

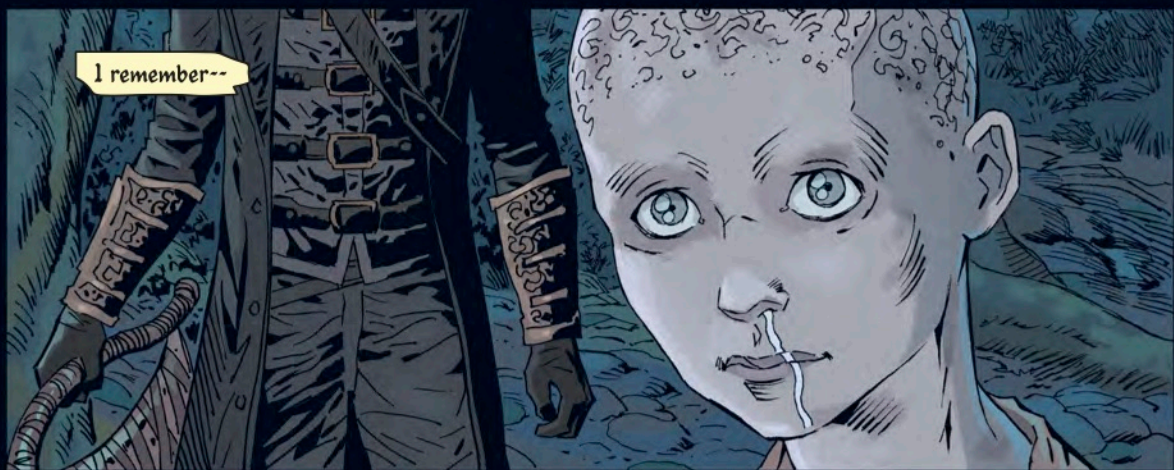


I remember  
a child.

WHAT  
IS IT, CHILD?  
WE MUST  
HURRY.

Was it this one? No.  
It does not seem so.









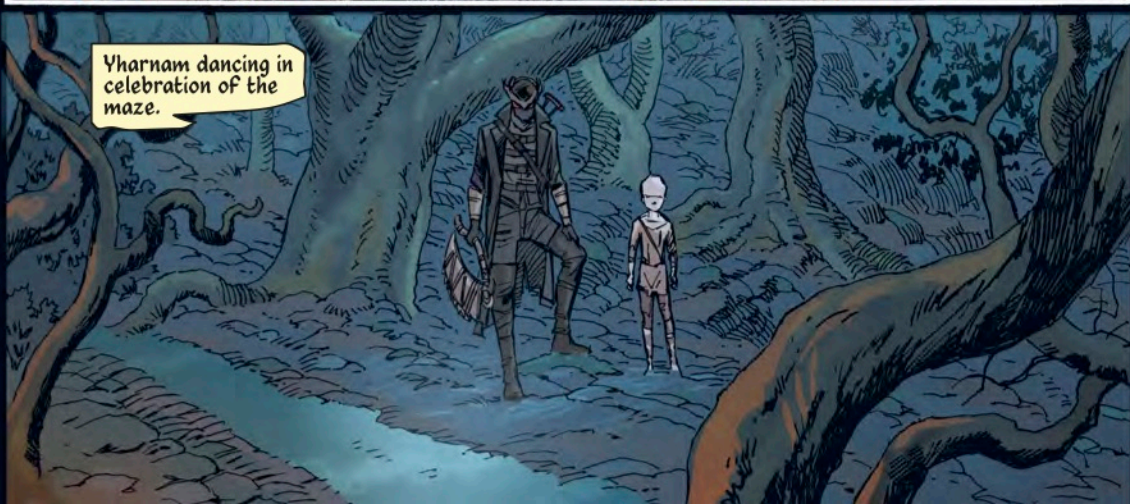
I remember a place  
between the worlds.

A lake where time  
buckles and folds.



A child thrown  
into fire.

Sacraments of  
the old blood.



Yharnam dancing in  
celebration of the  
maze.

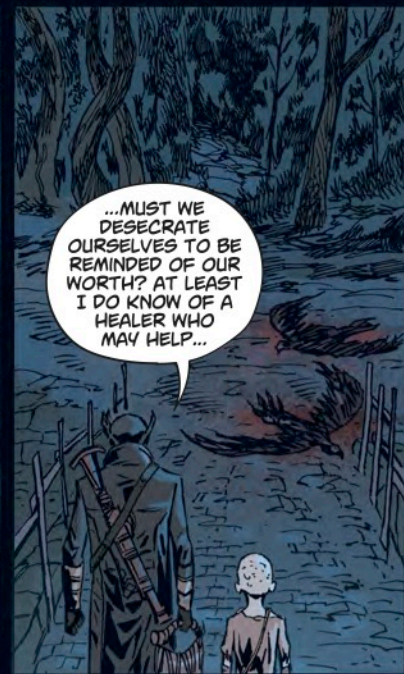




THE CHURCH  
HAD MADE TOO MANY  
MISTAKES.



THERE  
WAS A  
CHILD...  
I...



...MUST WE  
DESECRATE  
OURSELVES TO BE  
REMINDED OF OUR  
WORTH? AT LEAST  
I DO KNOW OF A  
HEALER WHO  
MAY HELP...



STOP.





