

*In the second to last year of the Apocalypse, there came a time -- a moment, really -- where all things hung in the balance, teetering on the perfect edge of fate and free will.*



*It was a moment when prophets, the privileged, and common men seeking nothing but justice were gathered together one last time...*



*A final meeting of the Chosen.*



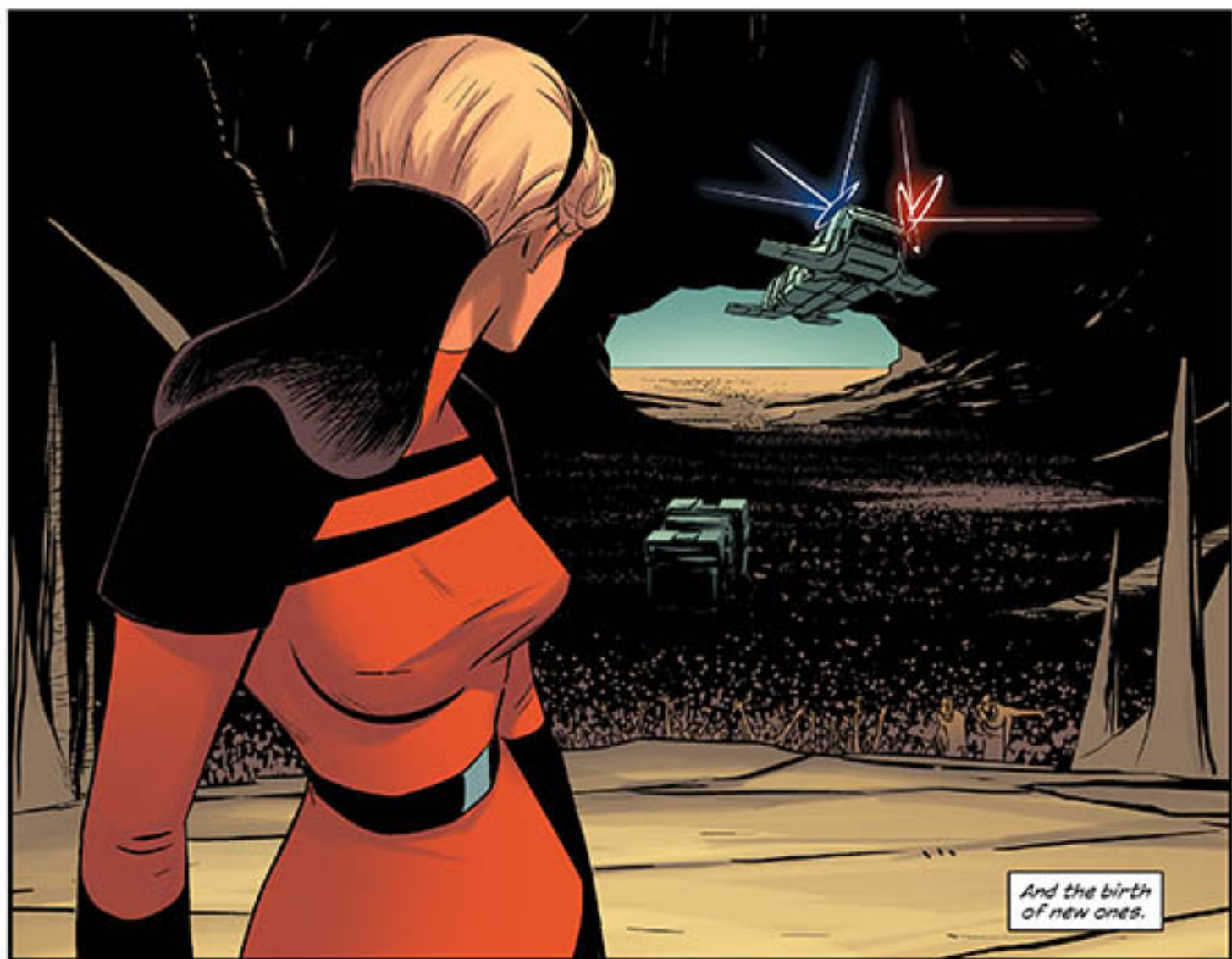
*All of which was witnessed by the Pilgrims of The Message. True believers who would soon become the Last Army of the final age.*



*It was a moment of pure potential. As all at once, there was everything to gain, and everything to lose.*



*It was the breaking of nations...*



*And the birth of new ones.*