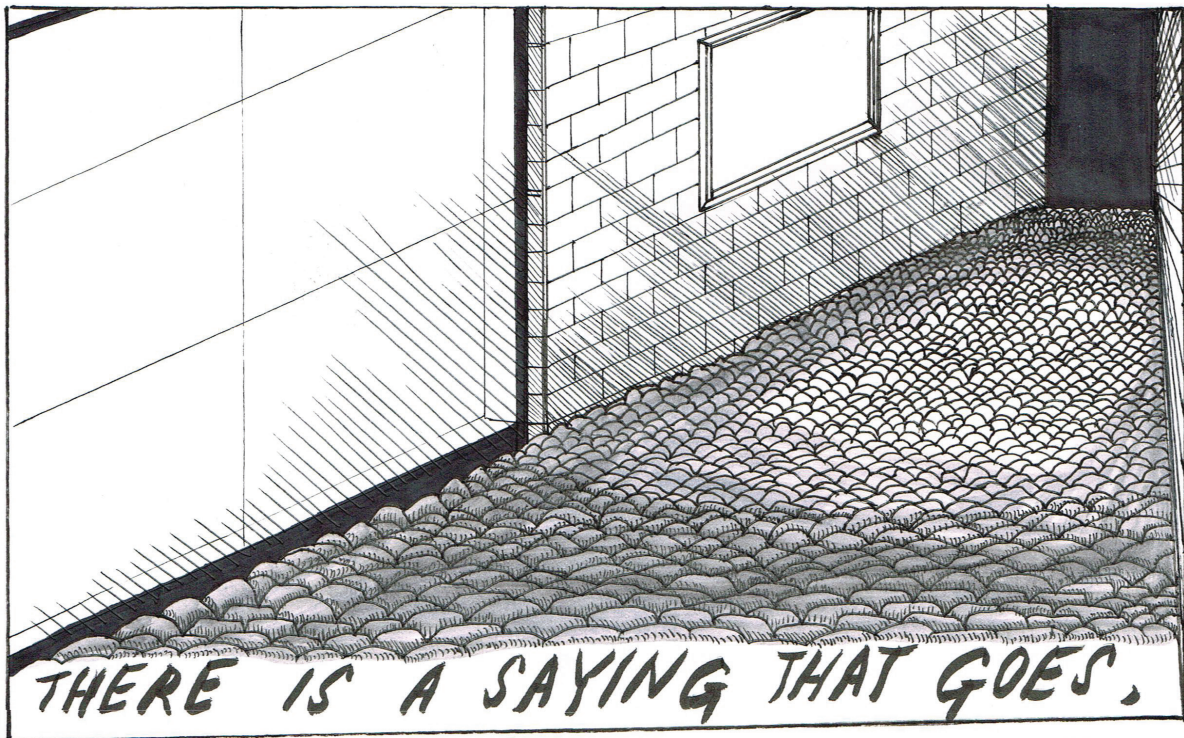


# DEATH'S SILILOQUY

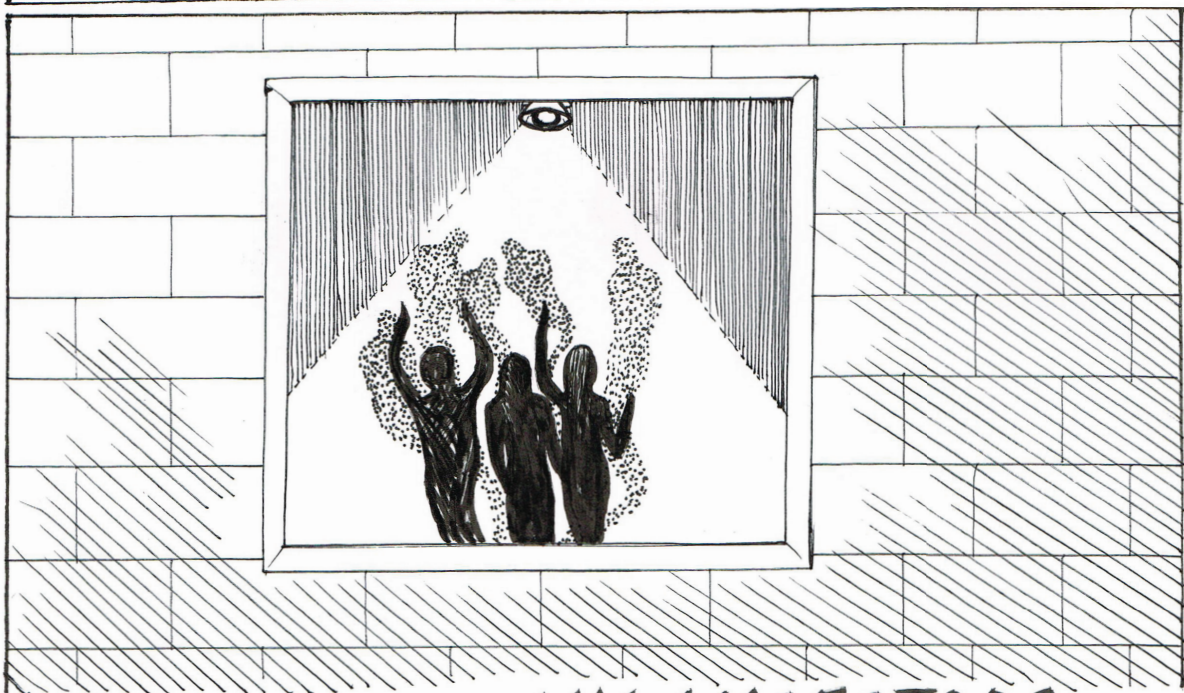
DRAWN  
BY  
ANNA  
VO



WRITTEN BY MONIKA  
ESTRELLA NEGRA



THERE IS A SAYING THAT GOES,



