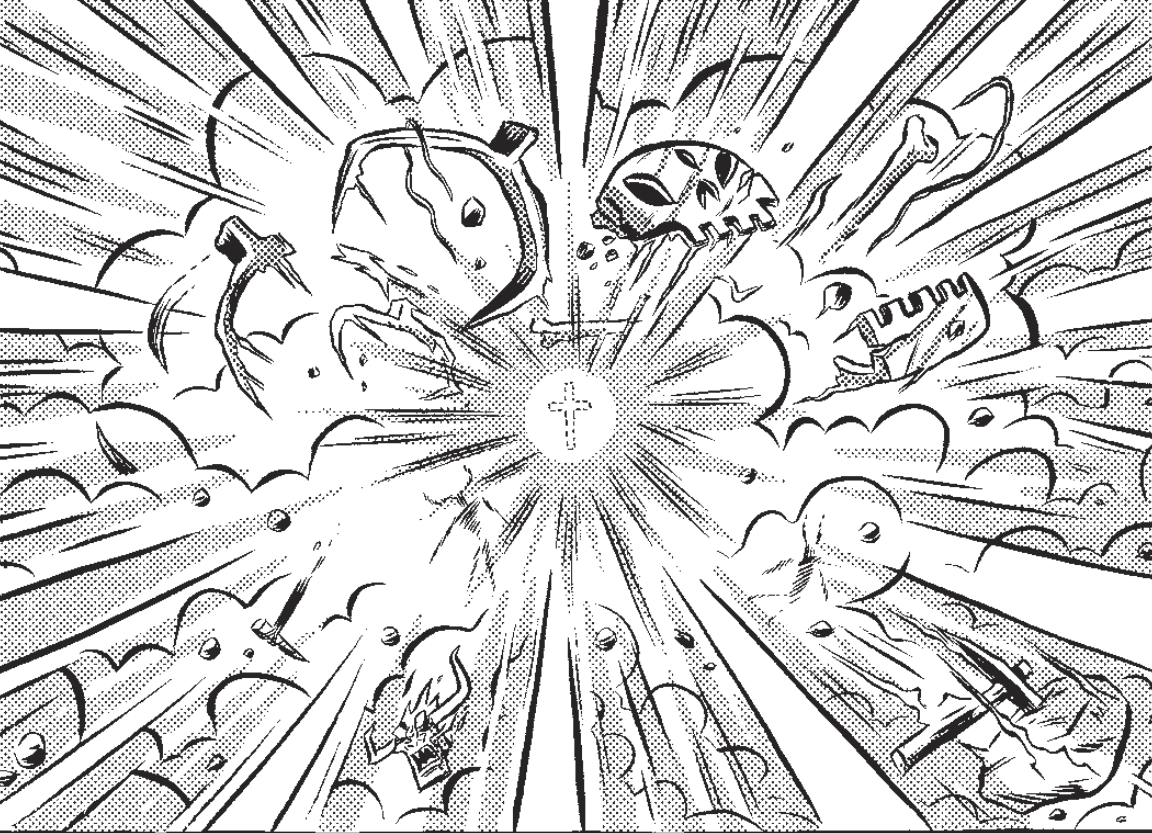


FRIENDS.

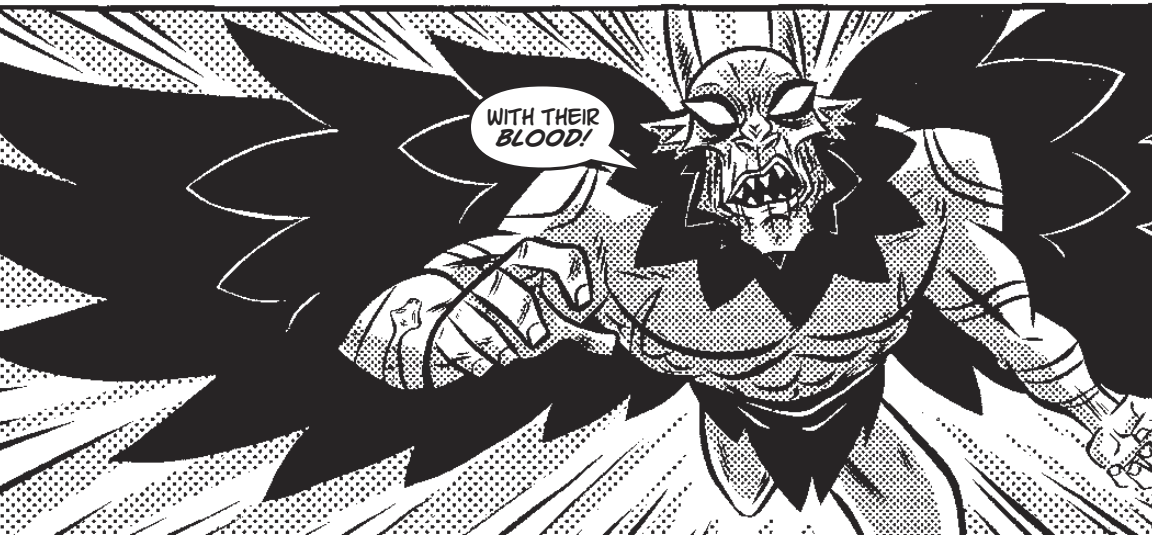
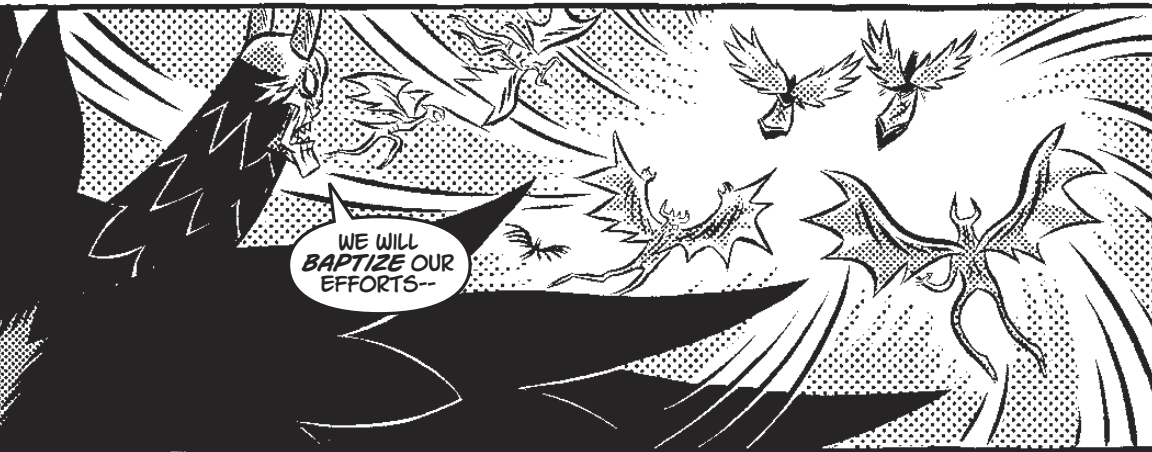
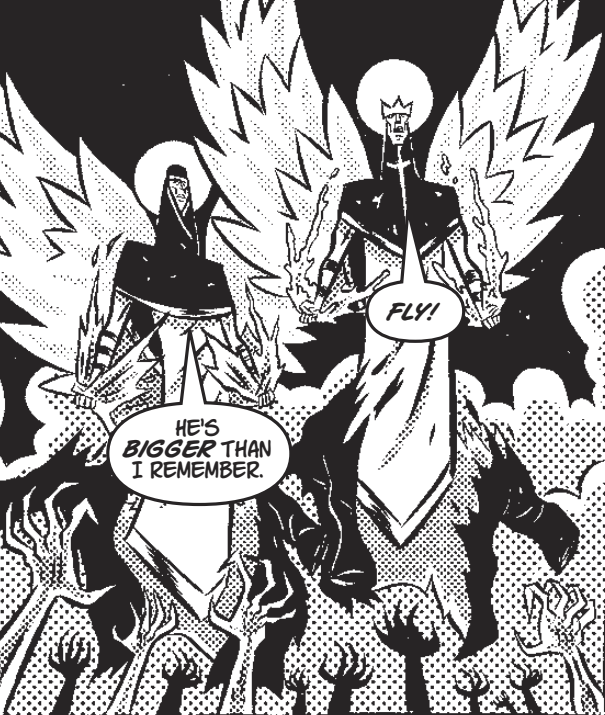














TO THE
EMBASSY!

THERE
WE WILL BE
SAFE.



BACK,
DEVILS!

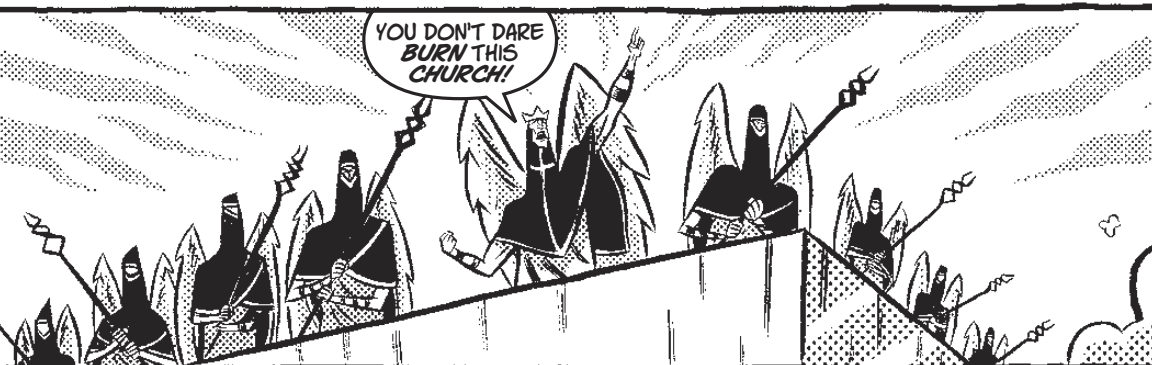
DEMONS ARE
NOT ALLOWED
WITHIN THESE
HOLY WALLS.

NOT EVEN
SATAN HIMSELF
WITHOUT *DIVINE*
INVITATION.



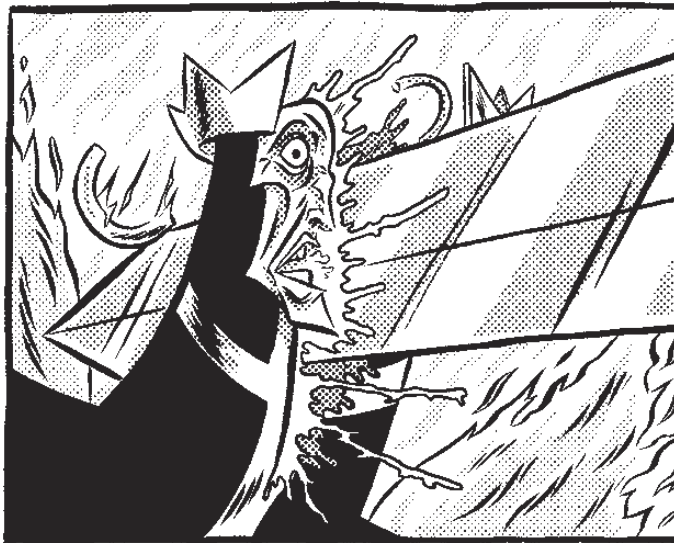
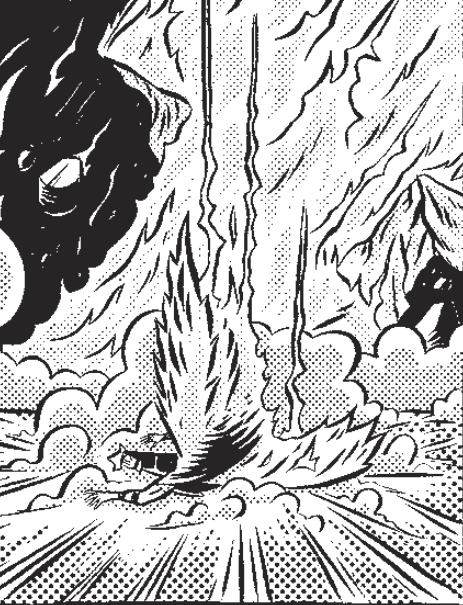
YOU FORGET,
AMBASSADOR--



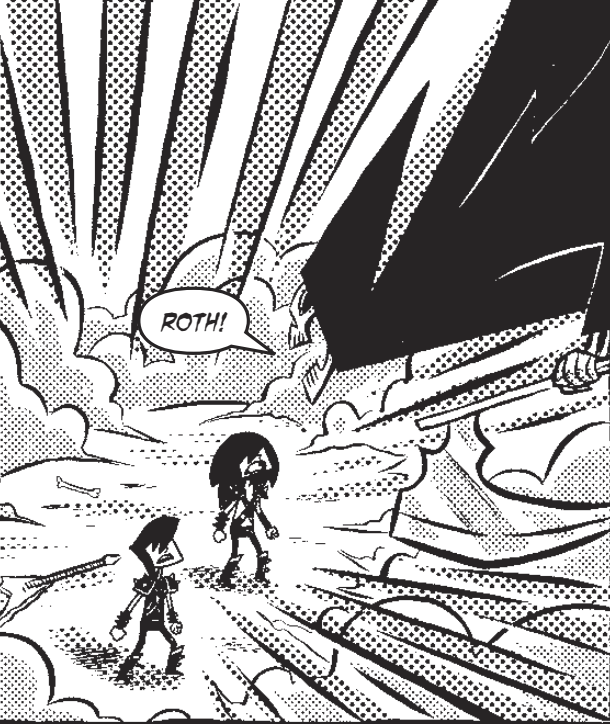














HEAR
OUR HEARTS
UNBEATING.



OUR LUNGS
UNBREATHING.



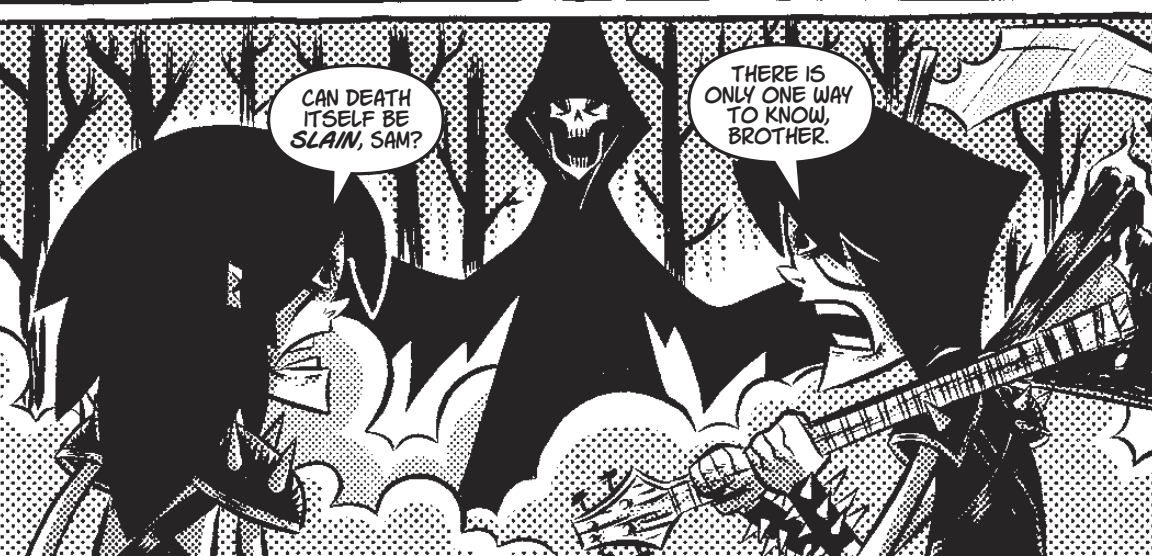
ABOMINATION!



NO.



WE ARE
PANTHEON.



CAN DEATH
ITSELF BE
SLAIN, SAM?

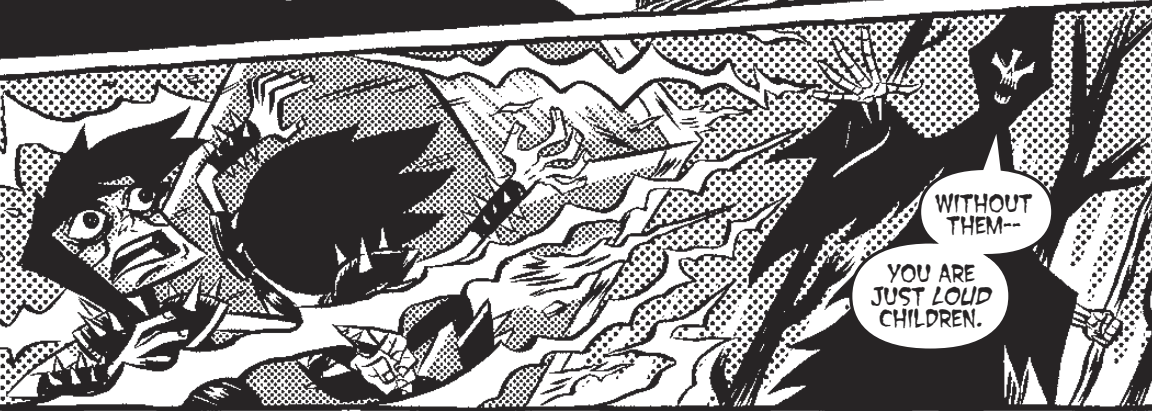
THERE IS
ONLY ONE WAY
TO KNOW,
BROTHER.





NO--

YOUR POWER
HAS ALWAYS
STEMMED FROM
THE SWORDS.



WITHOUT
THEM--

YOU ARE
JUST LOUD
CHILDREN.



NOW, HELL
BARON, LET US
EMBRACE.

FOR
YOUR DEATH
IS LONG
OVERDUE!



NEVER!

YOU HOLD
NO SWAY
HERE!

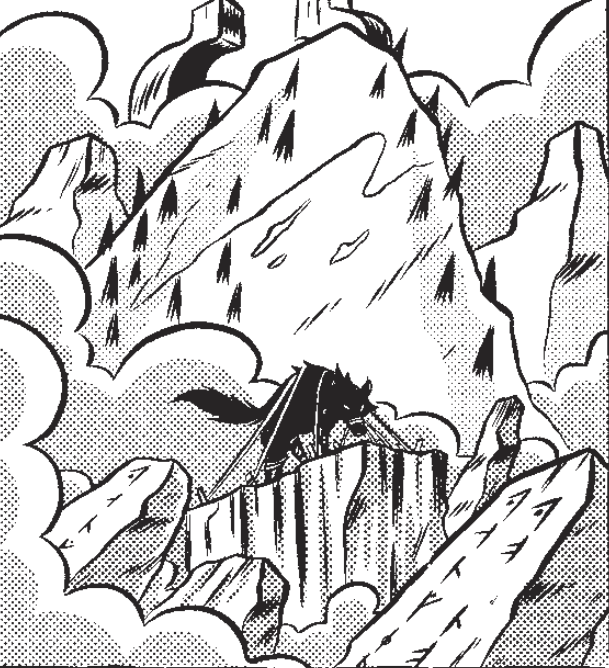


AAAAGGH!

AAAAGGH!

YOU
CALL OPEN
THE VOID--

IMPOSSIBLE!





THE GREAT WOLF *FENRIR* STRUGGLES AGAINST *GLEIPNIR*, HIS MAGICAL FETTERS.

DO THE BONDS HOLD?

DOES THE BEAST *BREAK* FREE?



IS THE *DOOM* OF THE GODS ONCE AGAIN UPON US?

IS THIS THE *RAGNAROK*?



THE BONDS STRAIN BUT HOLD AT THE VERY *PRECIPICE* OF BREAKING.

THUS WE STAND AT THE *EDGE* OF OUR *TWILIGHT*.



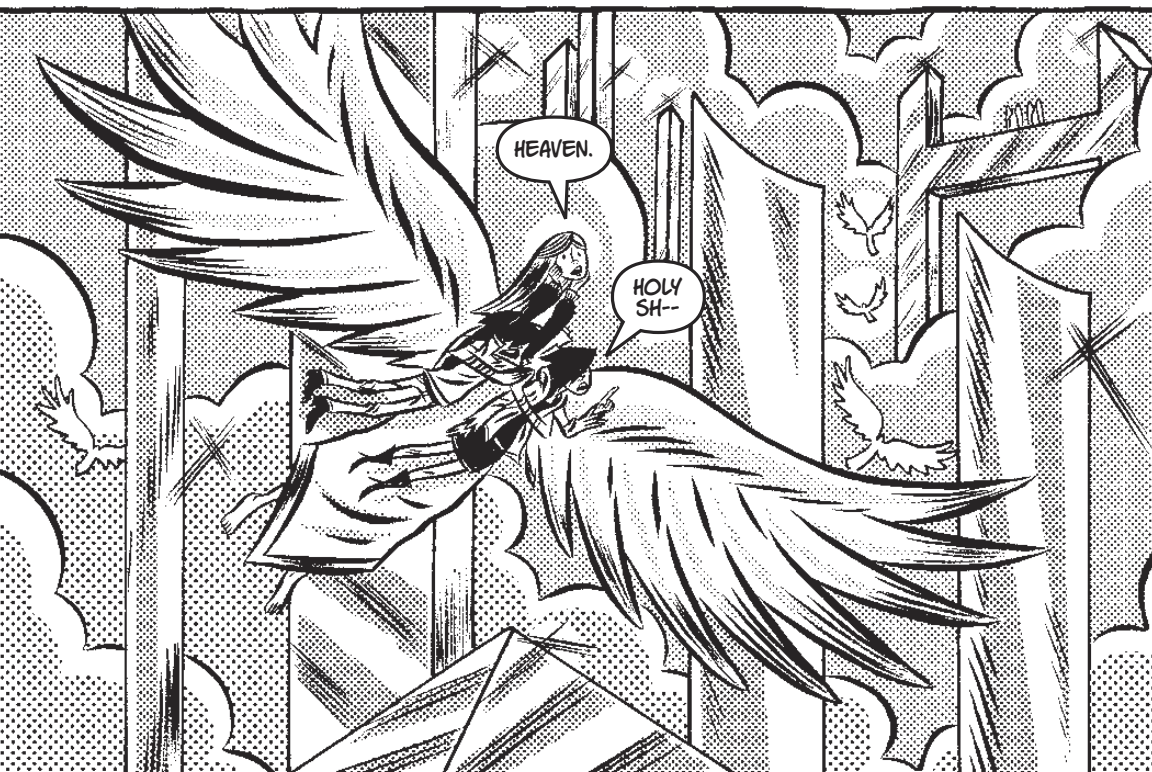
HUGINN AND MUNINN, *SEEK* AND *SEE!*



WHOA...

