

Pine wood all around me, binding sigils
scarred into the trunks of trees that reach
with plaintive branches into the air.

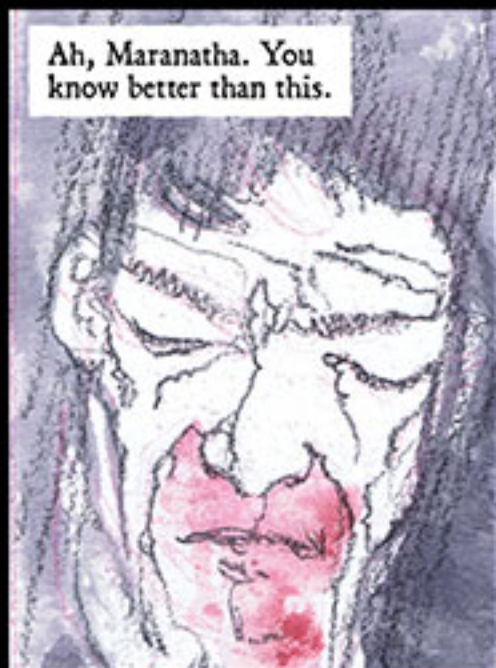
Blood sprays with my breath,
the drops steaming and
burrowing into the snow.



There is no sound.

How long has it been
since I took up my
bow and played?

Ah, Maranatha. You know better than this.



There is no time for self-pity. No time for pain.



What terrible mistakes we have made.



You came out here to check the gears on your engine of malevolence, old man.



COUGH

COUGH-COUGH

HHHECHE

Not to indulge your regrets.

The boundaries of the cage are deteriorating as quickly as you are. January is already upon us.

The people out there beyond the wood have made their resolutions, hoping for a better year to come.



They have no idea what is in our house.

They have no idea how easily this could be the last year of the earth.



SYMPHONY



PART THREE:
JANUARY