WHEN I DANCE, MY ANCESTORS  
DANCE WITH ME

THE IDEA OF ENERGY REPRESENTING  
THOSE IN THE PAST THAT BORE US,  
GAVE US LIFE, CAN ONLY BE



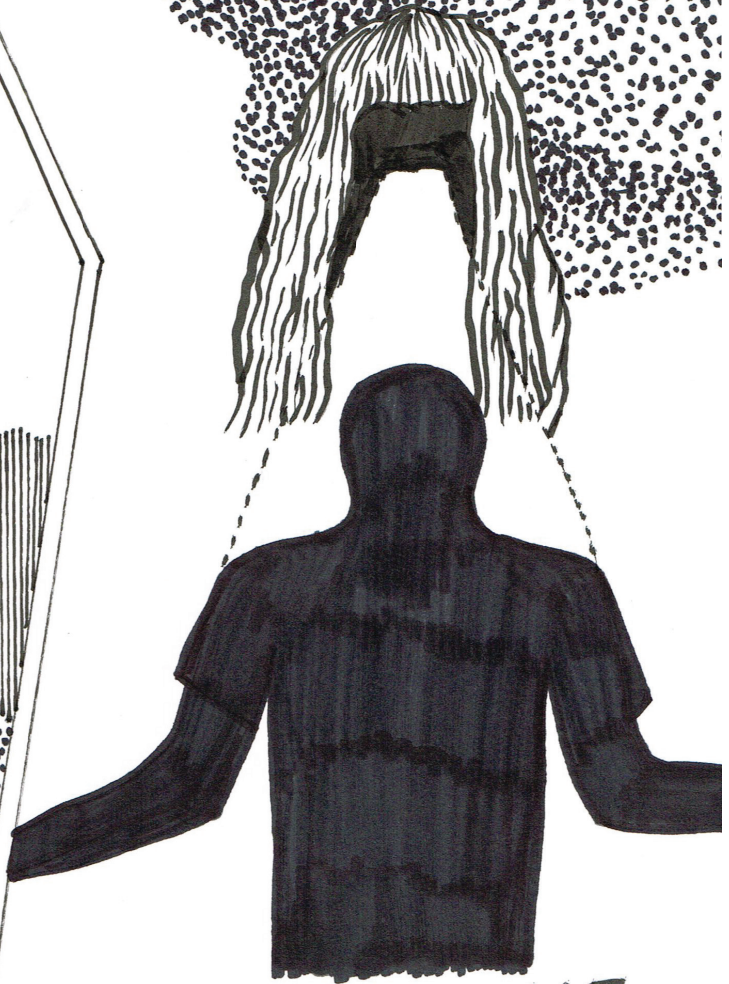
TESTED TRUE  
IN A SPACE LIKE THIS.