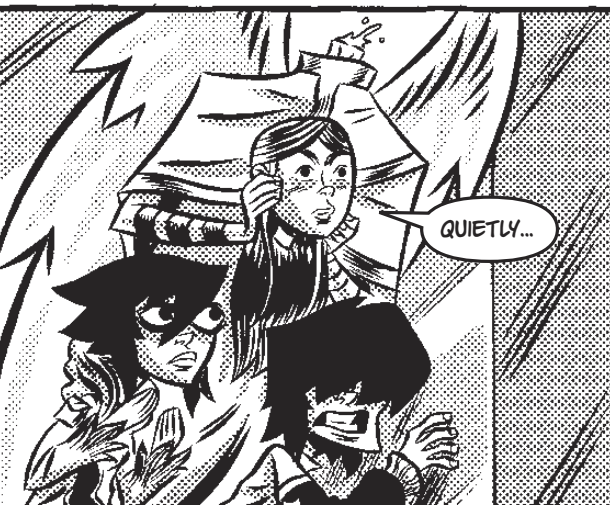
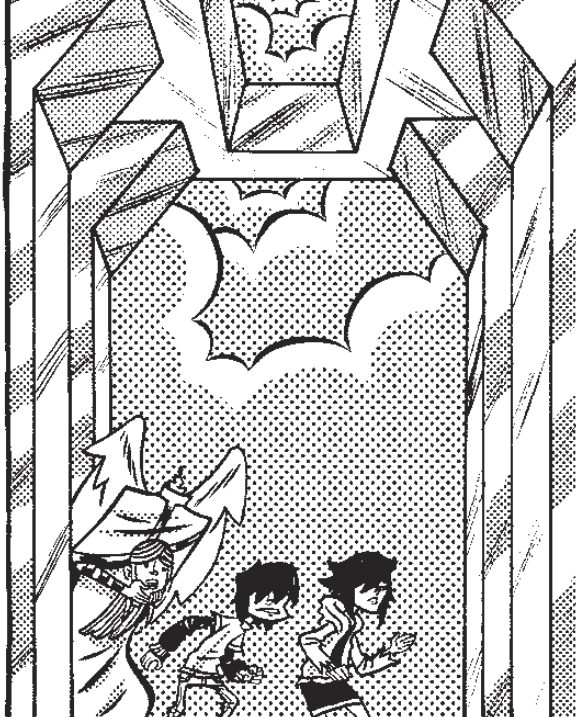


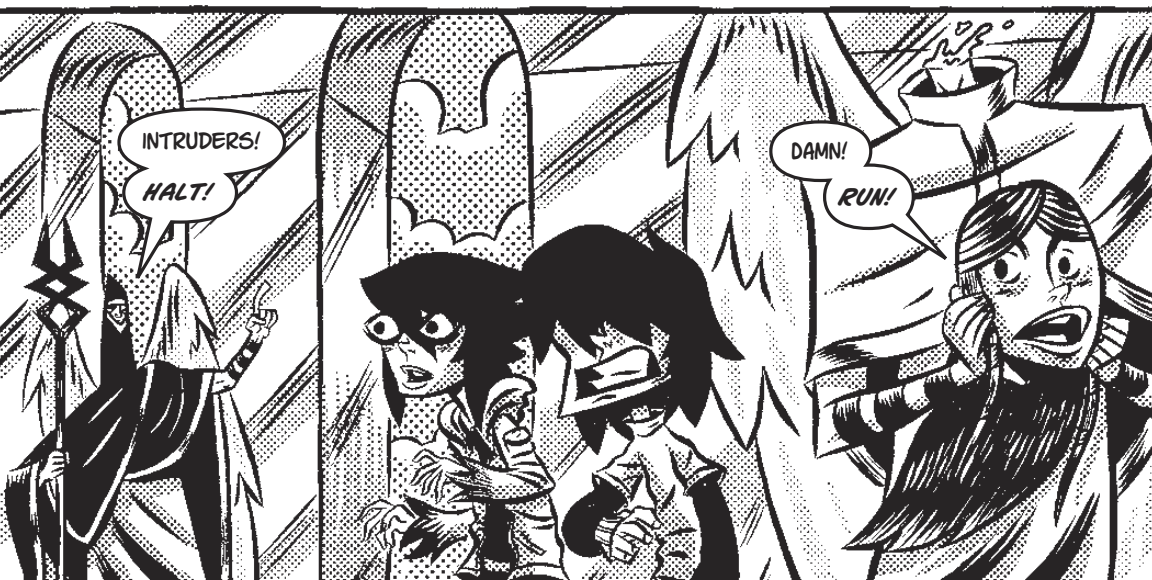
IS
THAT WHAT
I THINK
IT IS?

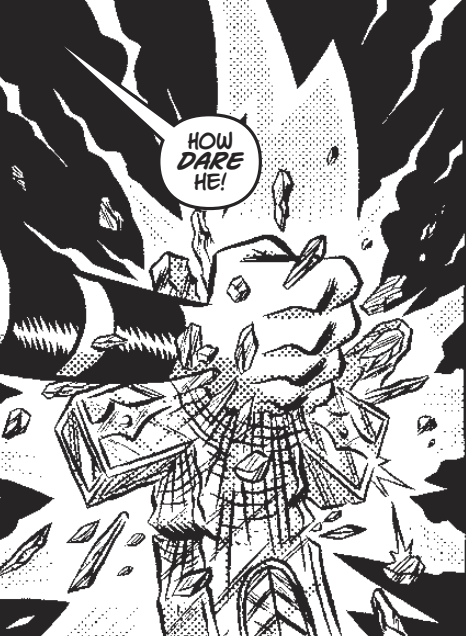


HEAVEN.

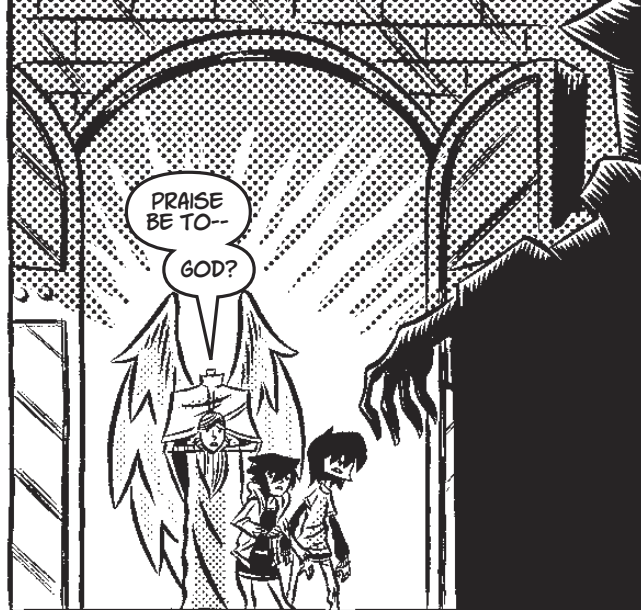
HOLY
SH--

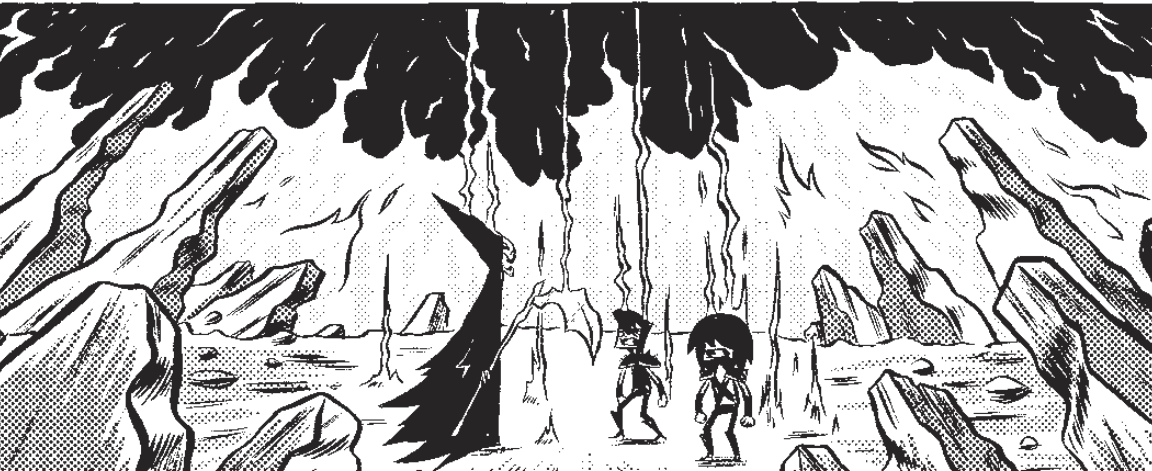
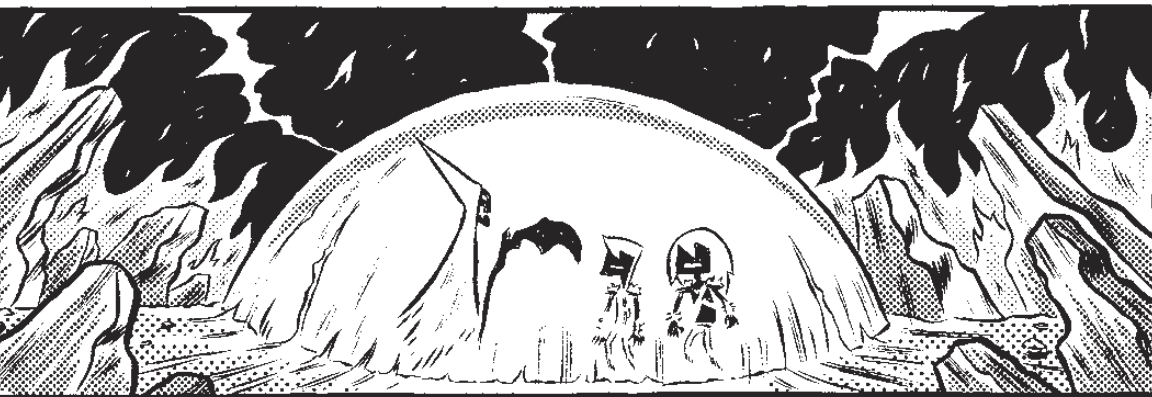






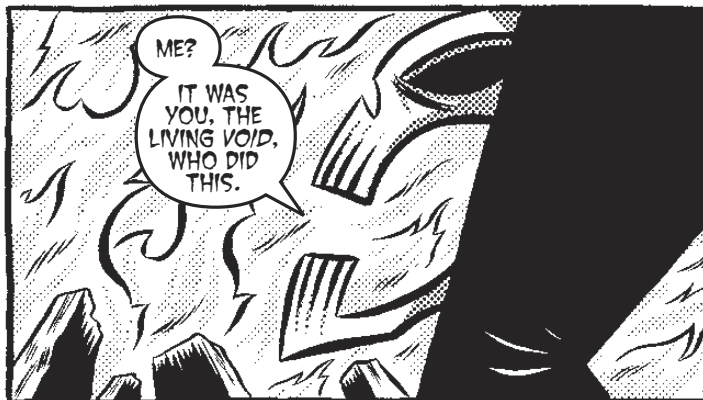








WHY
HAVE YOU
BROUGHT US
HERE TO
HELL?



ME?

IT WAS
YOU, THE
LIVING VOID,
WHO DID
THIS.



YOU
REALLY HAVE
NO IDEA WHAT
YOU ARE--

WHAT YOU
HERALD?

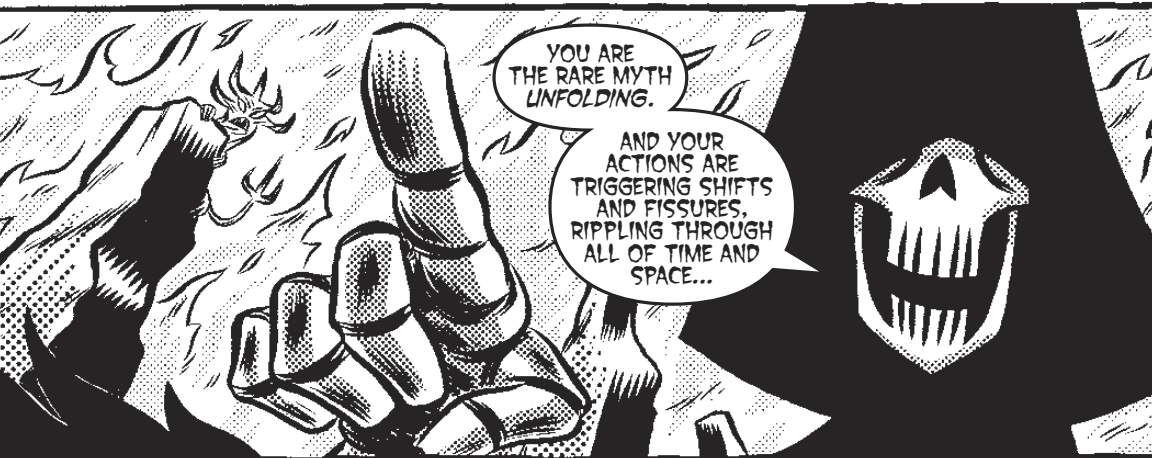


TELL US THEN,
DEATH, IF YOU
POSSESS KNOWLEDGE
SO SUCCULENT
AND ARCANE.



YOU
ARE ANCIENT
DARKNESS
PERSONIFIED.

BABES
OF THE ABYSS.
RAW POTENTIAL
YET UNSEALED.



YOU ARE
THE RARE MYTH
UNFOLDING.

AND YOUR
ACTIONS ARE
TRIGGERING SHIFTS
AND FISSURES,
RIPPLING THROUGH
ALL OF TIME AND
SPACE...



YOU
SHOULDN'T
EVEN EXIST!

AND YET
HERE YOU
STAND.



SPEAK
PLAIN, DEATH
DEALER.

YOU
CANNOT
BE BETTER
TOLD.

YOU MUST BE
BROUGHT INTO
UNDERSTANDING.



RORWK!

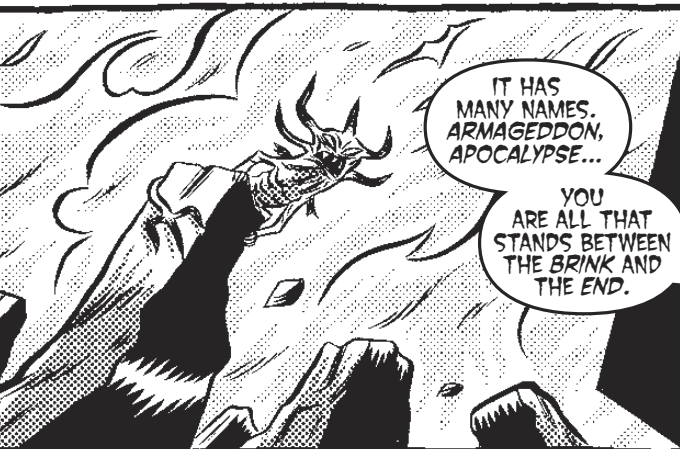
THEY
MUST BE
PREPARED--



PREPARED...

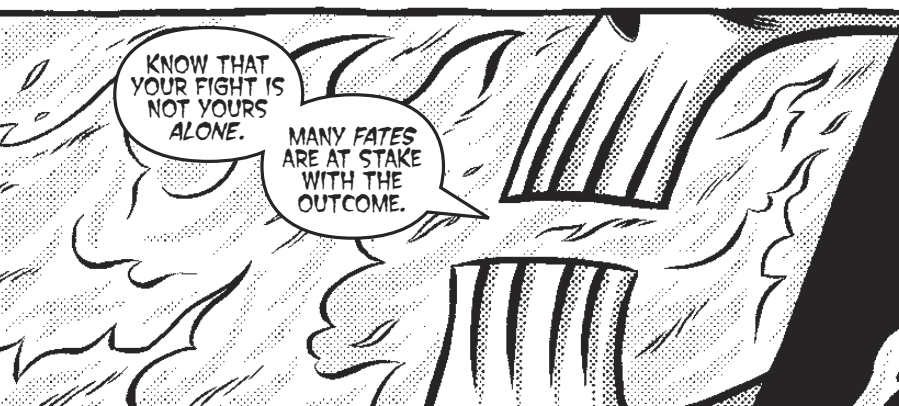


FOR
WHAT?



IT HAS
MANY NAMES.
ARMAGEDDON,
APOCALYPSE...

YOU
ARE ALL THAT
STANDS BETWEEN
THE BRINK AND
THE END.



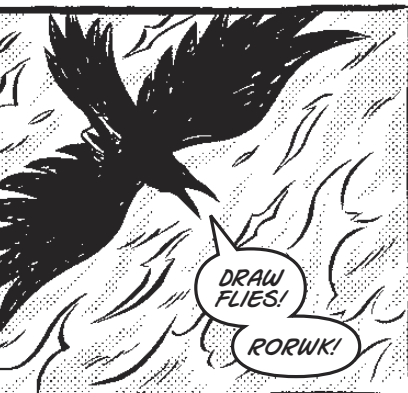
KNOW THAT
YOUR FIGHT IS
NOT YOURS
ALONE.

MANY FATES
ARE AT STAKE
WITH THE
OUTCOME.



YOU
HAVE MUCH TO
LEARN, *YOUNG*
ONES.

DEATH,
DO WHAT YOU
DO *BEST--*



DRAW
FLIES!

RORWK!

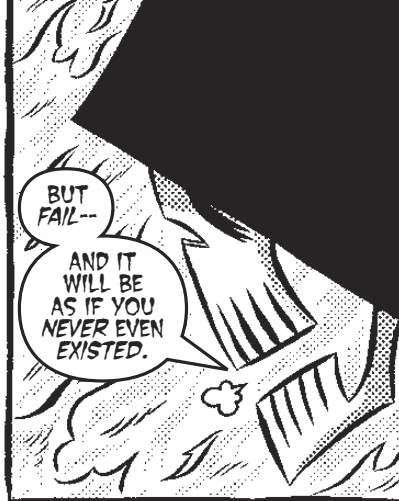
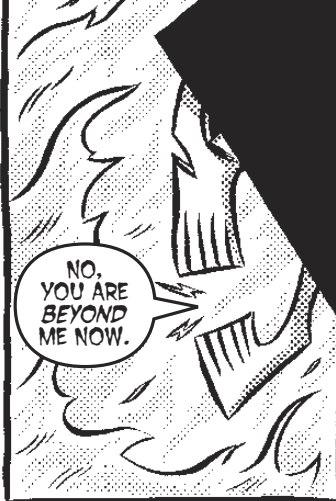


COME,
BEELZEBUB!



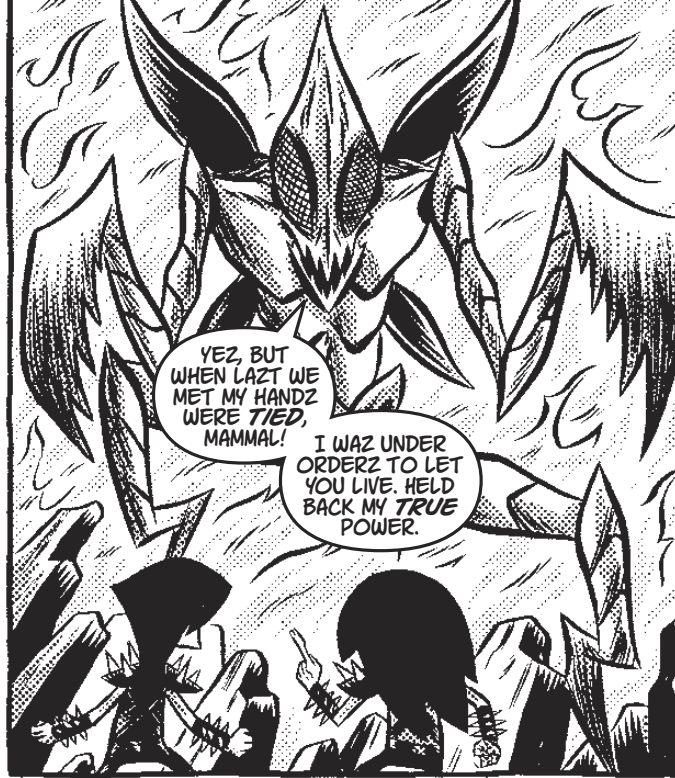
SNIFF, SNIFF,
SNIFF--

YUMMMM!





DID WE
NOT ALREADY
BEST THIS
BUG, SAM?



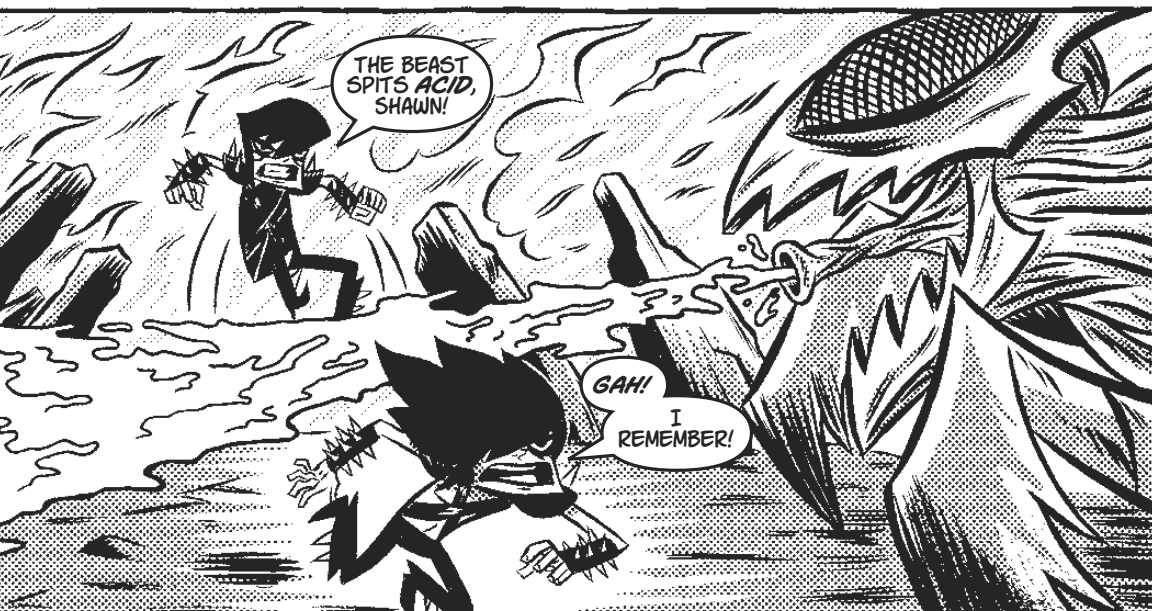
YEZ, BUT
WHEN LAZT WE
MET MY HANDZ
WERE TIED,
MAMMAL!

