

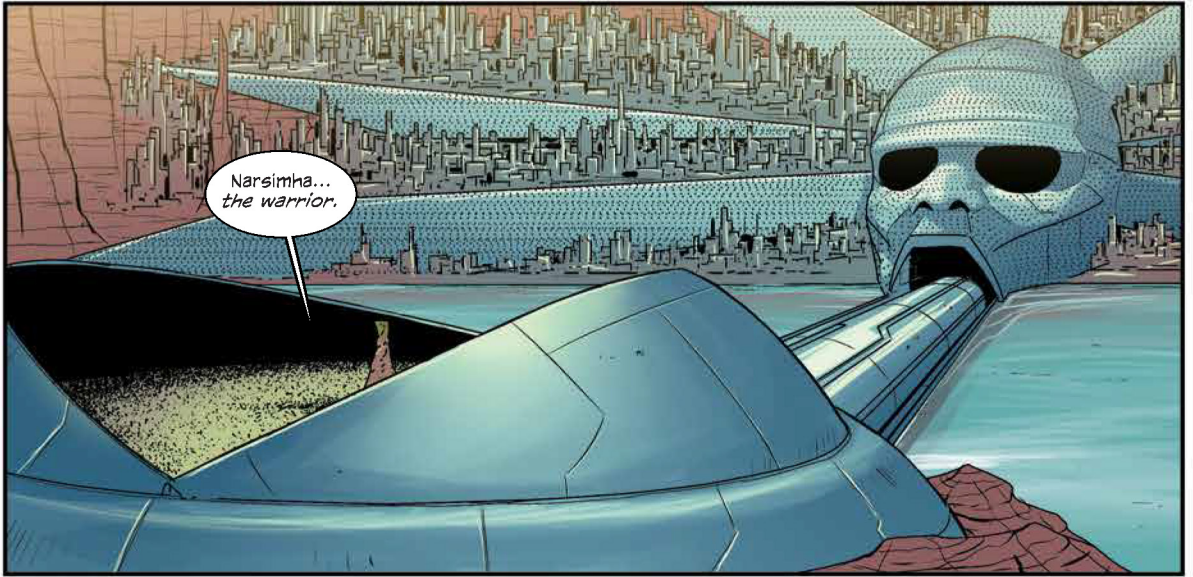
*The Machine City of
the Endless Nation.*





Narsimha!

Narsimha!



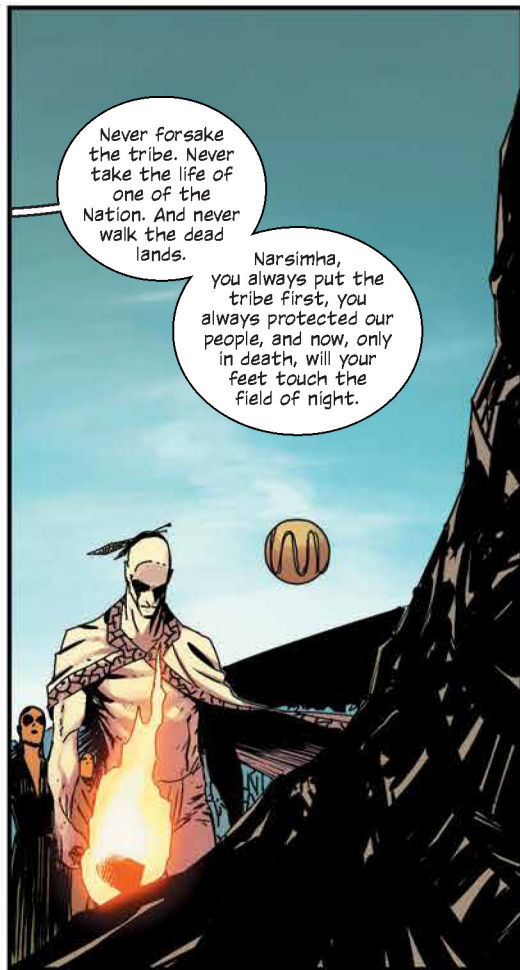
Narsimha...
the warrior.



Narsimha...

My
chief.

My
brother.





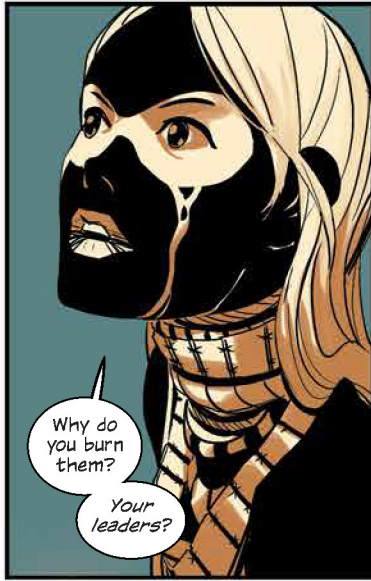
Goodbye, Uncle.

You are free now. Begin your great hunt.



Wolf?

Yes?



Why do you burn them?

Your leaders?



Why? I...I suppose there are really only two reasons...

In my uncle's case, it's because he was exceptional. A true chief of chiefs.



The pyre heralds his passing. And when the sky gods look down on the earth, they will see what we have done -- marked this land to honor him...and for a moment remade the night into day.

It says to them -- look here -- this was a **great man**.

But tonight, this is also more than that. It's also a beacon. It is a warning to our enemies that the spirit of Narsimha lives on. It lives within his people -- in us -- and our gaze will not waver...



"We are arriving at your gates soon."