THIS IS WHERE I ROAM.



THIS IS WHERE I COME TO PREY.

LINGERING  
GHOSTS  
PRESENT  
THEMSELVES  
IN VESSELS.



THEY LIVE  
THROUGHOUT  
YOURS.

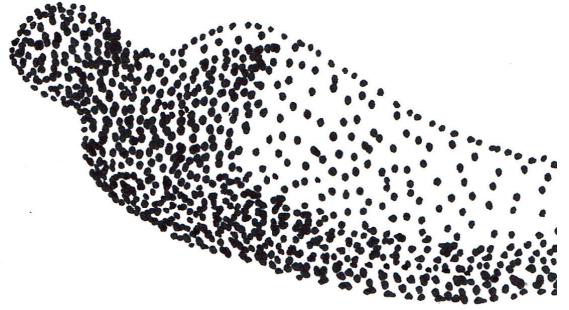
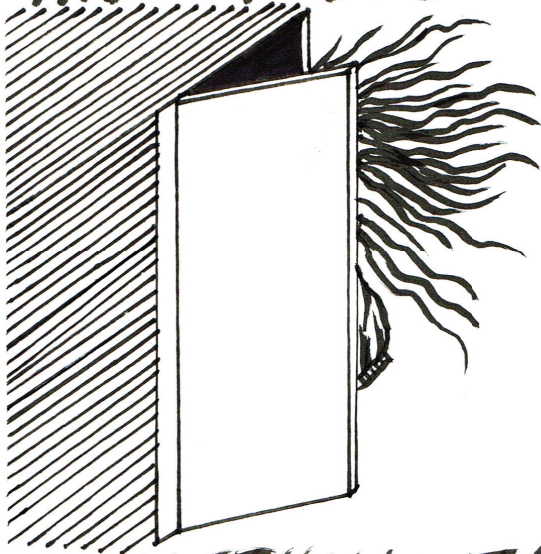
THAT IS WHY I AM  
WHAT I AM.

# AN UNKNOWABLE DEITY



SOMETHING THAT BRINGS YOU  
CLOSER TO WHATEVER YOU  
MAY CALL 'G-D'.

AN UNBREAKABLE CYCLE



SOMETHING THAT CANNOT  
BE DESTROYED



ONLY REDISTRIBUTED.

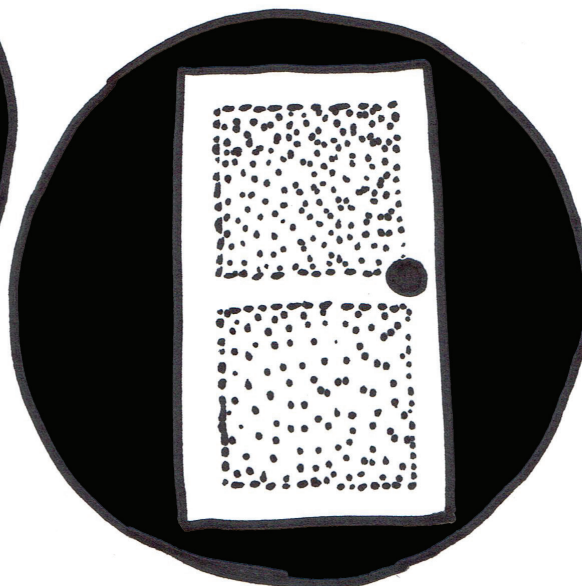
DEATH.



REGENERATION.