I WAZ UNDER
ORDERZ TO LET
YOU LIVE. HELD
BACK MY TRUE
POWER.



NOT
THIZ
TIME!

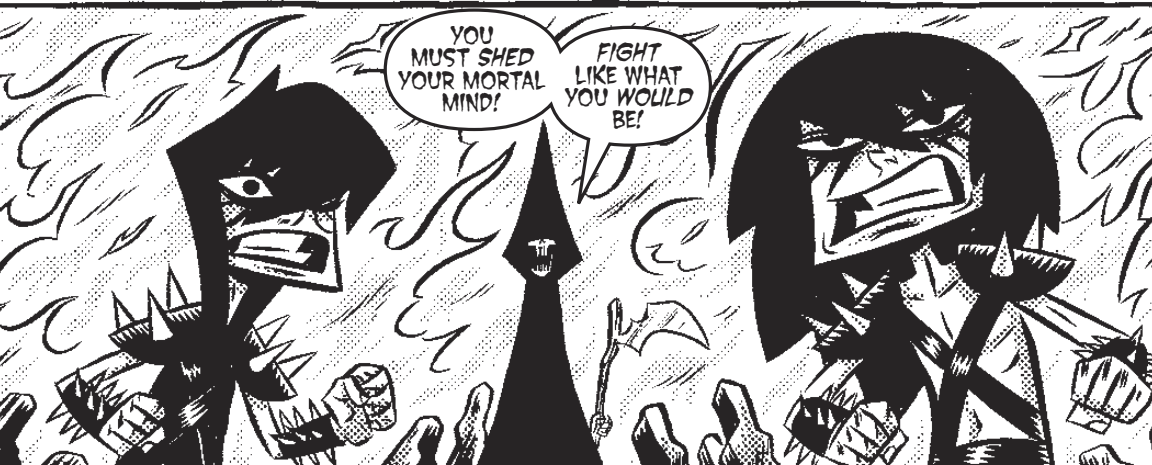
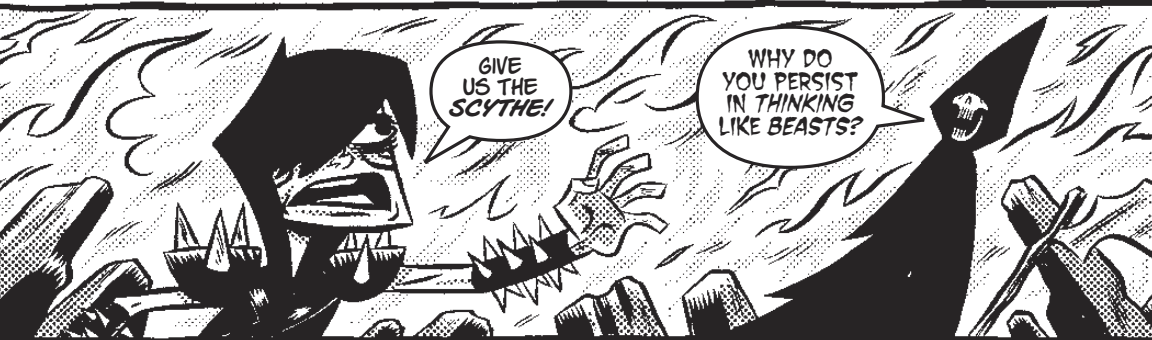
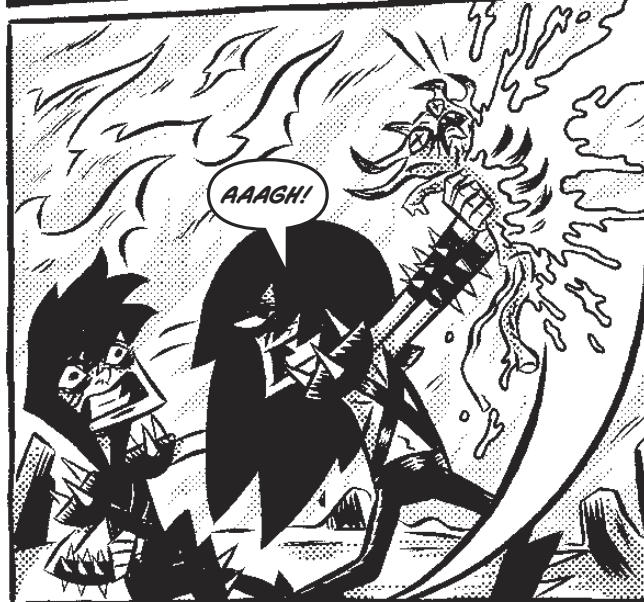
THIZ
FIGHT I
WILL NOT
THROW!

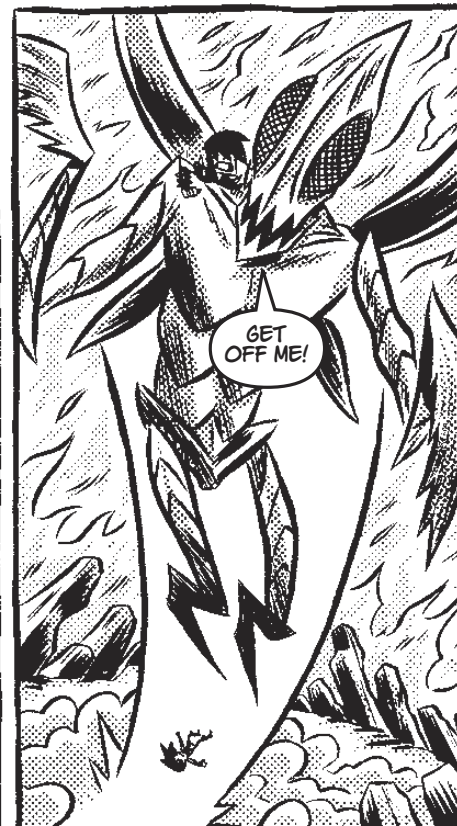
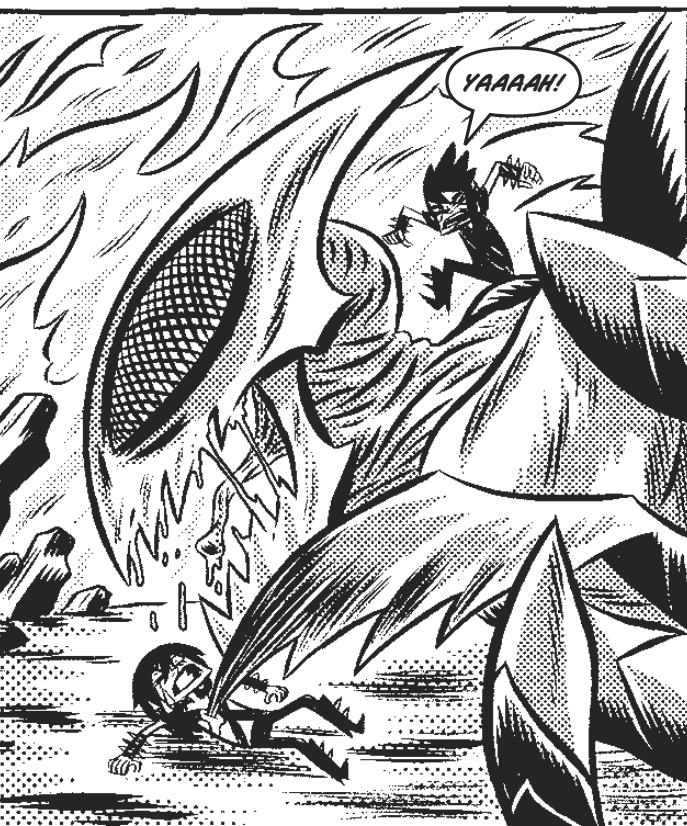


THE BEAST
SPITS ACID,
SHAWN!

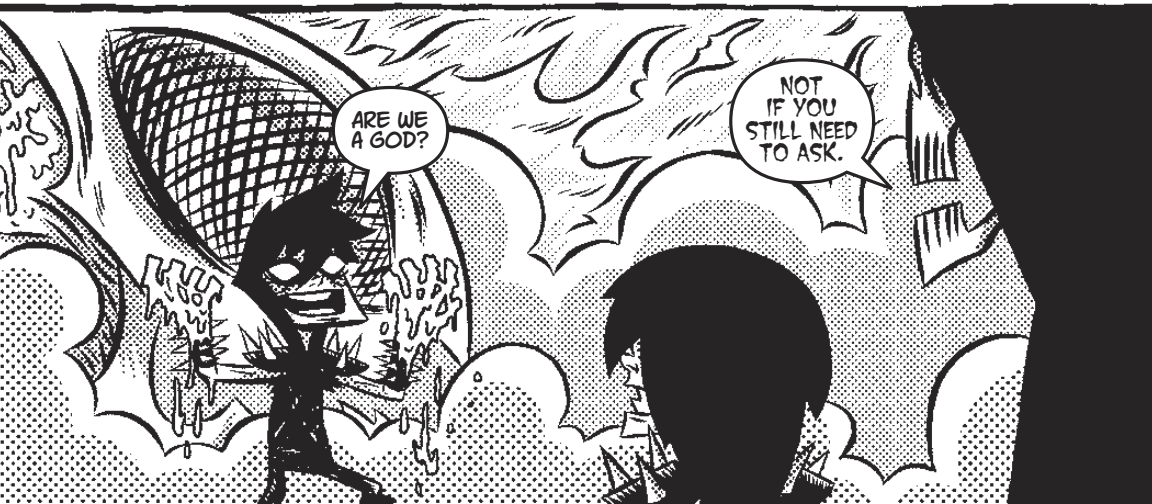
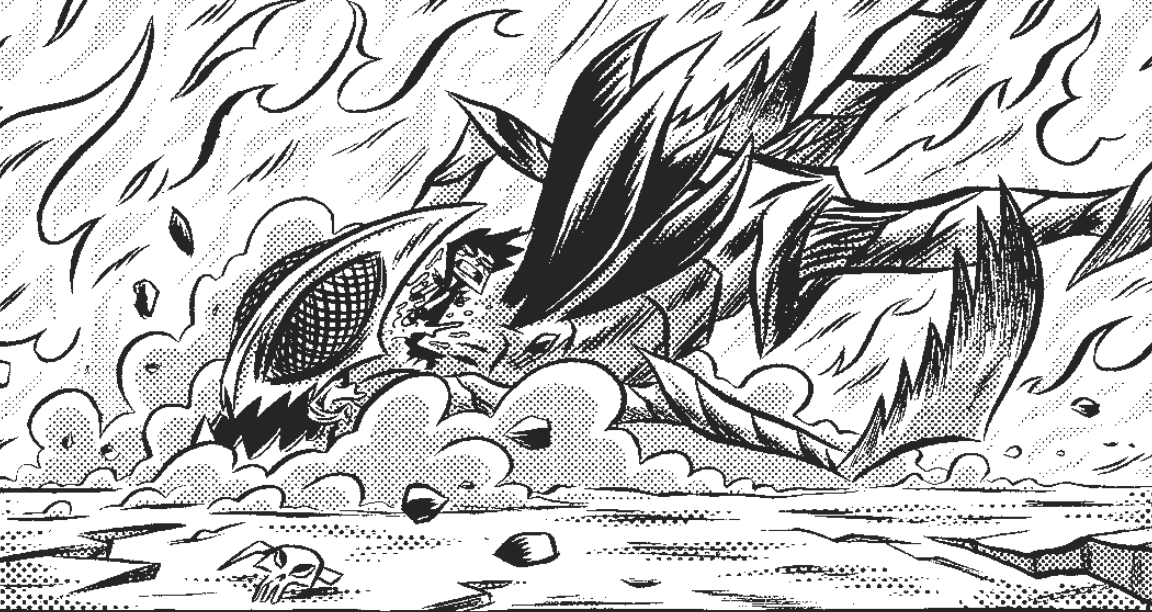
GAH!

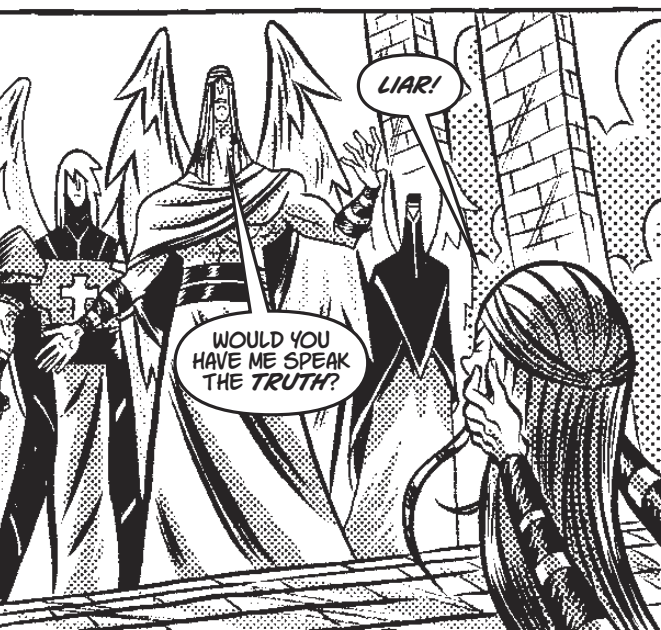
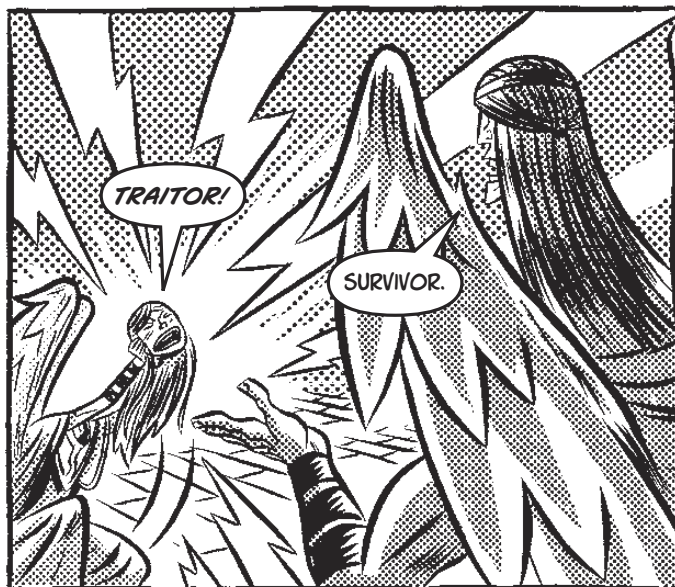
I
REMEMBER!



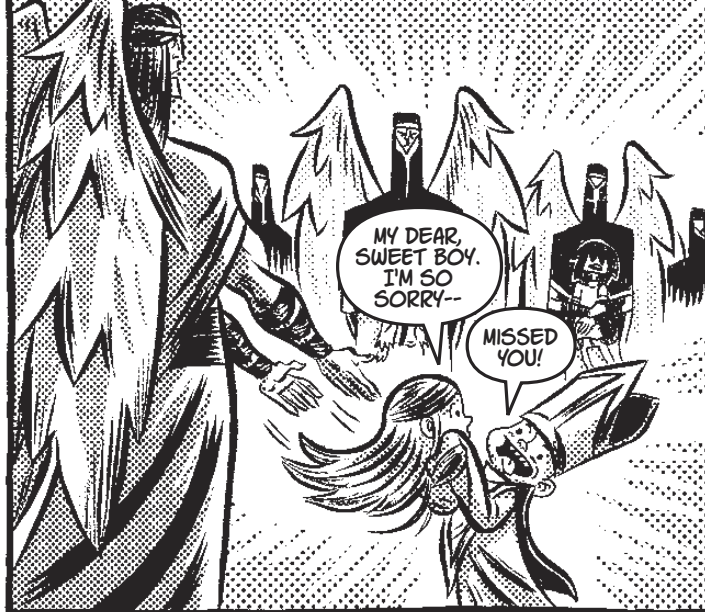


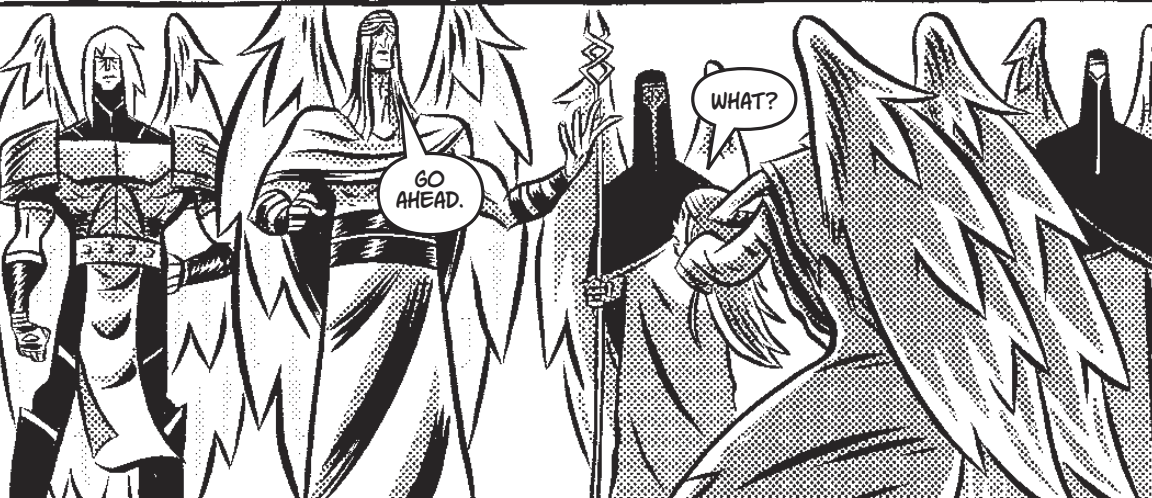
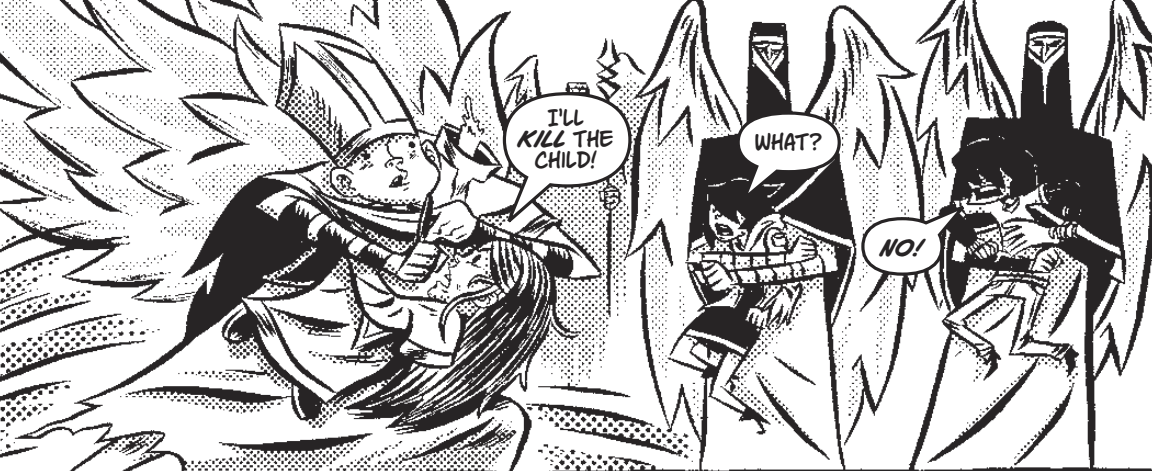


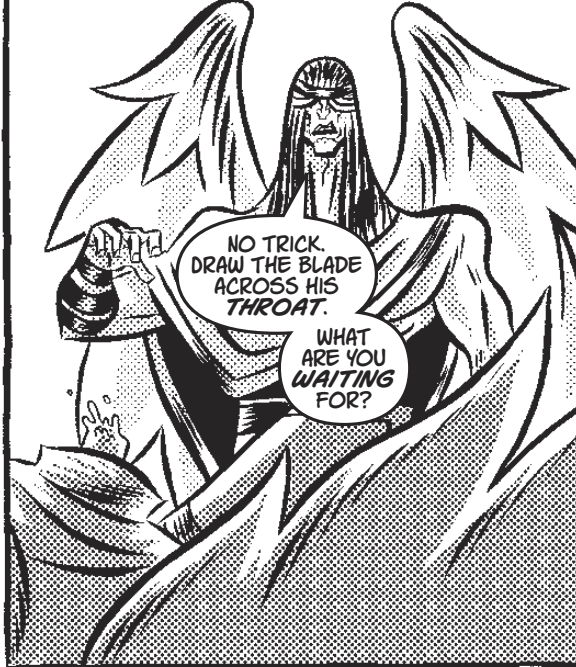
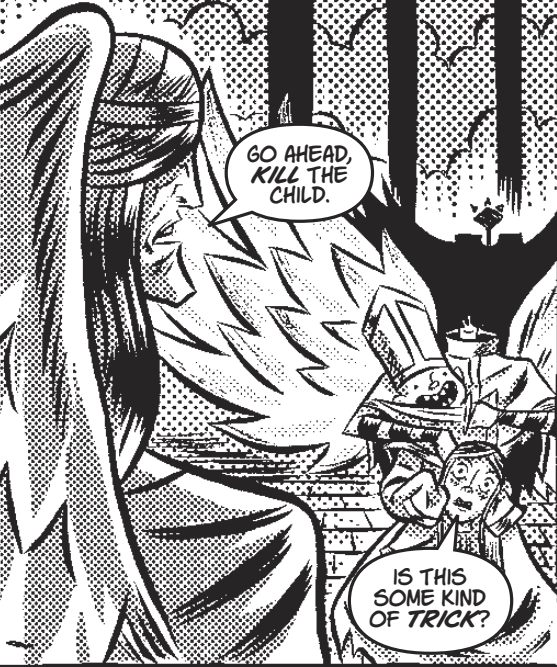












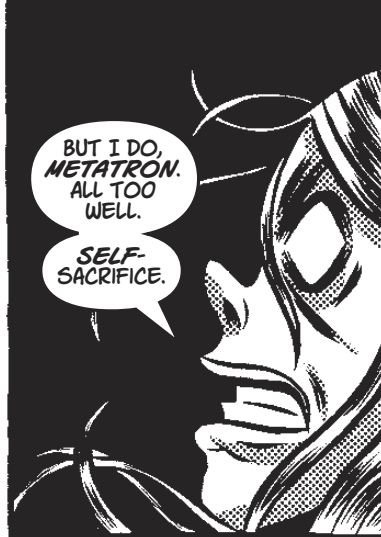


POOR THING.

