

The hole in the middle of the jungle cries all the terrors of the night.



The defeated feel a fleeting gratitude for this victory. The fire, they know, is the same from one side to the other.



An inferno makes its way through Ich.



And Ich does not know how to quench it.

How should he know?



I GAVE YOU THE SONG, LOVE. BUT YOU ONLY UNDERSTOOD THE WORDS.

I SANG THE MELODY IN YOUR EAR. BUT YOU ONLY UNDERSTOOD THE FIRE.

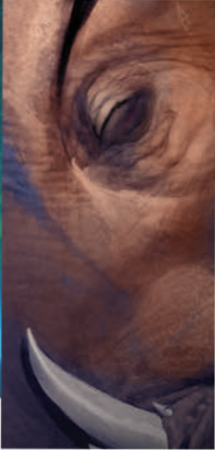


WHEN WE UNDERSTAND WHAT THE MUSIC TELLS US, WE UNDERSTAND WHAT THE EARTH IS TELLING US.

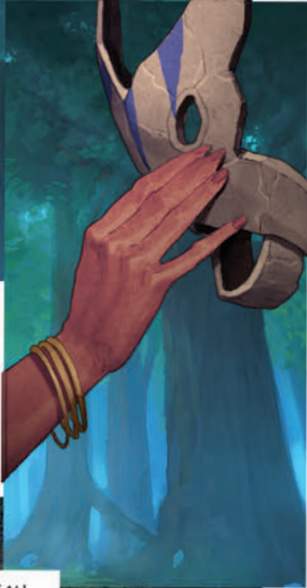




"ONE CANNOT FIGHT
FIRE WITH FIRE. YOU
CANNOT WIN WITH IRON
AGAINST SOMETHING
MADE OF SOULS."




"COME,
LOVE."



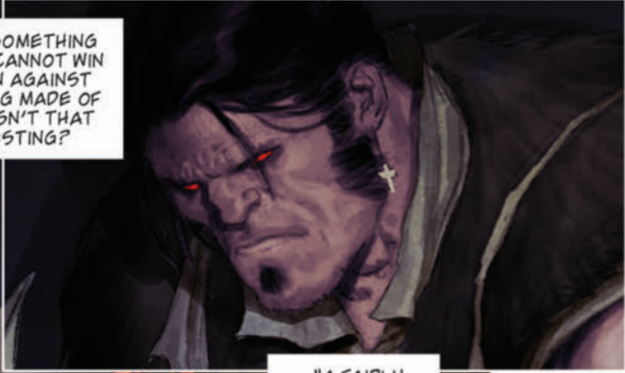
"STAY
WITH ME."



DID YOU JUST HEAR THE MOON, GERMAN? BEHIND THE SCREAMS AND FIRE... IT SPEAKS ABOUT MANY THINGS.



"IT SAID SOMETHING LIKE 'YOU CANNOT WIN WITH IRON AGAINST SOMETHING MADE OF SOULS.' ISN'T THAT INTERESTING?"



"A FAIRLY STRONG OMEN."



MAYBE IT'S TIME TO CHANGE OUR TACTIC.

MAYBE IT'S TIME TO PLAY THEIR GAME.