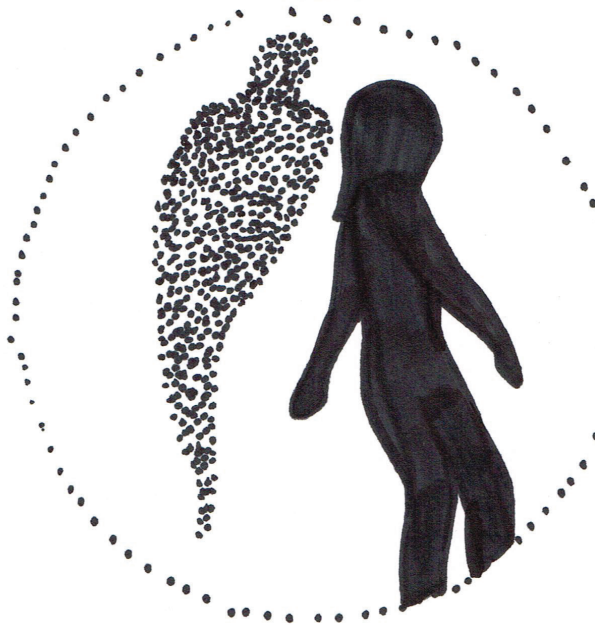
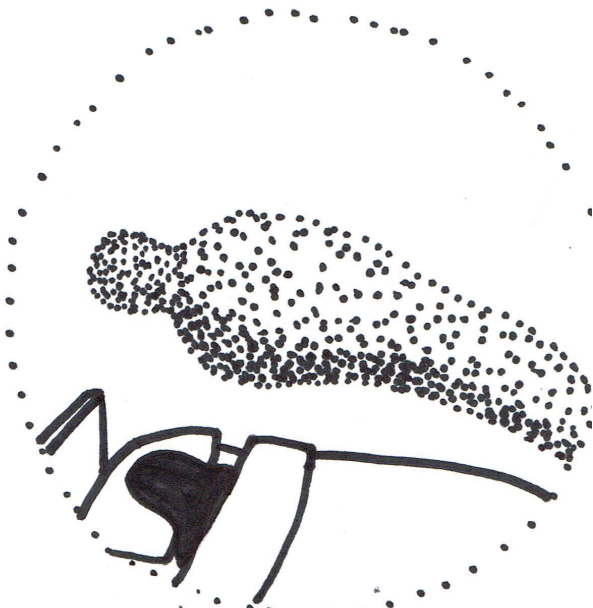
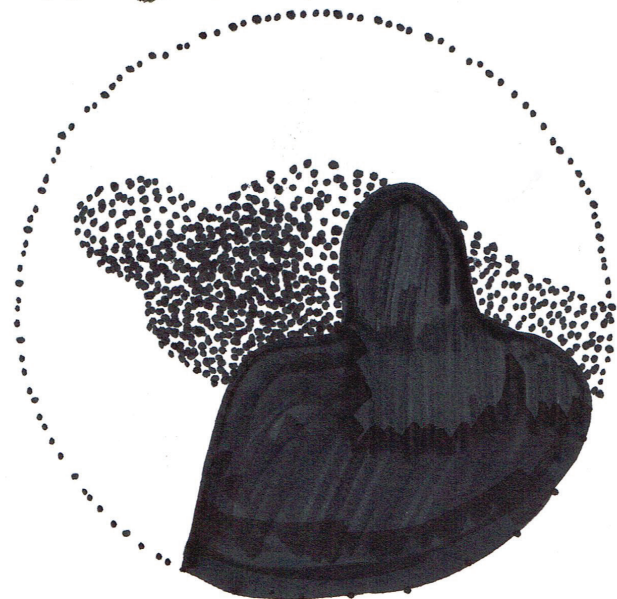
REBIRTH.



INFINITE.

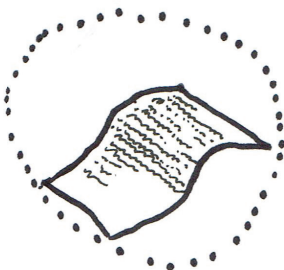
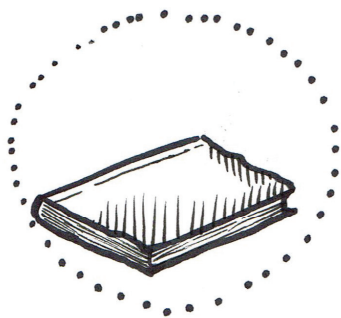


AS LONG AS YOU LIVE,



SO SHALL THEY.