YOU CAME SO CLOSE.

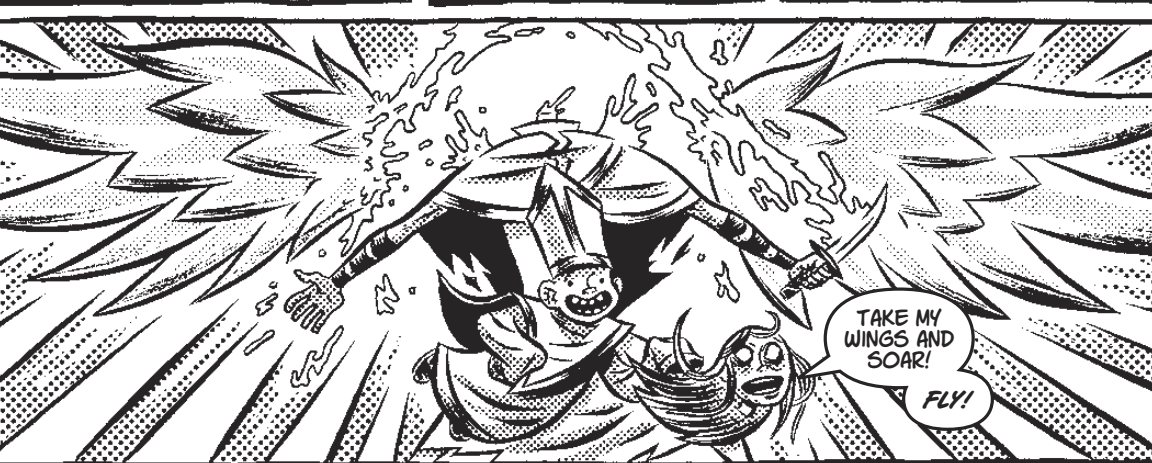


YOU JUST DON'T FULLY APPRECIATE THE MEANING OF SACRIFICE.



BUT I DO, METATRON. ALL TOO WELL.

SELF-SACRIFICE.



TAKE MY WINGS AND SOAR!

FLY!

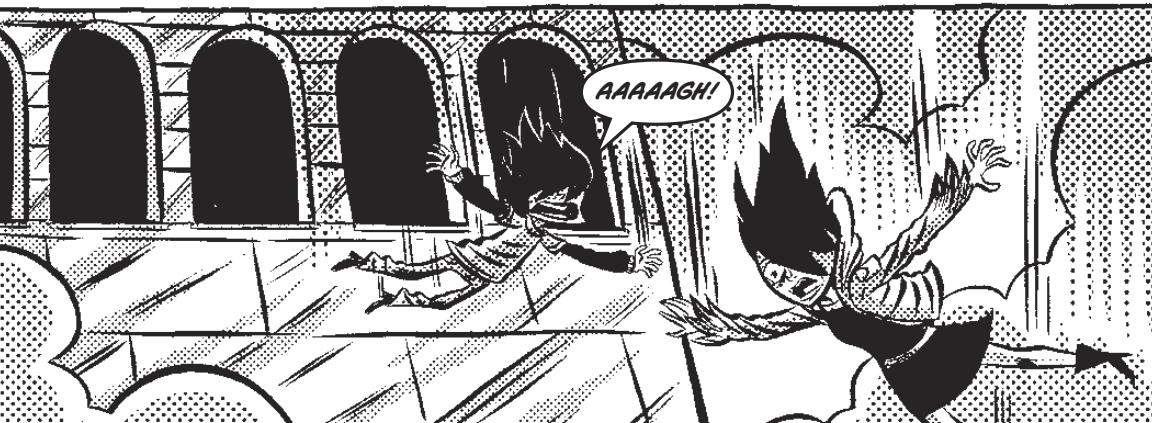
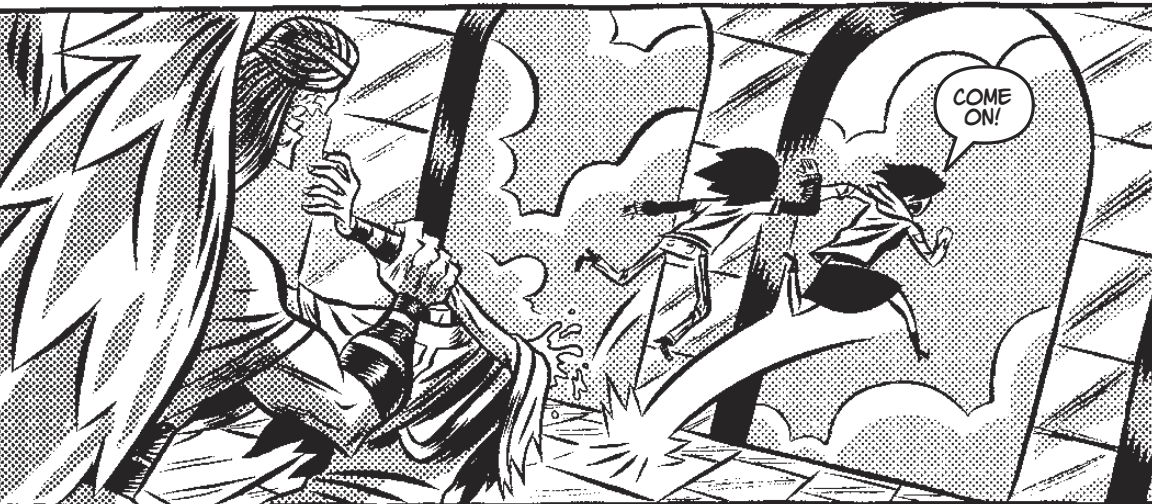


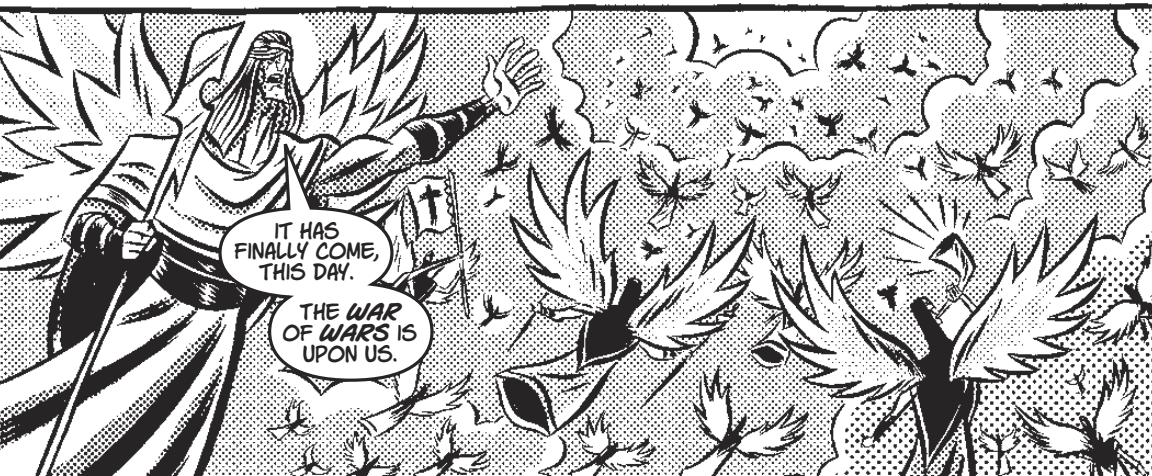
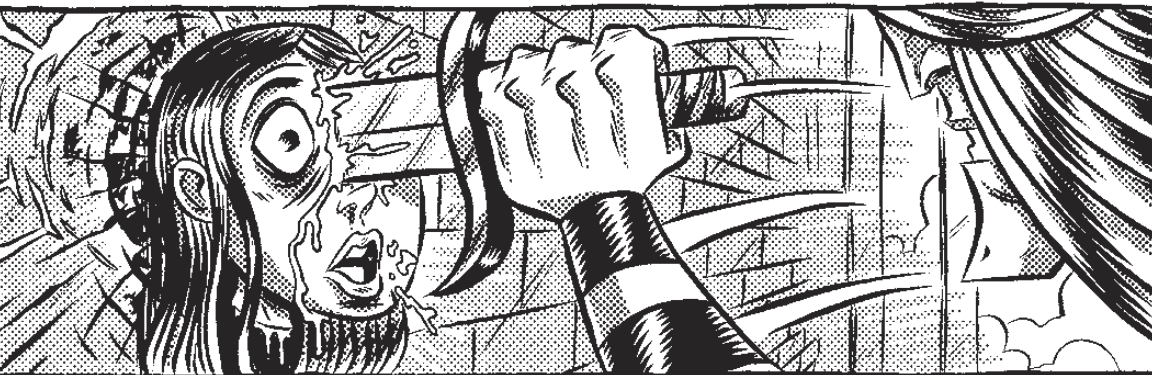
I LOVE YOU!

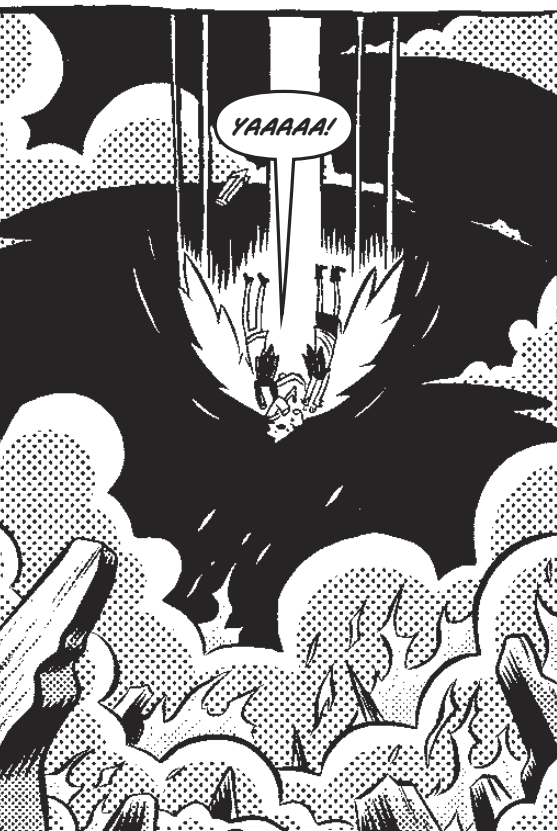


NO!

I'M A BIRD!









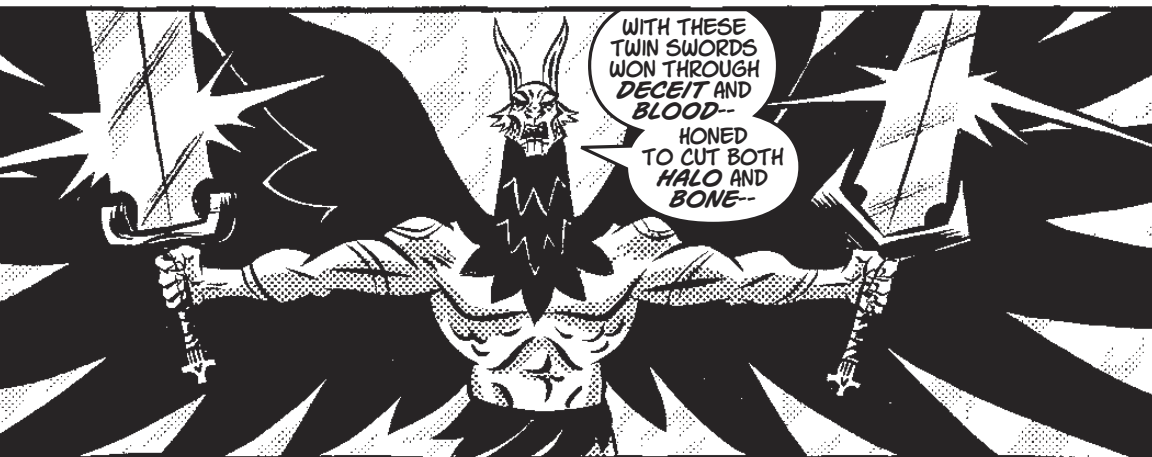
YEEEE-HAAA!

YAAAAA!



WE HAVE
WAITED. WE
HAVE TOILED.
WE HAVE
DUG.

WE HAVE LAID
PLANS BARBED
WITH **SECRETS**
AND **LIES**.



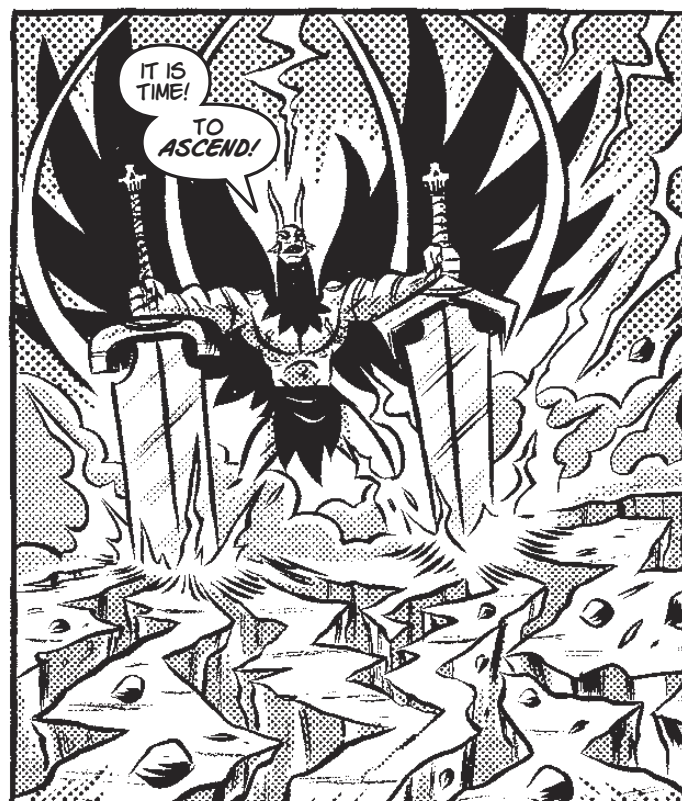
WITH THESE
TWIN SWORDS
WON THROUGH
DECEIT AND
BLOOD--

HONED
TO CUT BOTH
HALO AND
BONE--



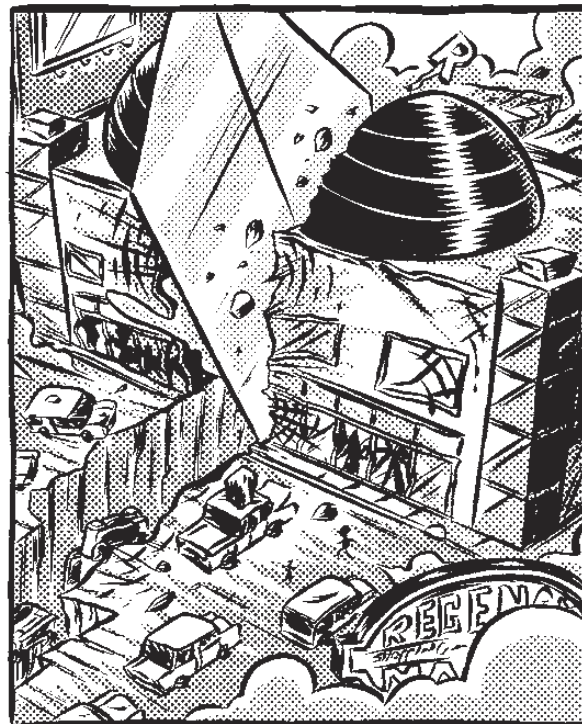
WE SHALL
BREAK OPEN
THE PIT!

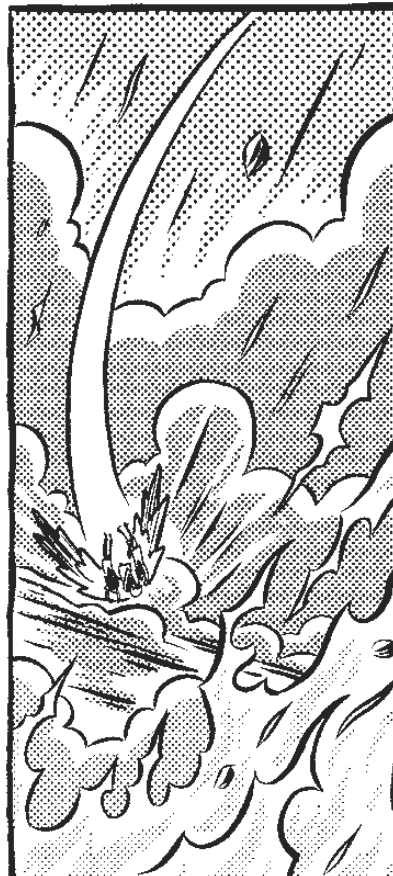
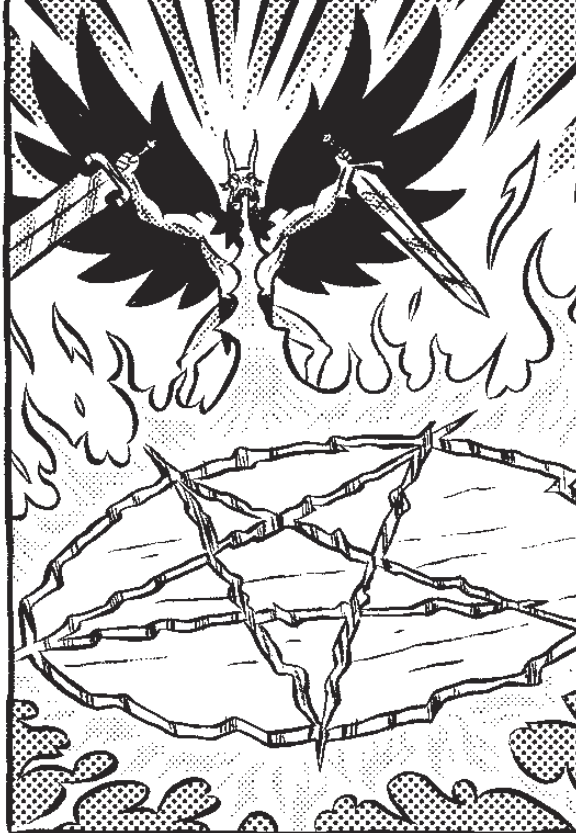
AND THE
**FLAMES OF
HELL** SHALL
LICK
THE WORLD!

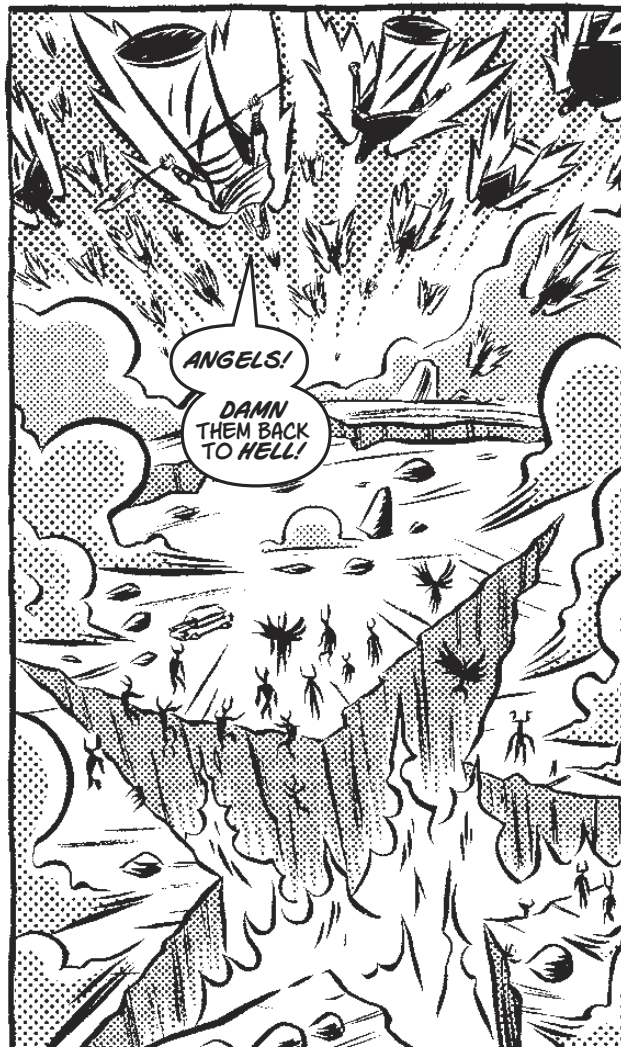
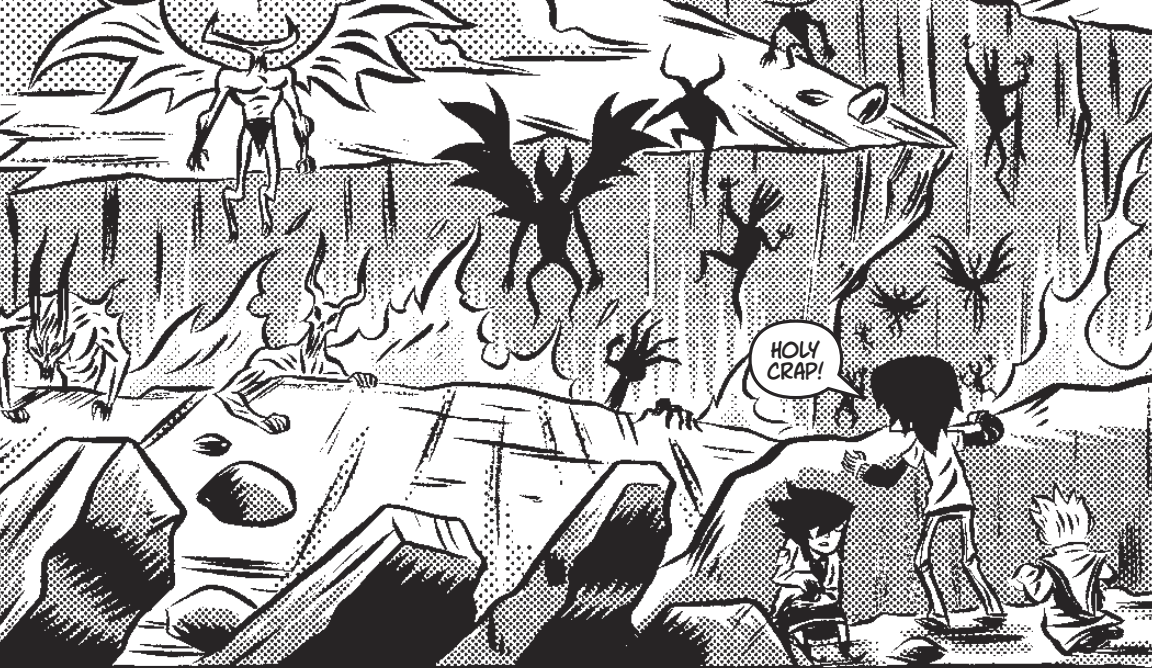


IT IS
TIME!

