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MAN OF GOD



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THE DEATH OF JOHN MORRIS PART 1: INITIUM

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STU BERRYHILL - INKS
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LAND OF THE FLIES: PIPELINE
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GEORGE E WARNER - LETTERS

THE ADVENTURES OF BENNIE AND BUTCH
CRAIG PARTIN - CREATOR/WRITER
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GEORGE E WARNER - LETTERS



COVER A
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COVER B
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COVER C
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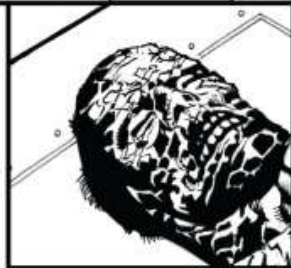
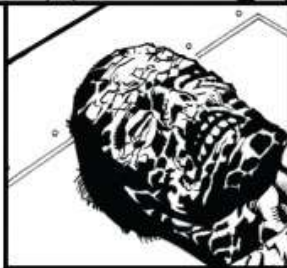
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I WANTED TO SCREAM. THAT'S WHAT WE DO WHEN THE SITUATION GETS OUT OF HAND, WHEN LIFE CEASES TO MAKE SENSE AND COMES CRASHING DOWN AROUND US.

WE SCREAM. WE CRY. LETTING LOOSE OF ALL CONTROL AND EMOTION, SOMEHOW SEEMS TO MAKE IT BETTER.



I OPENED MY MIND AND MY MOUTH TO LET LOOSE THE FLOODGATES OF CONFUSION, BUT NOTHING CAME OUT.



I'VE NO VOICE, NO MEMORY OF WHO OR WHAT I AM, ONLY GLIMPSES OF THE SAINTS AND DEMONS THAT HAVE INTERRUPTED THE BLACKNESS THAT I CAN REMEMBER.



SOMEWHERE OUT THERE, MASKED BY THE SHADOWS, HIDES THE TRUTH. BURIED IN THE MINDS AND POSSESSIONS OF THE SLUMBERING MASSES.



I WONDER IF THEY MOURN FOR A LOST LOVE OR FRIEND? DOES MY DEMISE BRING JOY TO MY ENEMIES?



WILL THEY SHARE PHOTOS AND STORIES OF TIME SPENT TOGETHER? WILL THEY RAISE A DRINK IN MEMORY? SHED TEARS? SPEW PRAYER?

ALL MOURNING OR DAMNING A MAN I CANNOT EVEN REMEMBER BEING. WILL THEY PRAISE MY SECOND COMING, WILL THEY BOW BEFORE ME OR COWER IN FEAR AT WHAT I HAVE BECOME?