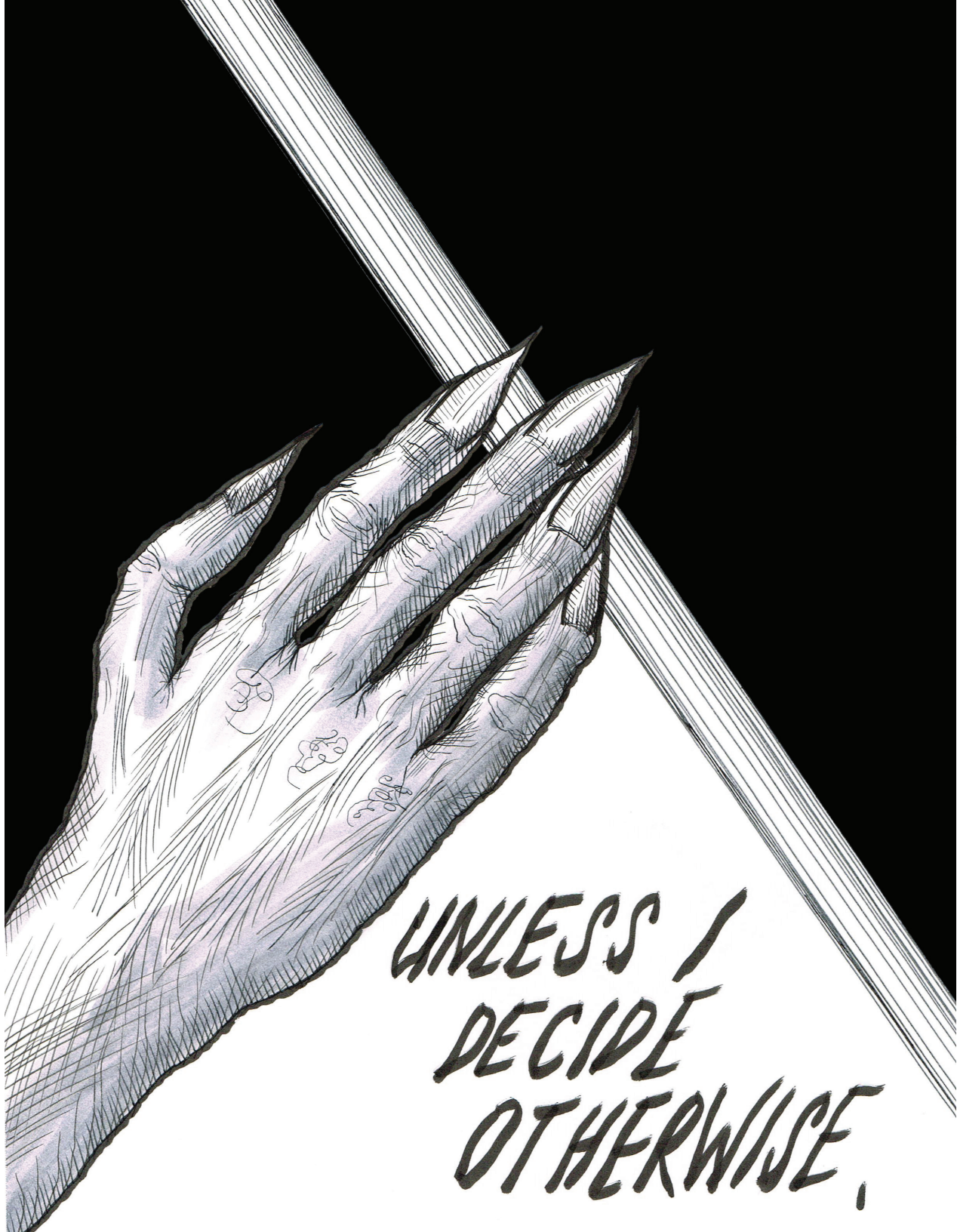
THROUGH YOUR WORDS



THROUGH YOUR ACTIONS



THROUGH YOUR MEMORIES.



UNLESS I  
DECIDE  
OTHERWISE.