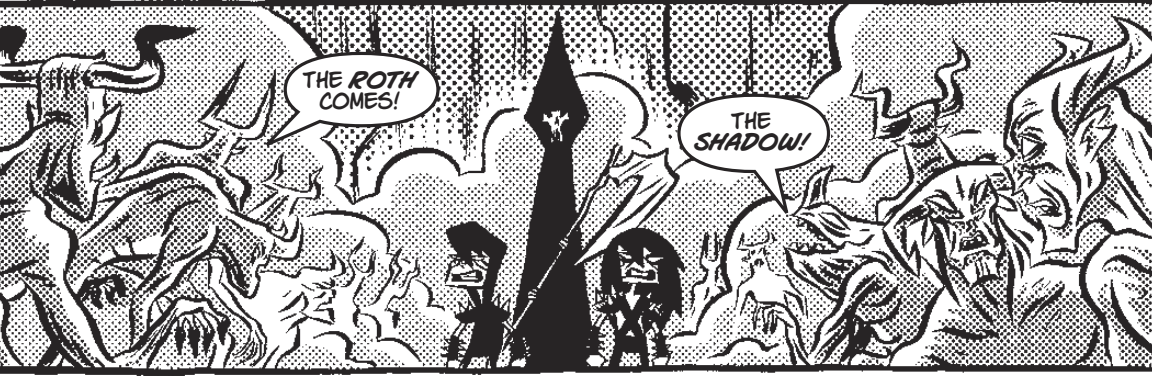
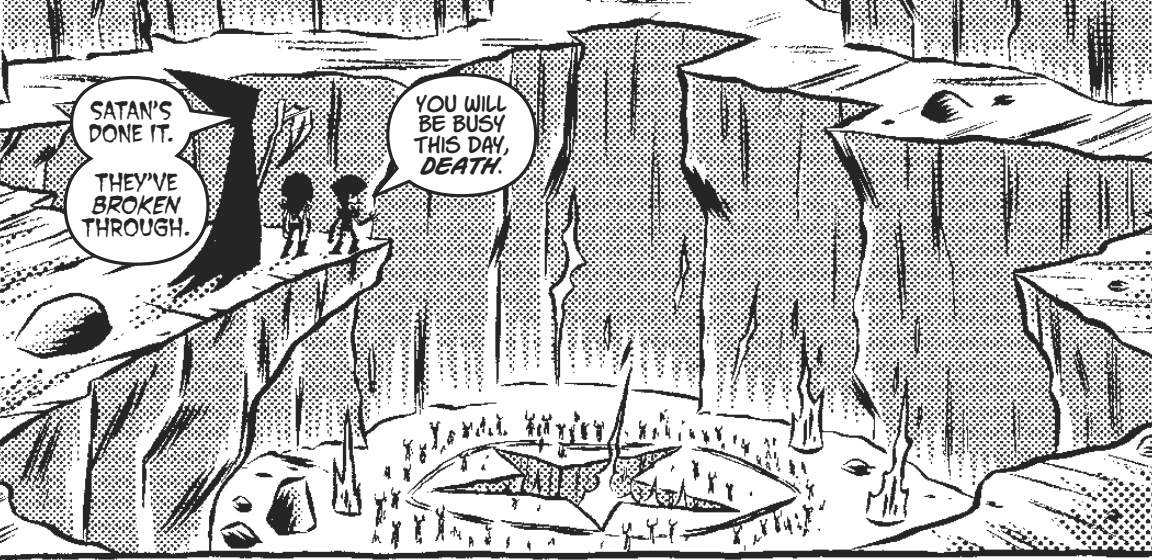
TO
ASCEND!

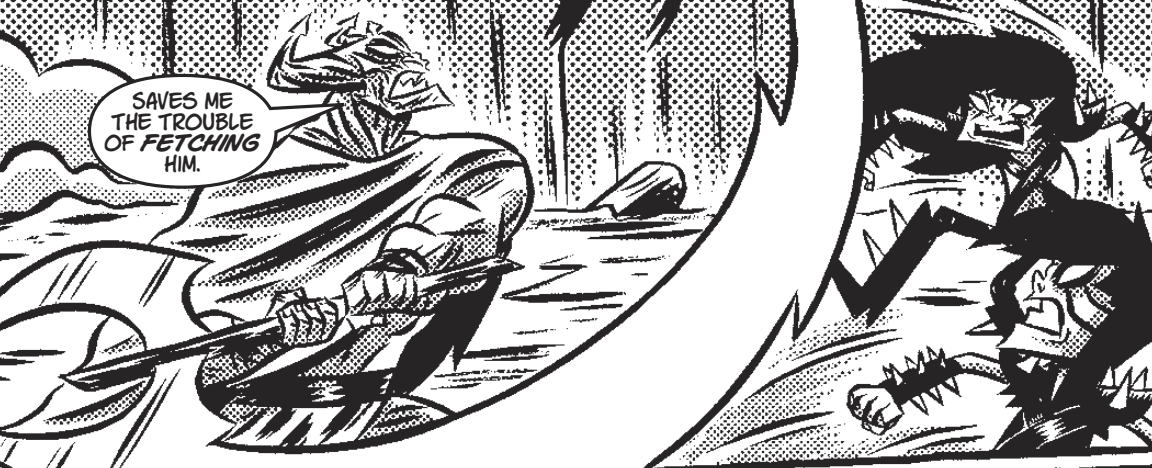








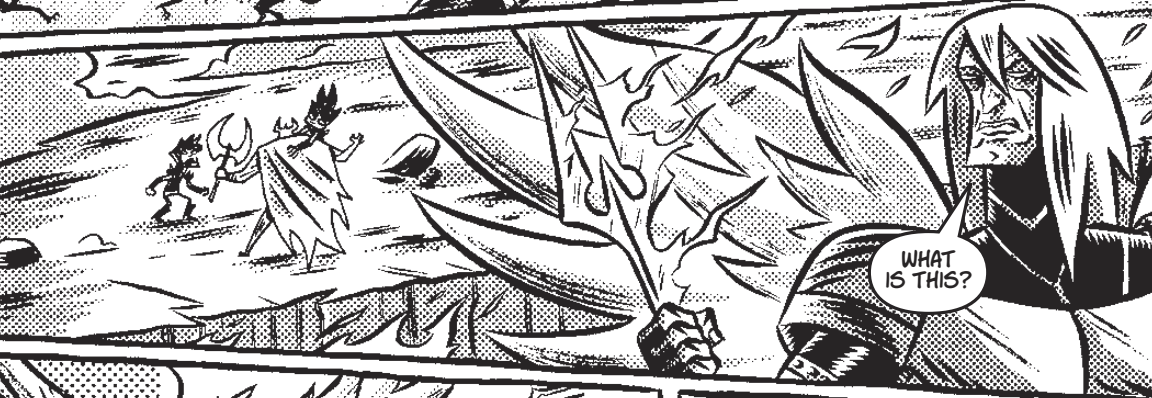




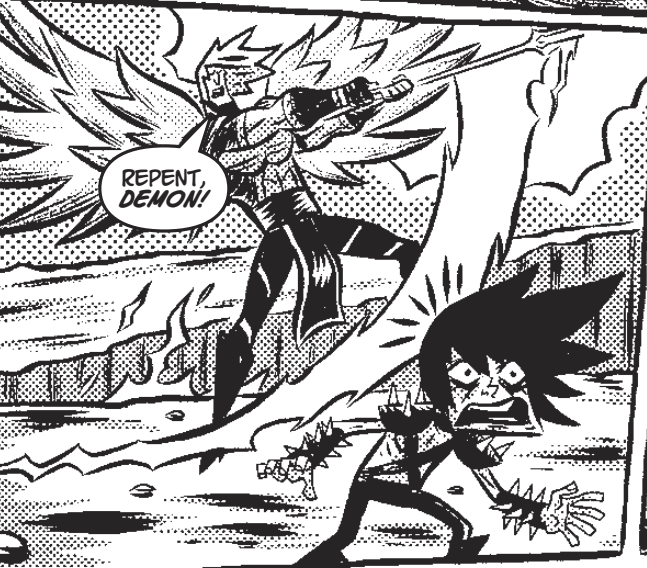


INTO HELL,
ANGELS!

THE BREACH
WORKS BOTH
WAYS!



WHAT
IS THIS?



REPENT,
DEMON!



WELCOME
TO THE FIGHT,
ARCHANGEL!

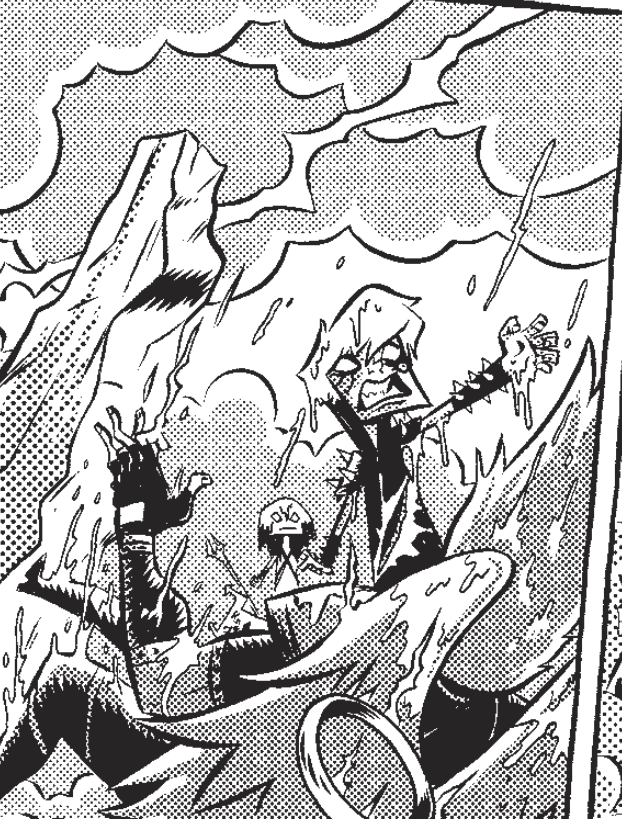
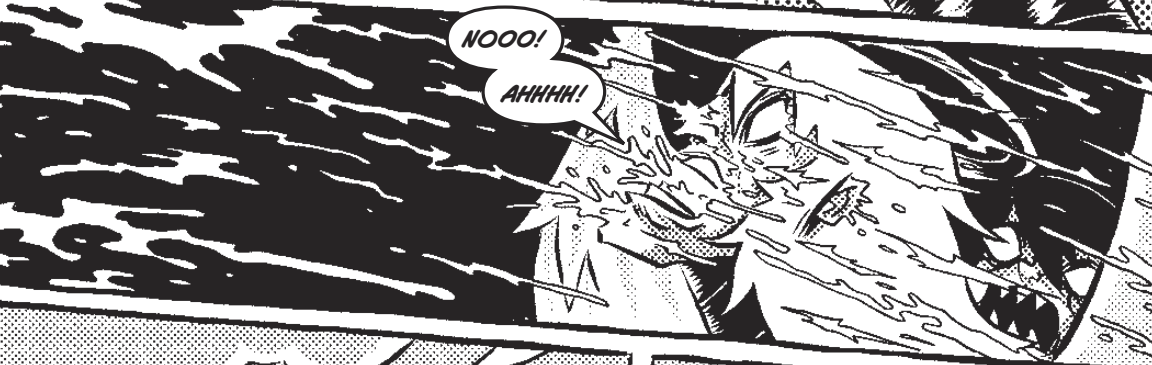
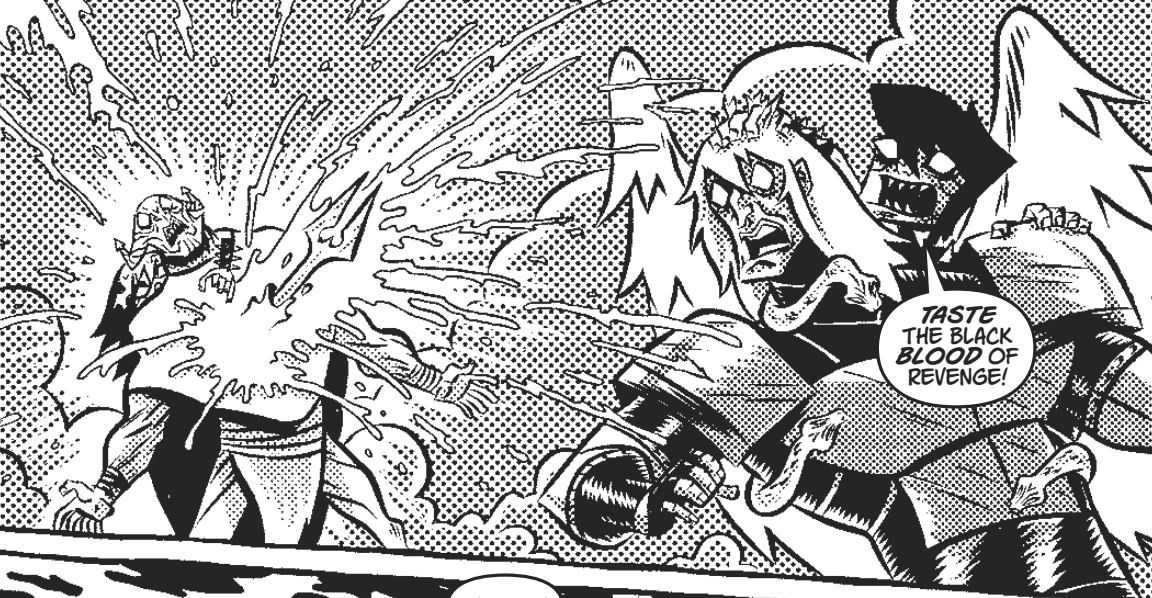


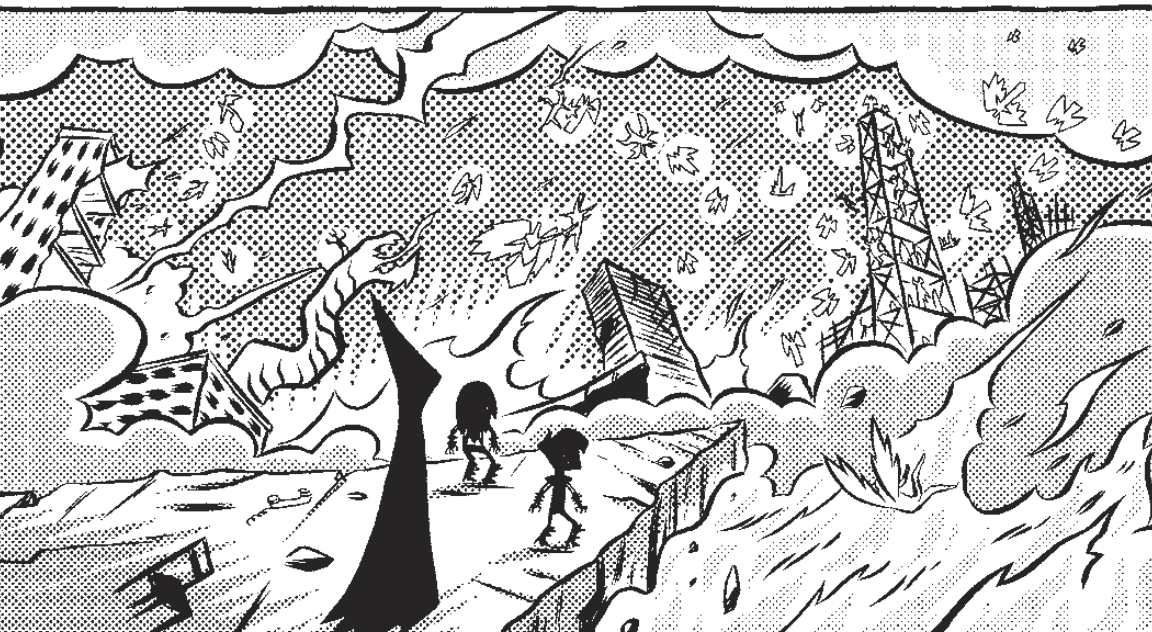
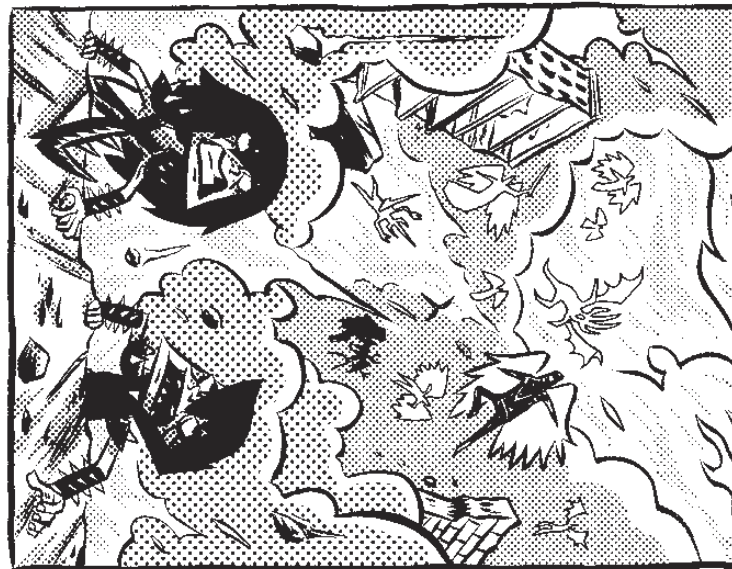
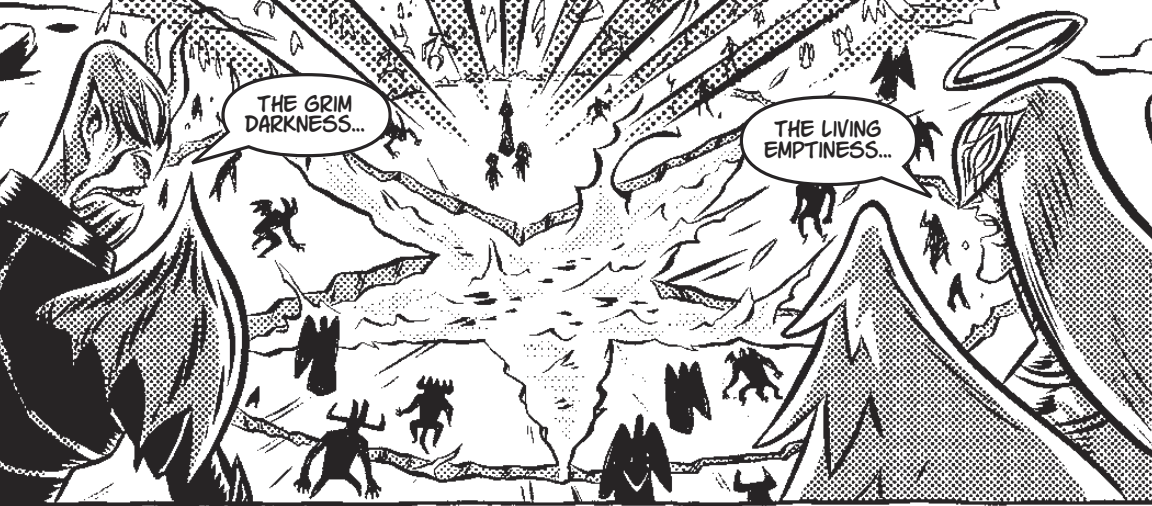
BACK TO BACK,
BROTHER!

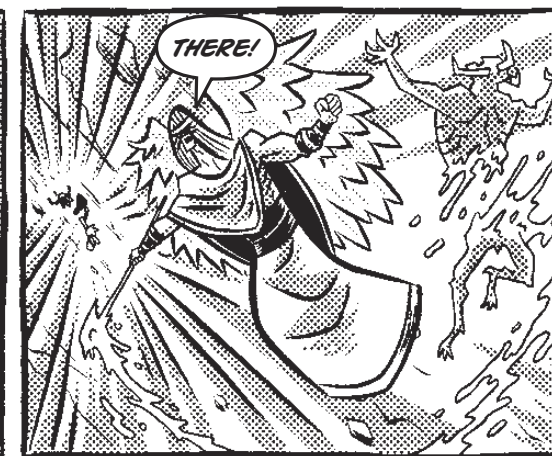
WE
FACE HEAVEN
AND HELL!













COME,
ANTICHRIST,
YOUR TIME OF
ENTHRONEMENT
IS AT HAND!



AND THE
DEMONIC
RITE CALLS
FOR VIRGIN
BLOOD!

HEY--

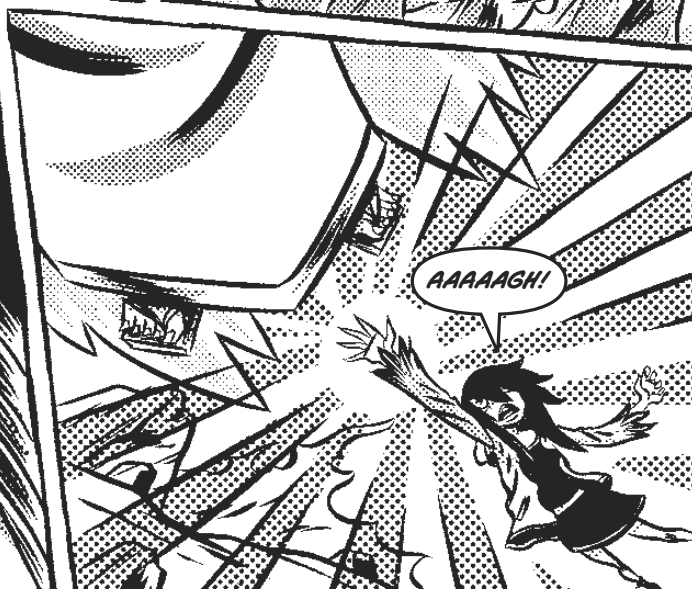


WEEE!

