



THE PLANET
HAD A NAME
ONCE.

BUT THAT WAS LOST IN THE FIRST PURGE
OF SACRILEGIOUS INFORMATION,
ALONG WITH A BILLION RESISTORS TO THE
SWEET TOUCH OF THE GODDESS, LETHA.

NAMES, THE ORDAINED KNEW, WERE
A SYMBOL OF THAT DAMNED CONCEPT
OF INDIVIDUALITY. NAMES STOOD IN
THE WAY OF HIS PEOPLE'S ABSOLUTE
SERVITUDE TO SHE WHO IS ALL.

NAMES...AND THIS THING
WITH ITS GRINNING MOUTH
AND BURNING EYES
AND...AND...

CHAINS.

YES. THAT WAS
THE NAME FOR
THEM. CHAINS.

LINKS OF METAL THAT WERE ONCE STRUNG TOGETHER AND USED TO IMPRISON HEATHENS, BEFORE THEY WERE REPLACED WITH MUCH MORE EFFICIENT DENOMINATOR MACHINES THAT REMOVED THE WILL TO ESCAPE.

THE ORDAINED HAD FORGOTTEN THE WORD.

(STOP. I COMMAND YOU. I AM SUPREME! I AM THE PERSONIFICATION OF LOVE! I AM GIVER OF FAITH!)

HE'D FORGOTTEN A LOT OF THINGS.

PITY.

COMPASSION.

(I AM CHERISHED ABOVE ALL! I AM CHOSEN OF LETHA!) (YOU CANNOT HARM ME! YOU MAY NOT--!)

FEAR.

Shhhhh...

(mother...)

AND NOW THE ORDAINED WILL BE FORGOTTEN...

...HIS OWN NAME LOST IN AN INTENSE FLASH OF SAPPHIRE FIRE.

BUT A NEW
LEGEND IS
BORN IN THIS
FIRST LIGHT
OF DAY.

THE MESSAGE
OF THE DARK
MESSIAH WILL
LIVE ON.

HIS NAME
IS MANY.

<ugh...>

HE IS DRAWN TO THE
BLACKEST MOMENTS
OF DYING WORLDS...

THRACHADOM