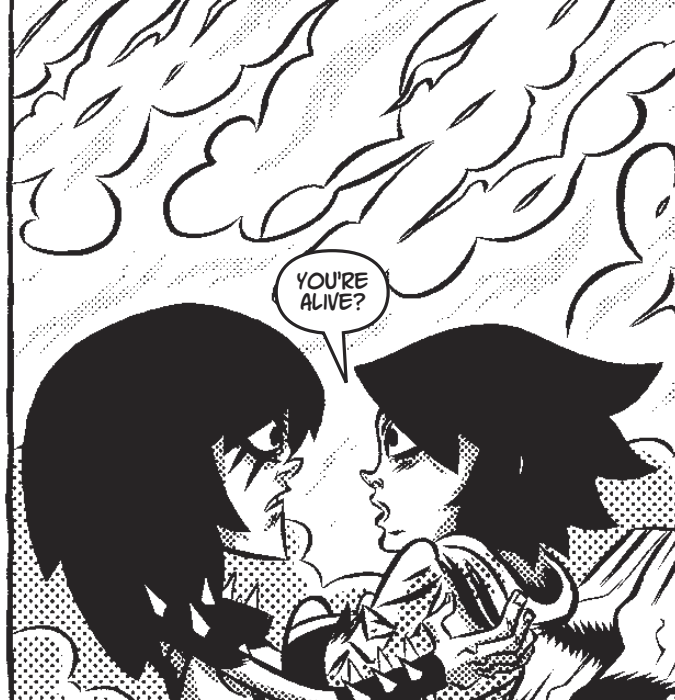
I'll kill
you--

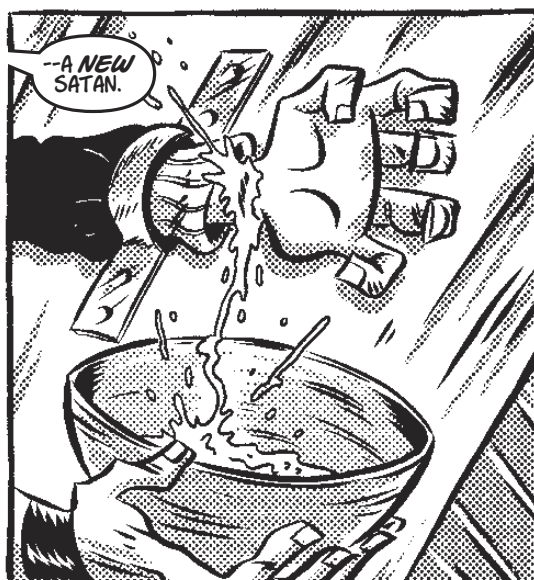
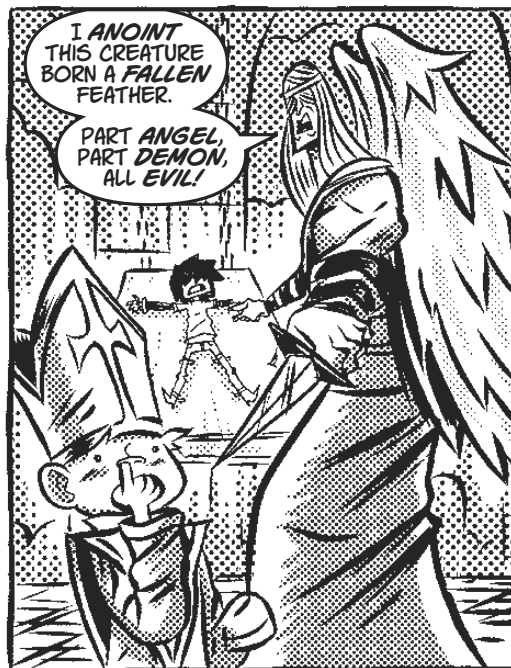


NO, CHILD.
IT IS I WHO
HAVE KILLED
YOU.



AAAAAGH!





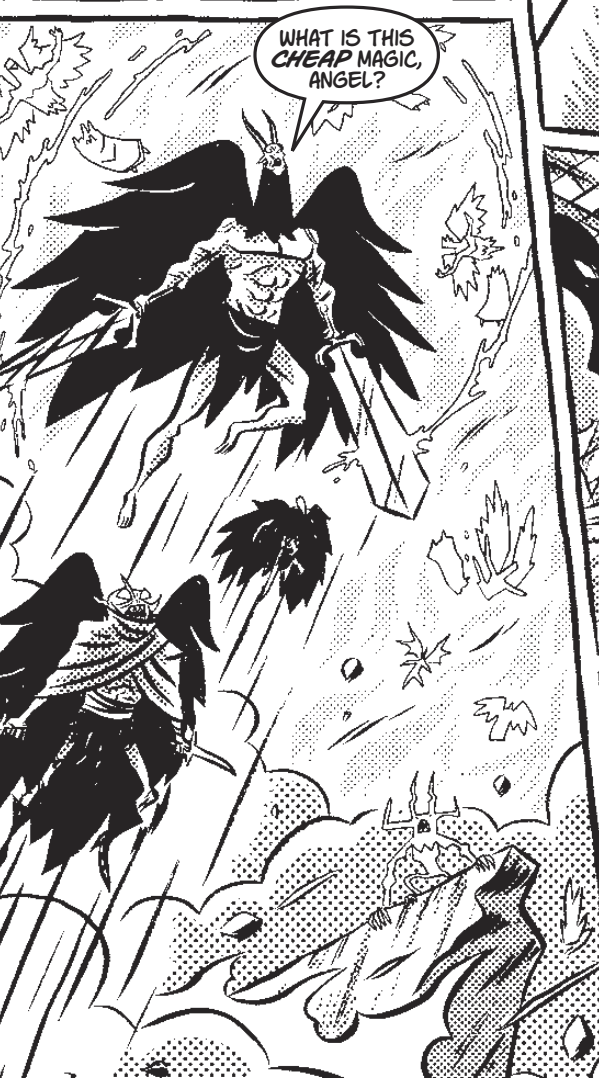


METATRON...



WITH THIS
KNIFE AND THIS
BLOOD LET THE
NEW COVENANT
BE SEALED!

YUMMY!



WHAT IS THIS
CHEAP MAGIC,
ANGEL?



DARE
FACE ME,
METATRON!
FACE TRUE
EVIL!

FOOL!



EVIL
HAS ALWAYS
EXISTED,
BUT YOU--
YOU CAN BE
REPLACED!



YOU THINK
THIS LITTLE CHILD
CAN BREATHE
THE BREATH OF
THE UNHOLY?!



LUCIFER
MORNING
STAR--

DO
YOU TRULY
NOT KNOW
YOUR OWN
SON?

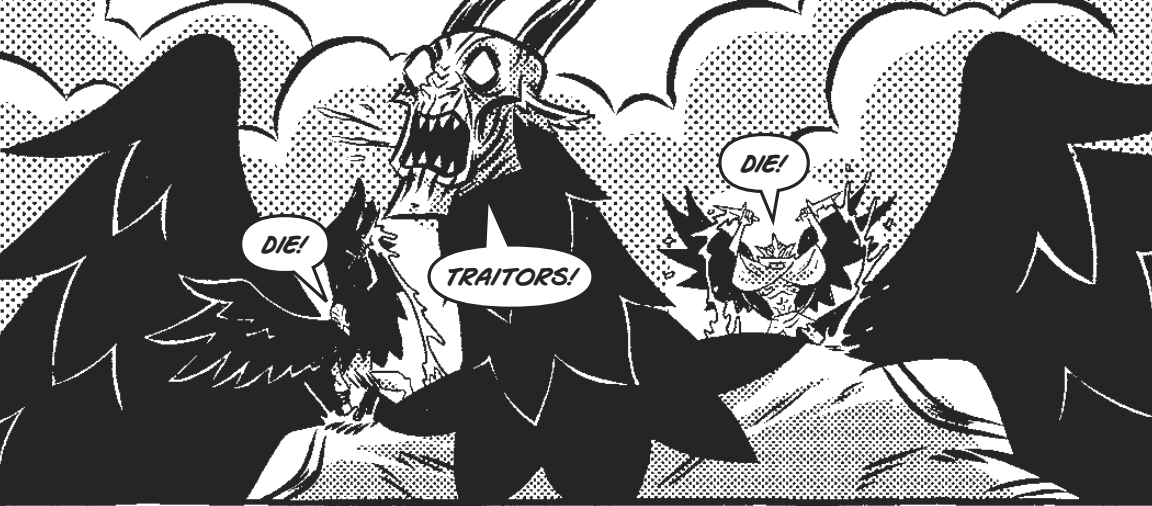
SANTA!



SON...?



NOW!



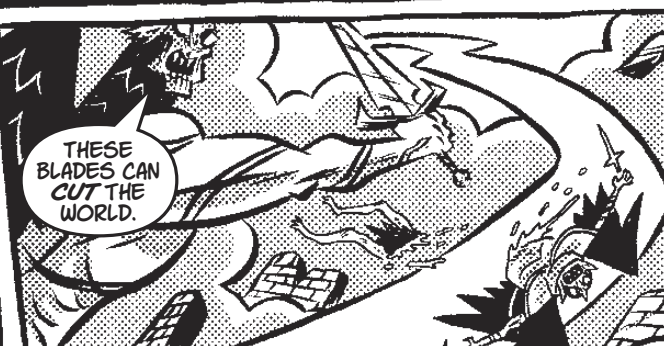




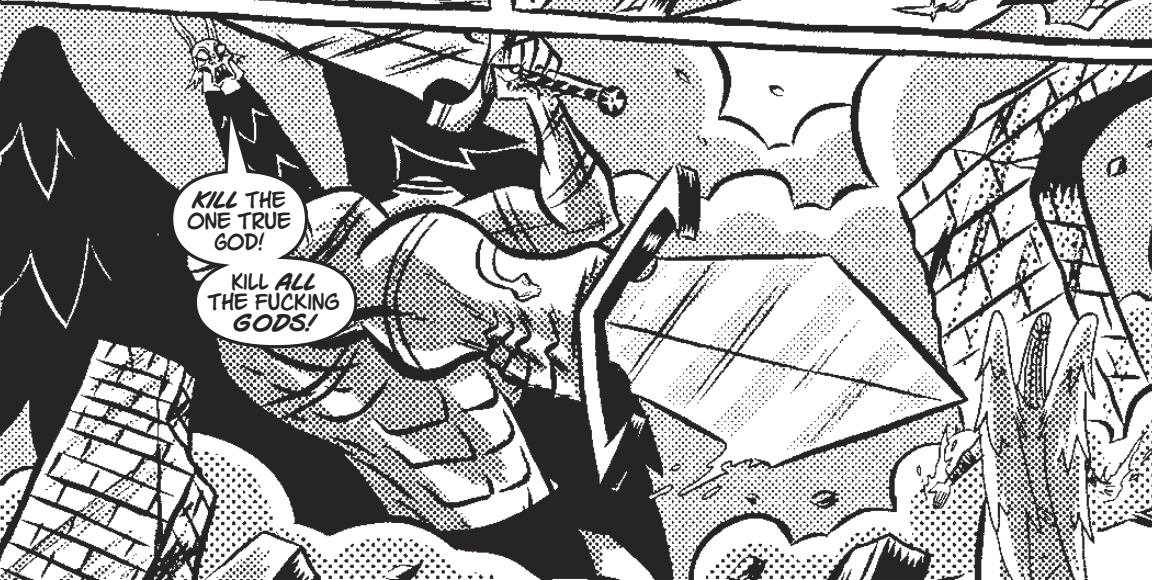
IMPOSSIBLE!



IS THE
"SIMPLE STEEL"
TOO HOT FOR
YOU TO HANDLE,
METATRON?



THESE
BLADES CAN
CUT THE
WORLD.

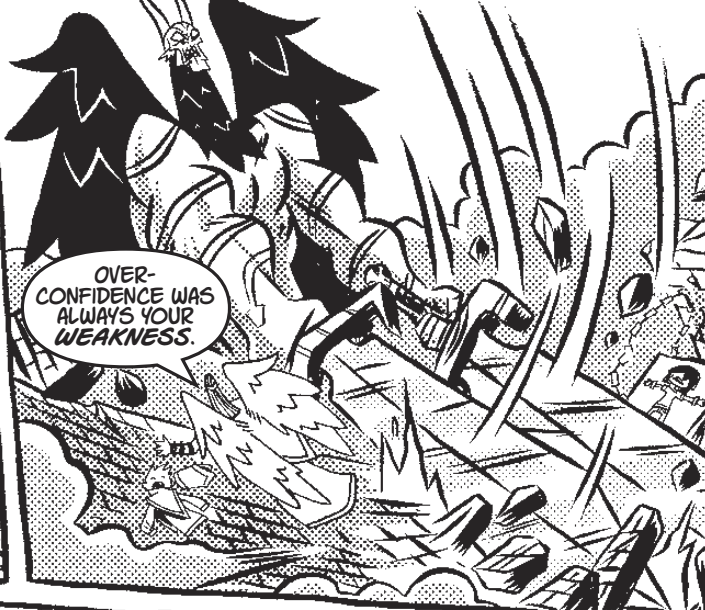


KILL THE
ONE TRUE
GOD!

KILL ALL
THE FUCKING
GODS!



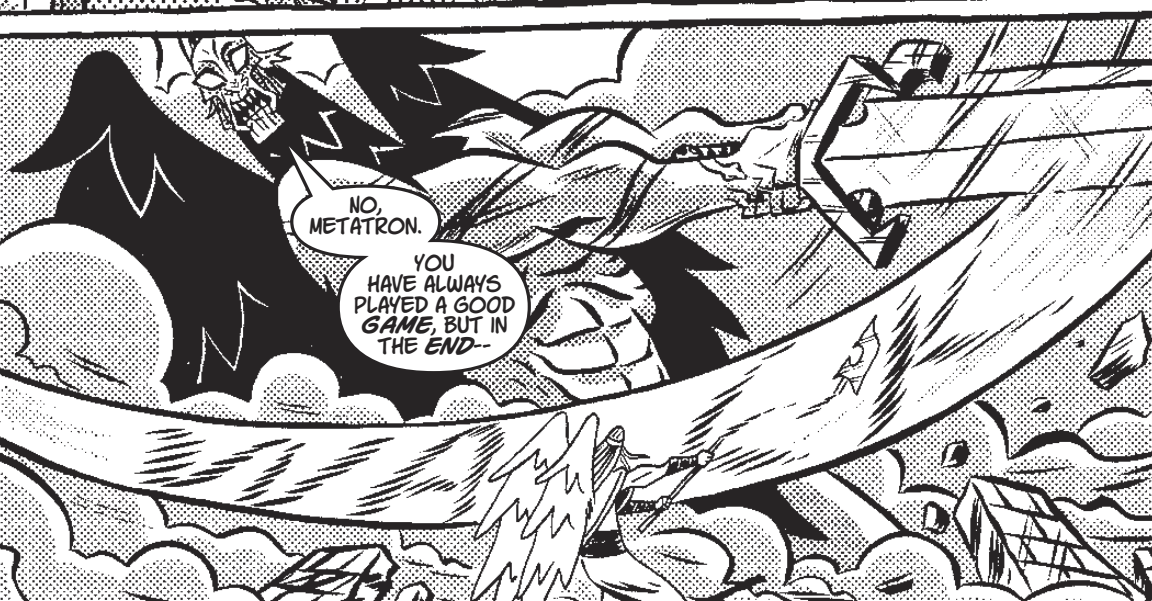
LET THE
HEAVENS *QUAKE*
FOR THEY WILL *BREAK*
AND RAIN *DOWN*
THIS DAY.



OVER-
CONFIDENCE WAS
ALWAYS YOUR
WEAKNESS.

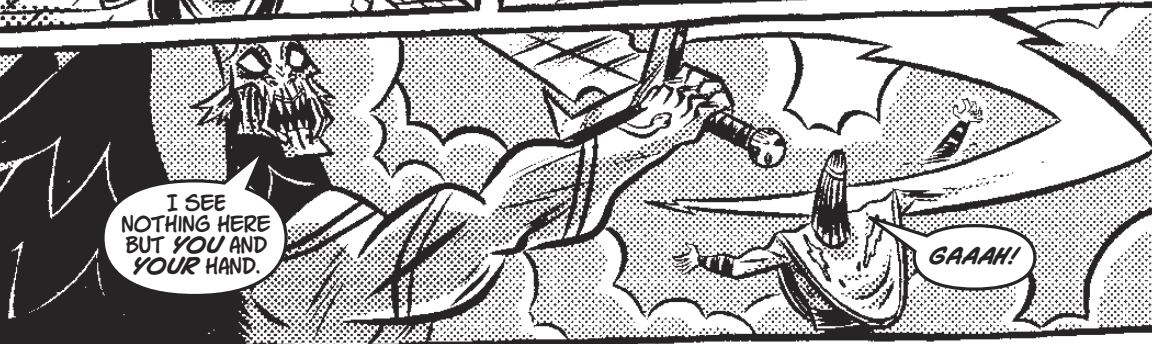


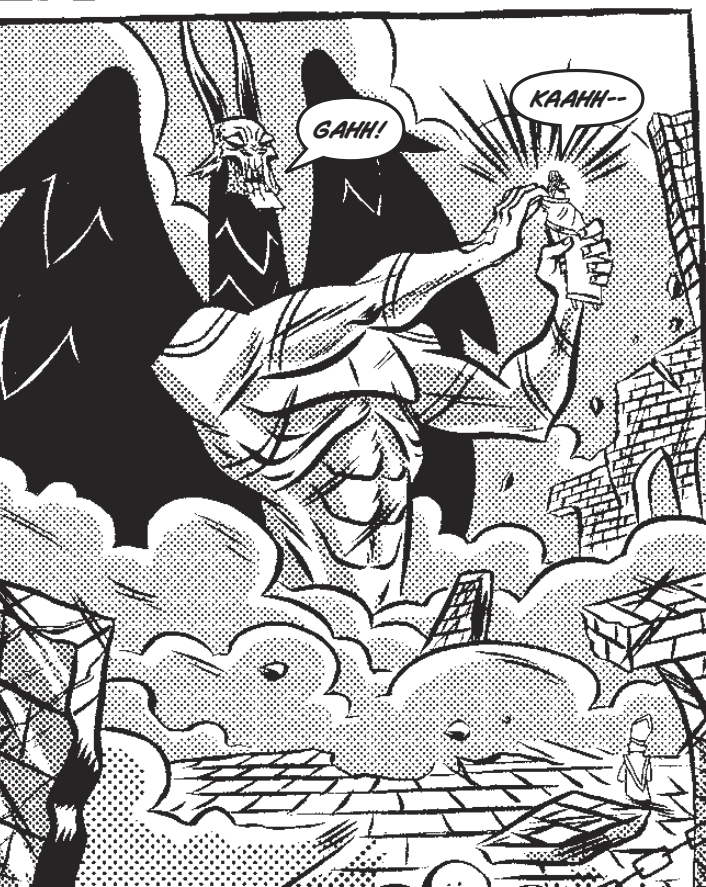
I KICKED
YOU OUT OF
HEAVEN *ONCE*
AND I'LL DO IT
AGAIN!



NO,
METATRON.

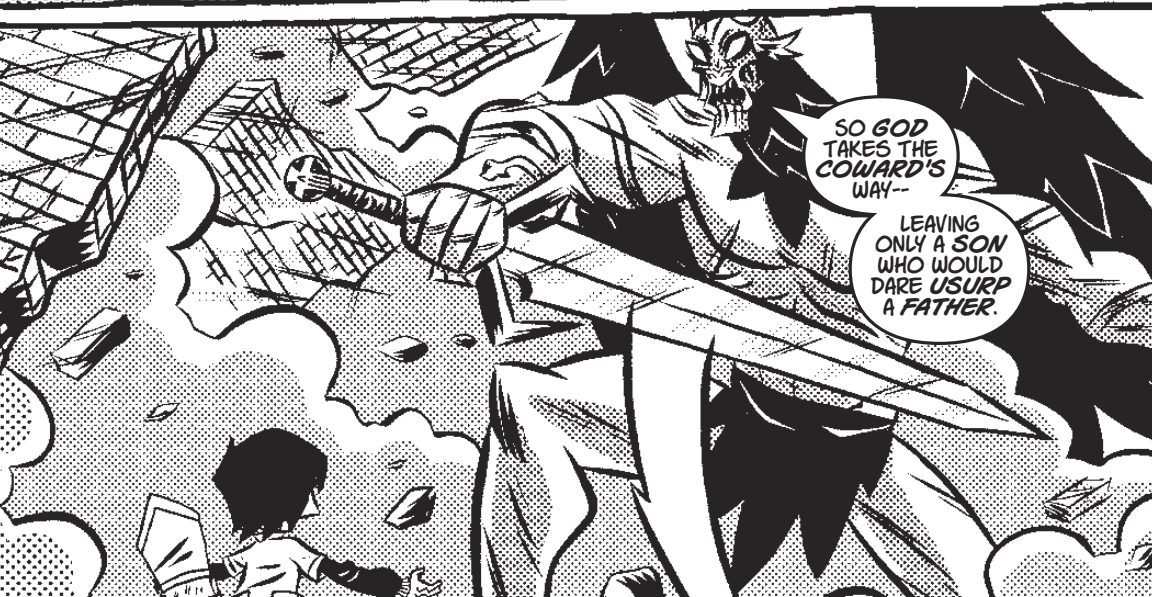
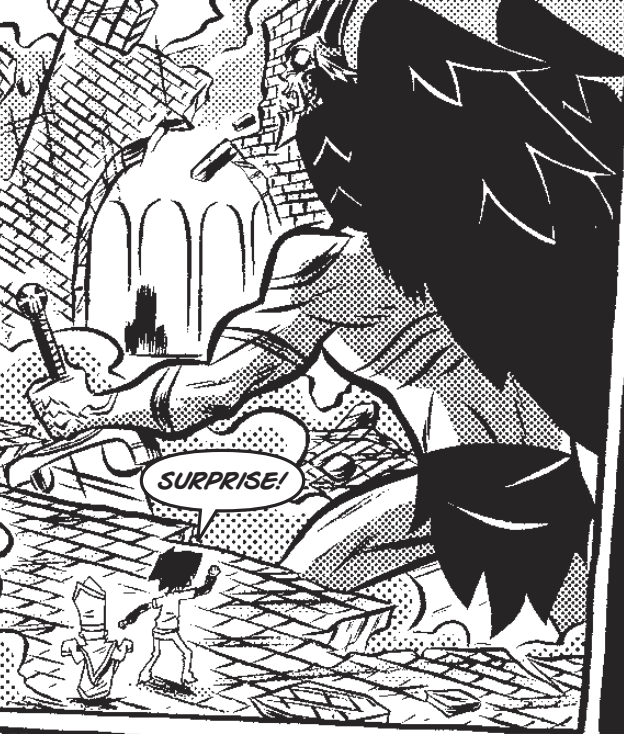
YOU
HAVE ALWAYS
PLAYED A GOOD
GAME, BUT IN
THE *END--*

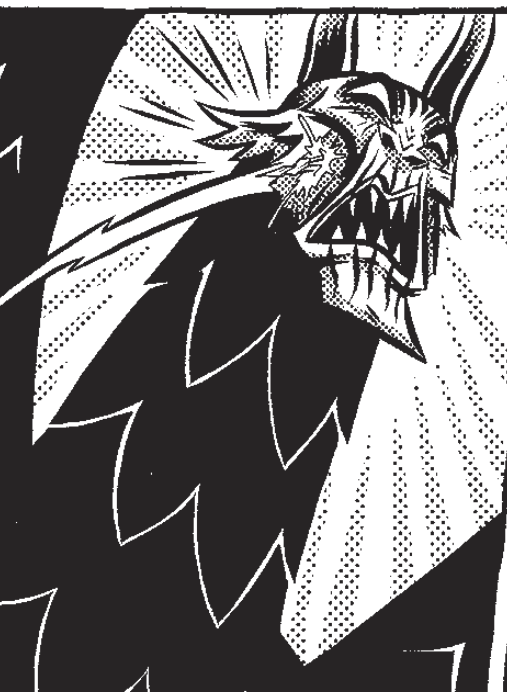


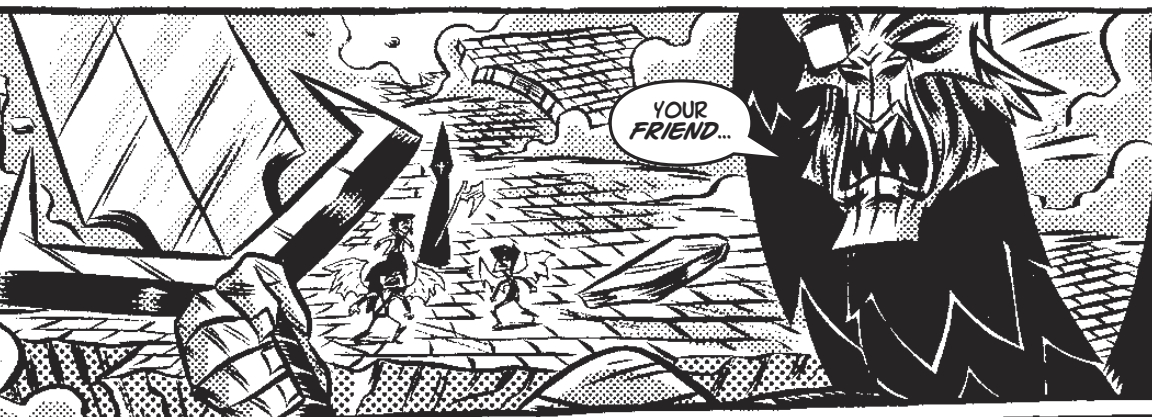








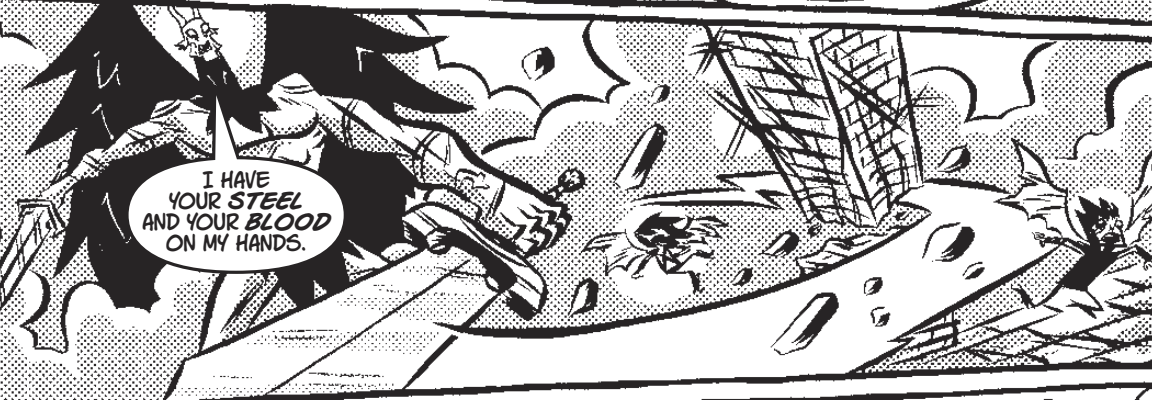




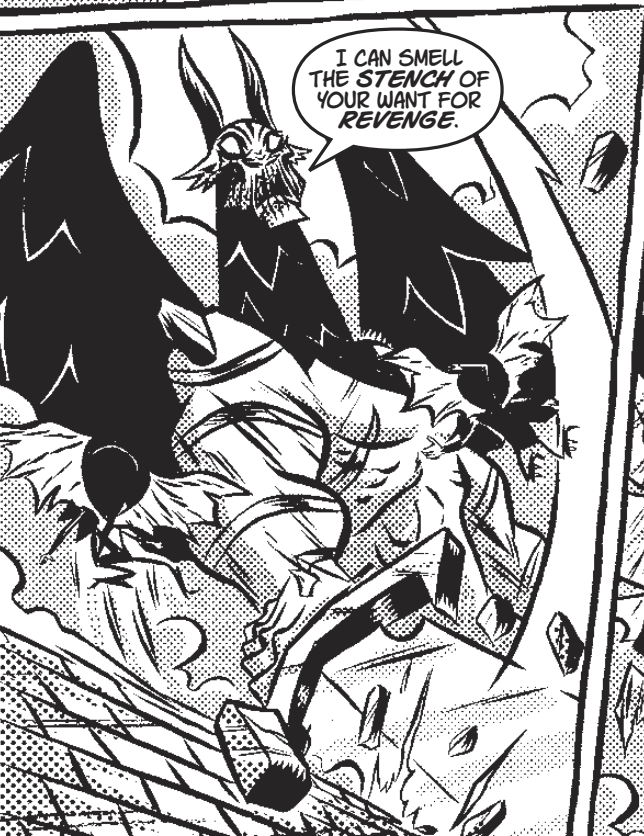


DEAD
ROTH--

IN A DAY OF
EXCEPTIONS
THIS WAS MOST
UNEXPECTED.



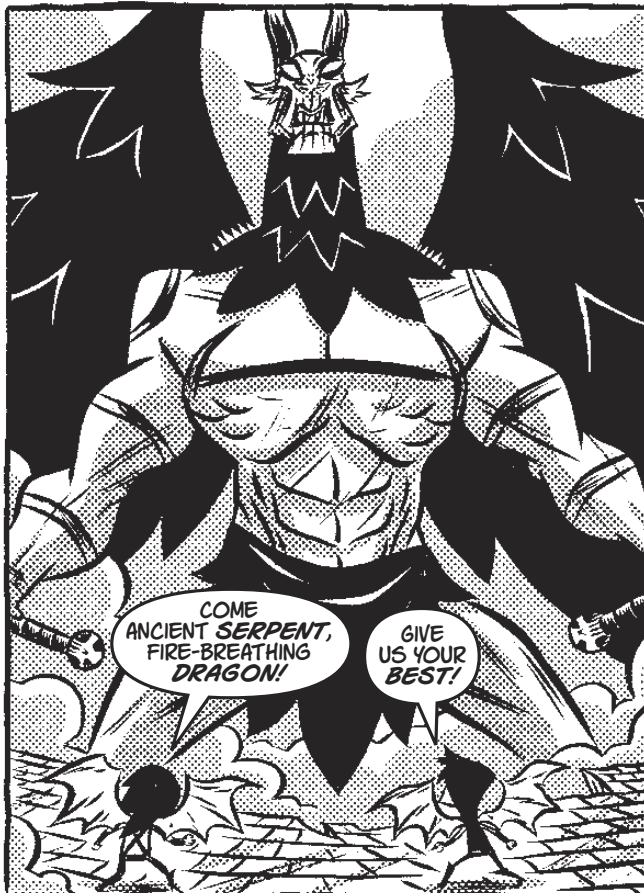
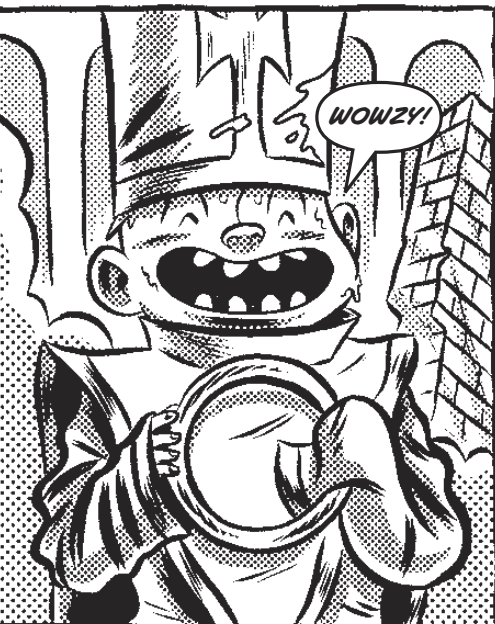
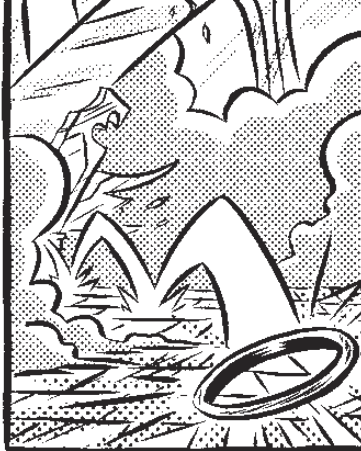
I HAVE
YOUR STEEL
AND YOUR BLOOD
ON MY HANDS.

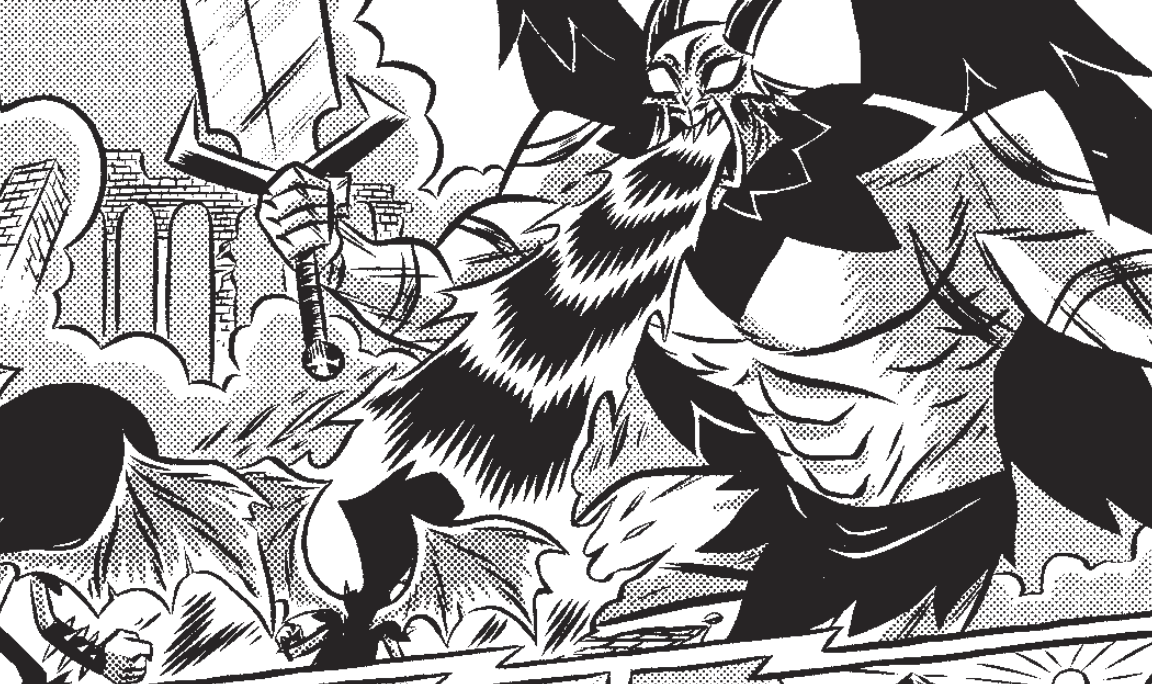


I CAN SMELL
THE STENCH OF
YOUR WANT FOR
REVENGE.

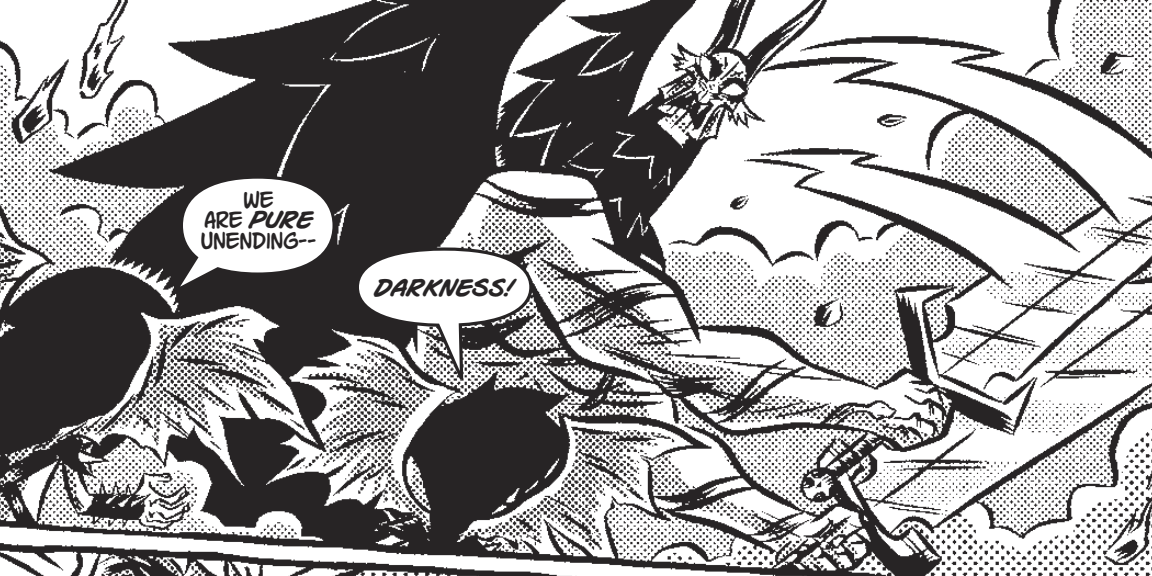


DARE
AND TAKE
IT!







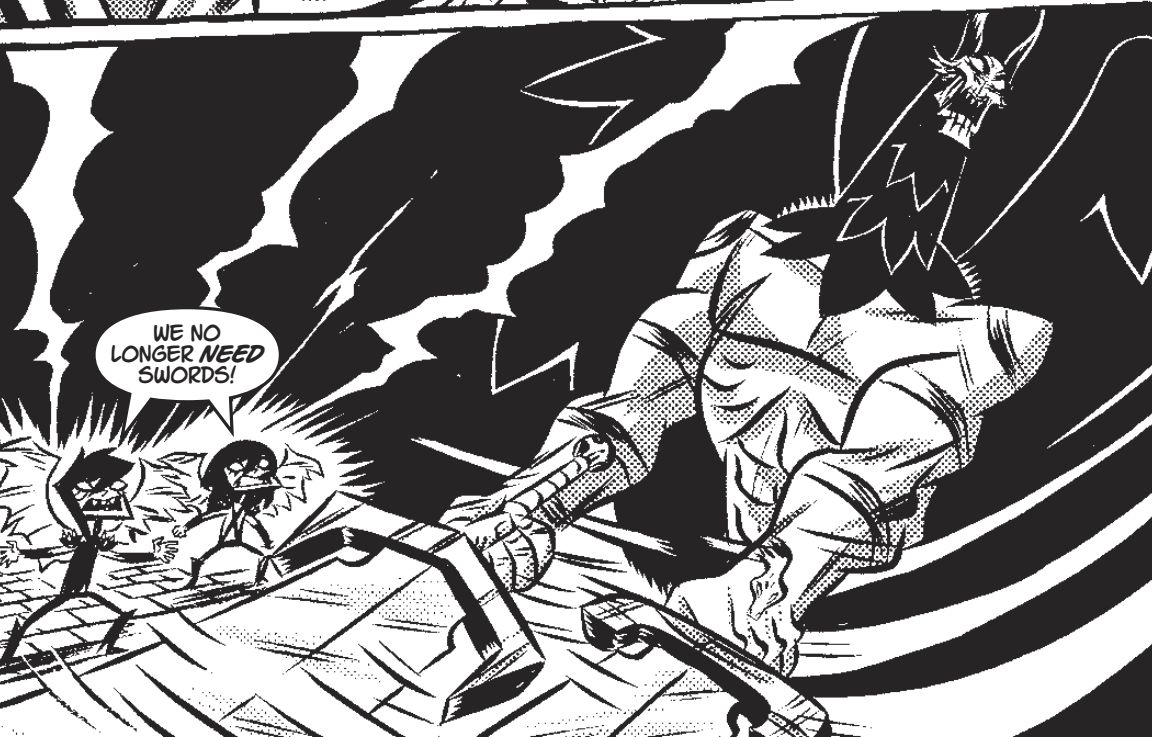


WE
ARE *PURE*
UNENDING--

DARKNESS!

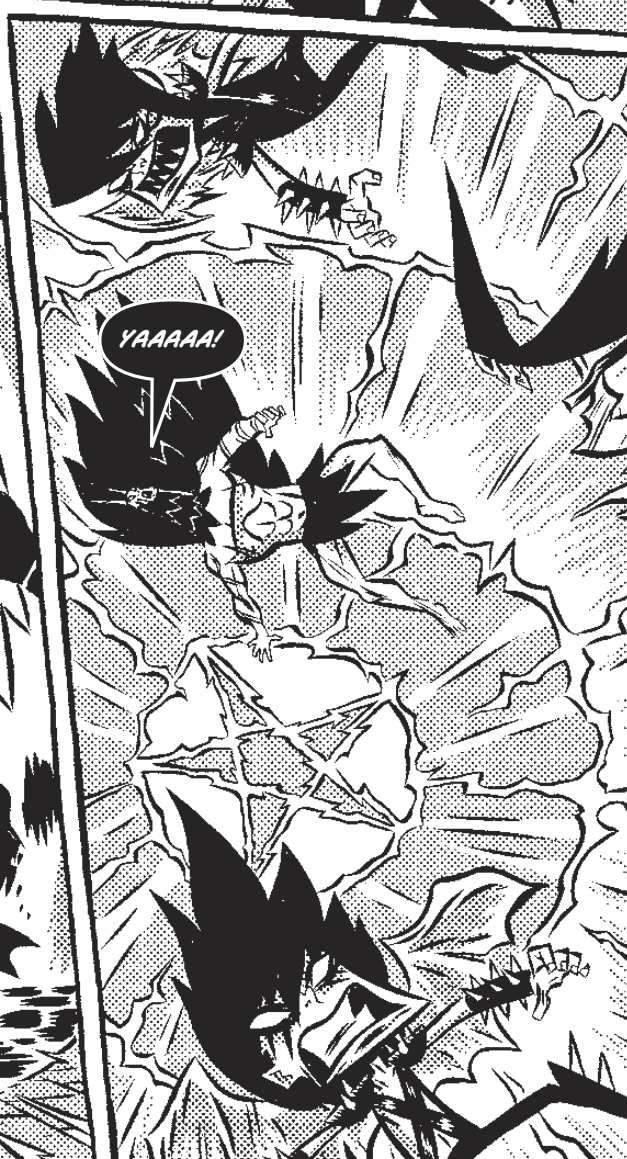


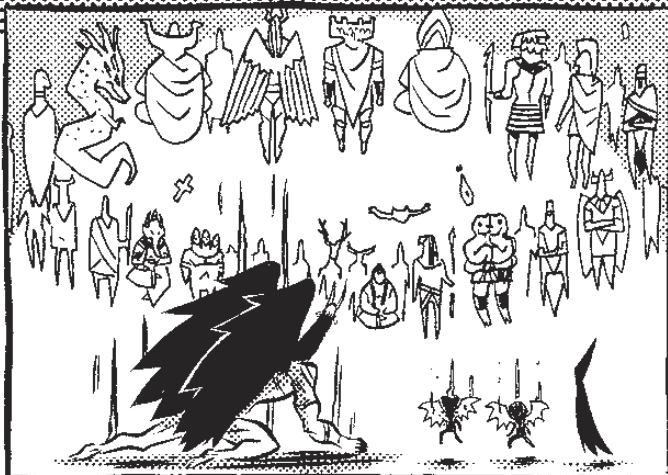
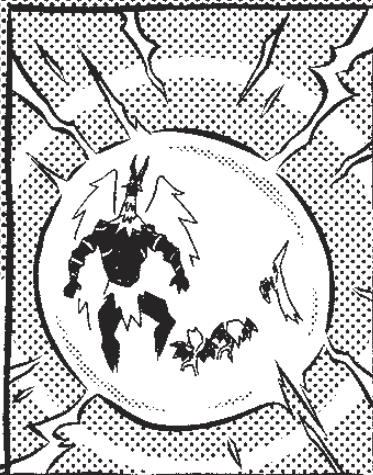
YGGDRASIL
SHUDDERS!



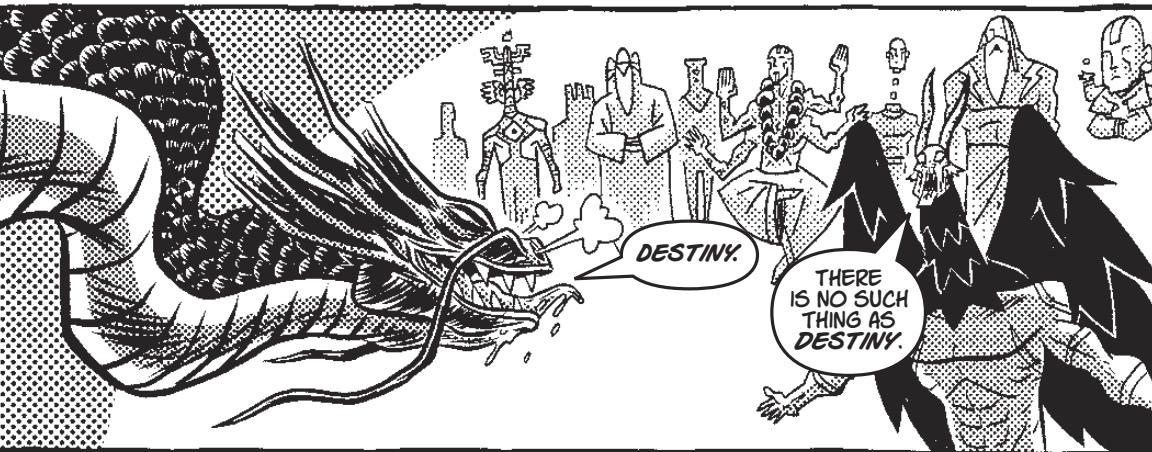
WE NO
LONGER *NEED*
SWORDS!







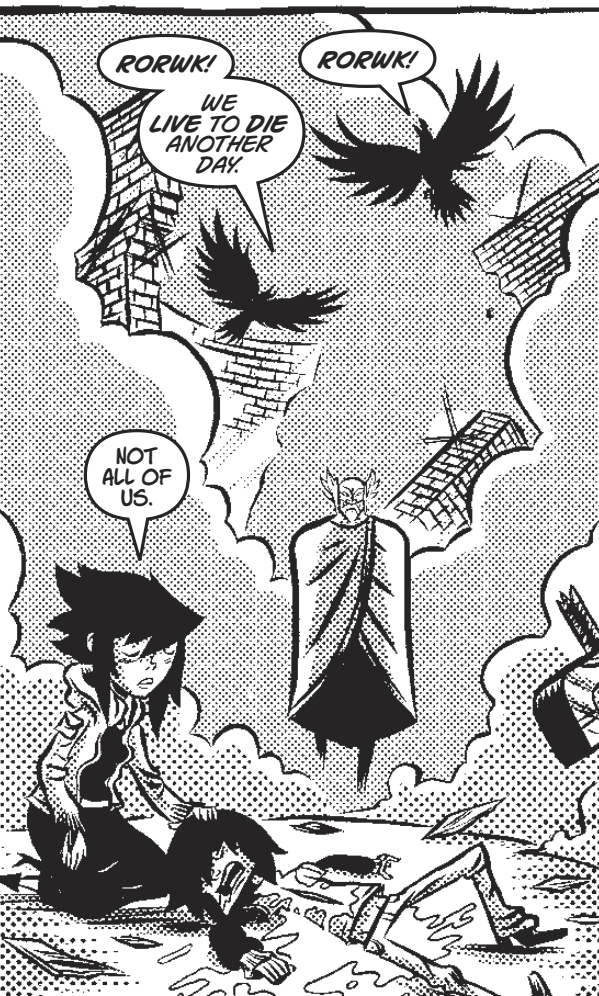
WHAT
IS THIS?

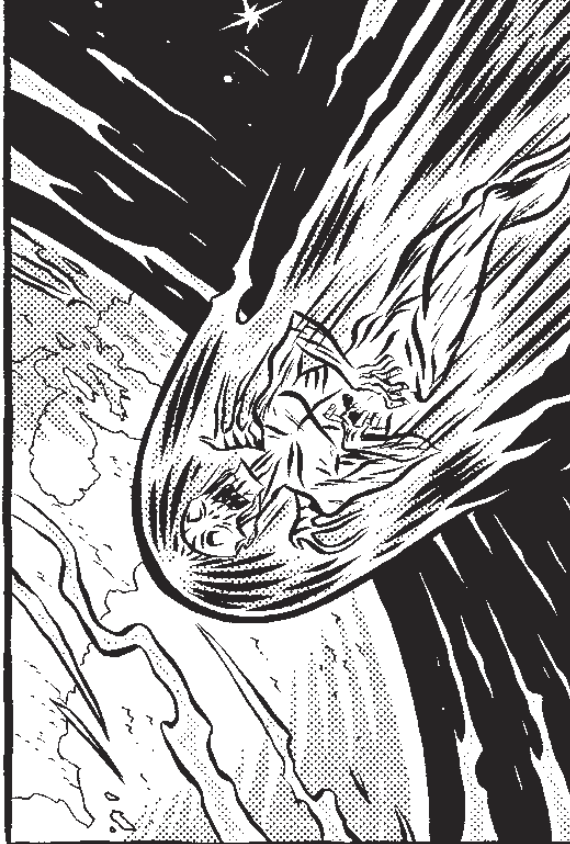




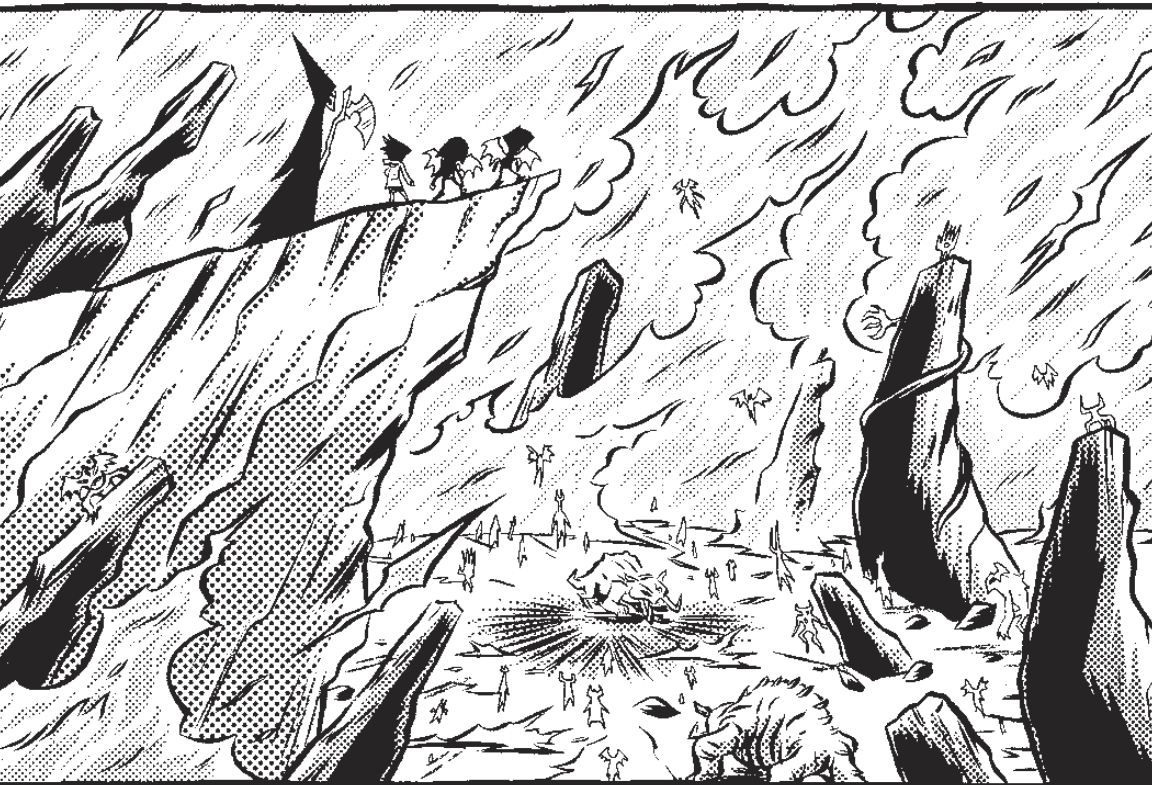


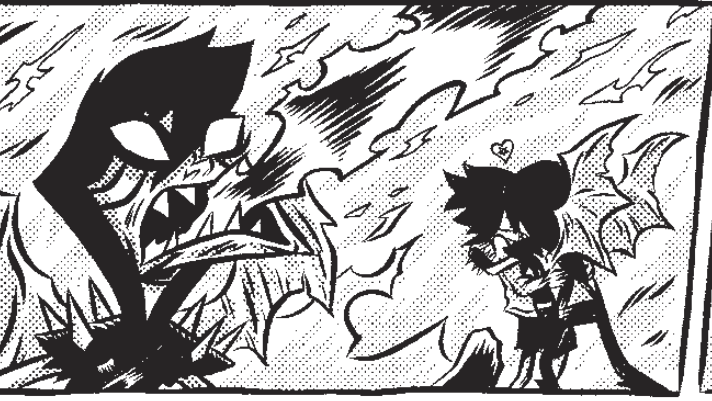




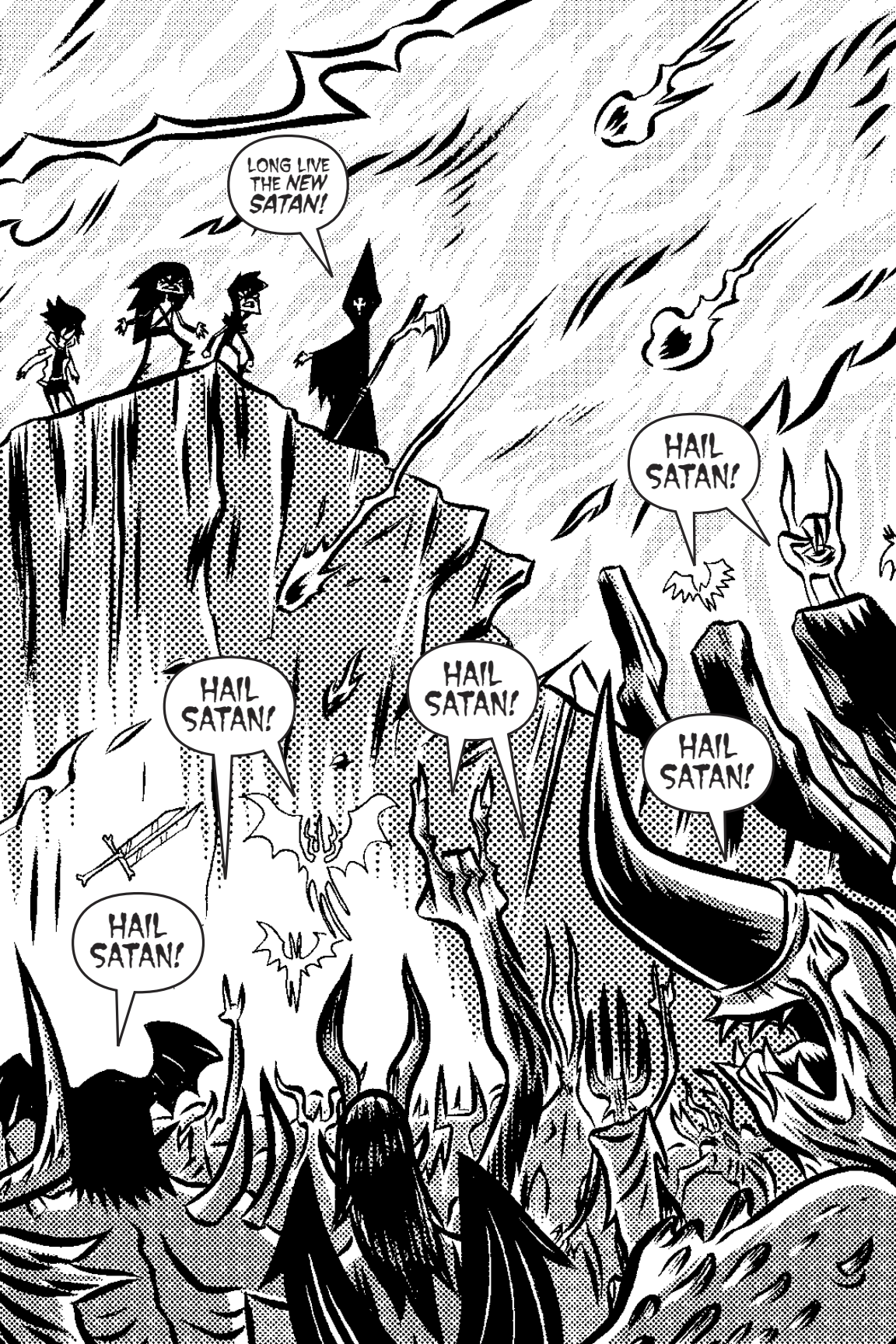












LONG LIVE
THE NEW
SATAN!

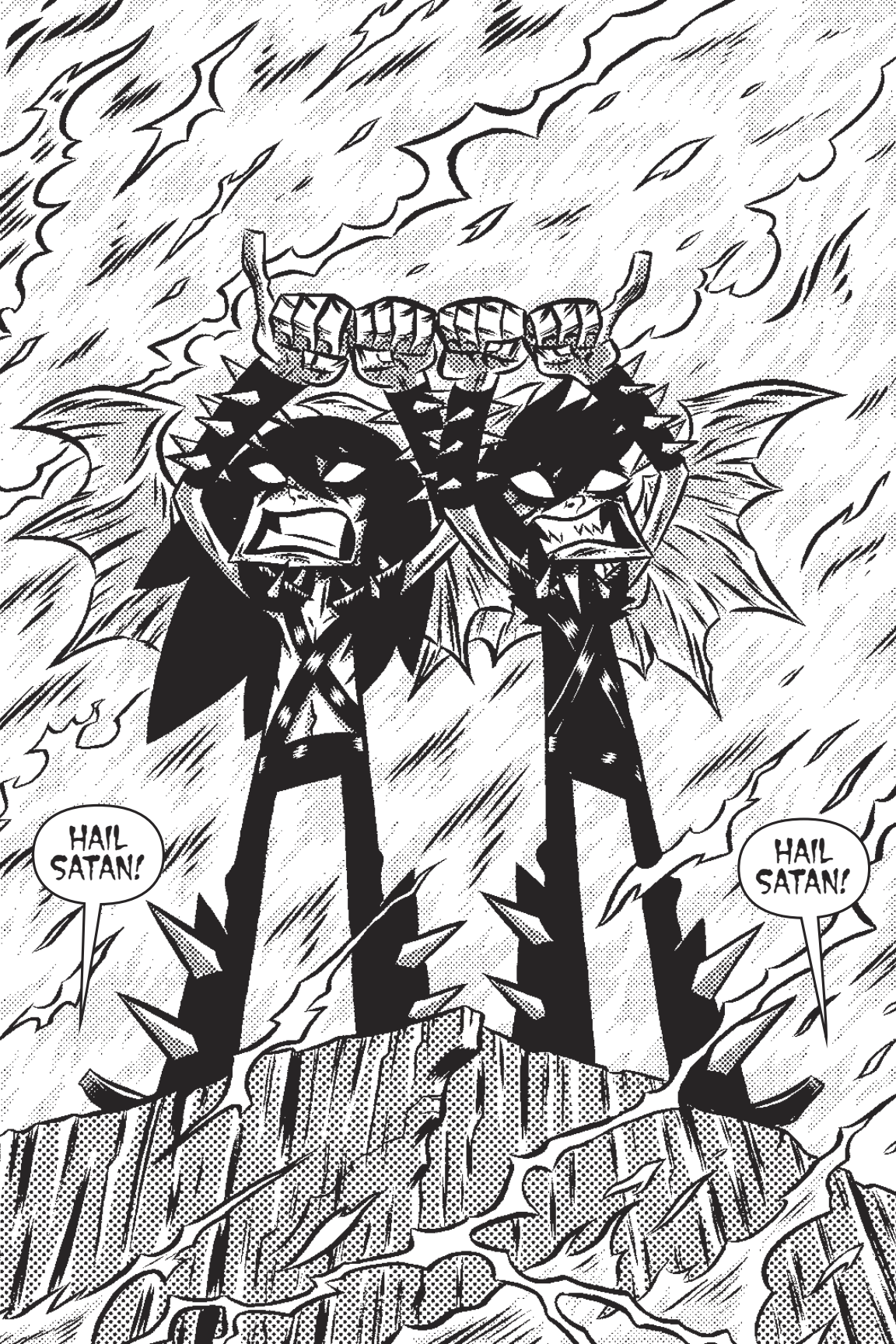
HAIL
SATAN!

HAIL
SATAN!

HAIL
SATAN!

HAIL
SATAN!


HAIL
SATAN!



HAIL
SATAN!

HAIL
SATAN!

The End



Herein lies buried treasures and
— artwork most arcane from the
collection of Chuck BB



RICK SPEARS

CHUCK BB

BLACKMETAL



**BOOK
ONE**

RICK SPEARS

CHUCK BB

BLACK METAL



**BOOK
TWO**

RICK SPEARS

CHUCK BB

BLACKMETAL









CHUCKBB





FROST AXE LOGO DESIGNED BY
CHRISTOPHE SZPAJDEL















Enclosed are works of brutal
— glory by creators most true



PIN-UP

BLACKMETAL

GALLERY



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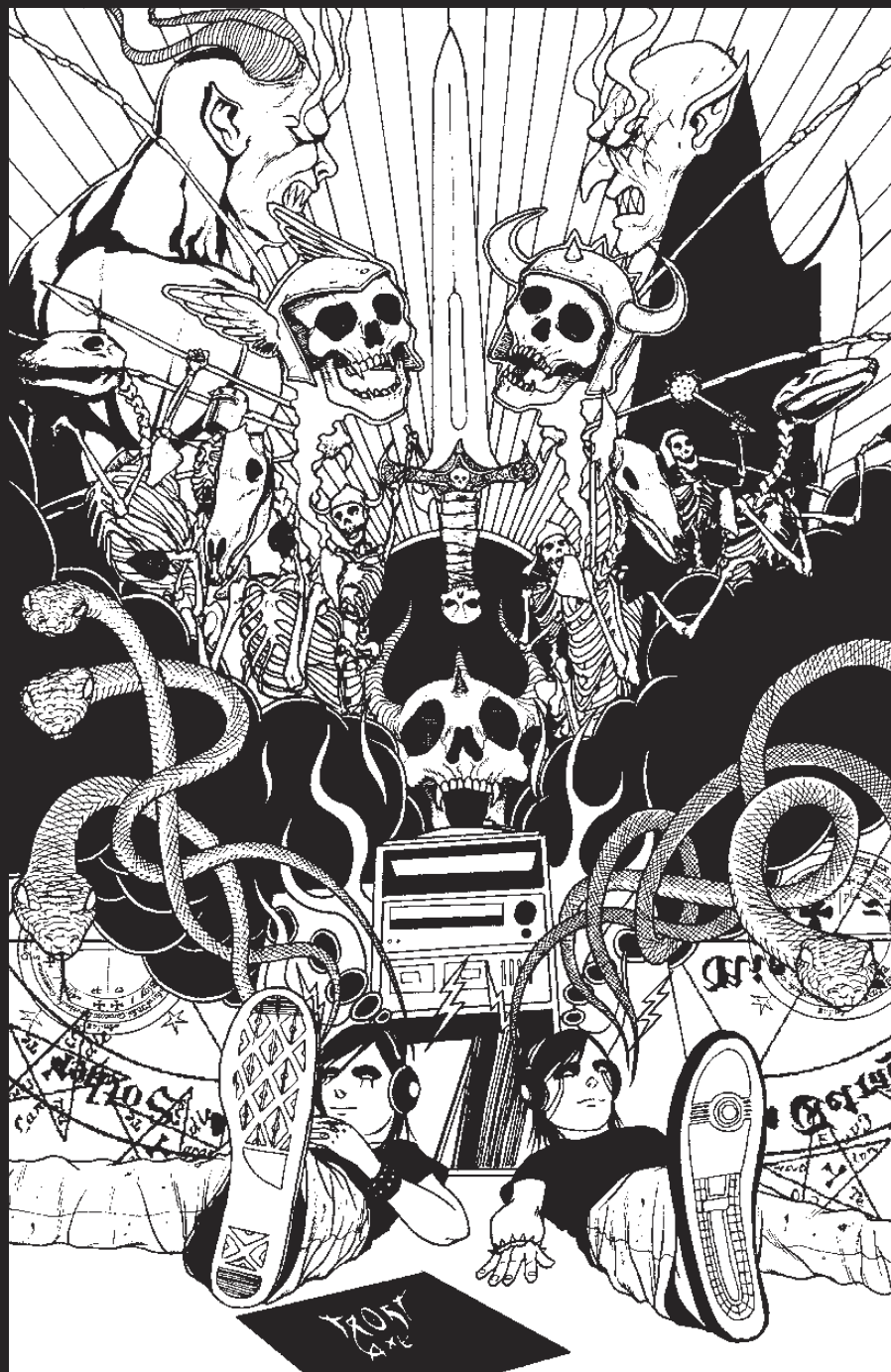


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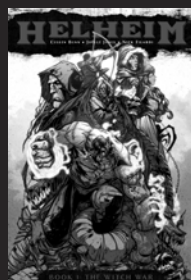
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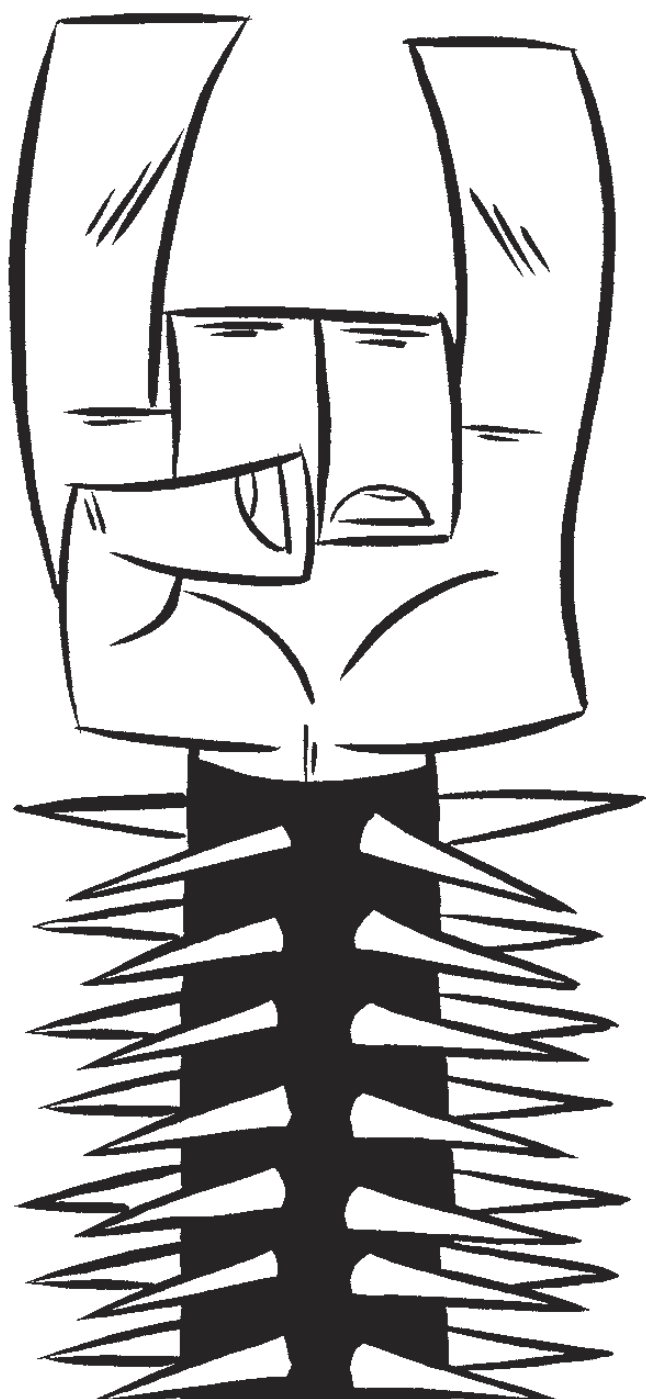
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