



Finding one's way to the land of the dead is no difficult feat.



Any number of paths lead to the *Great Beyond*...

...and neither *map* nor *signpost* is needed to mark the route.



A *careless step*...

...or a *careless word*...



...can send you on your way in the blink of an eye.

But getting there on your *own* terms...



...and in the manner of your particular choosing...

...that takes the *gumption* of a true and well-versed *bastard*.





There you are, Mr. Mercer.  
We were starting to wonder if we'd ever see you again.



How long were we in the ground?  
It felt...  
...like *Forever*.



For some... that's just what it will be—*Forever*.  
Not everyone will make it out.  
Some of the coffins are too deeply buried... and we only have so much time to dig.



This kind of magic... it's *unreliable* at best.

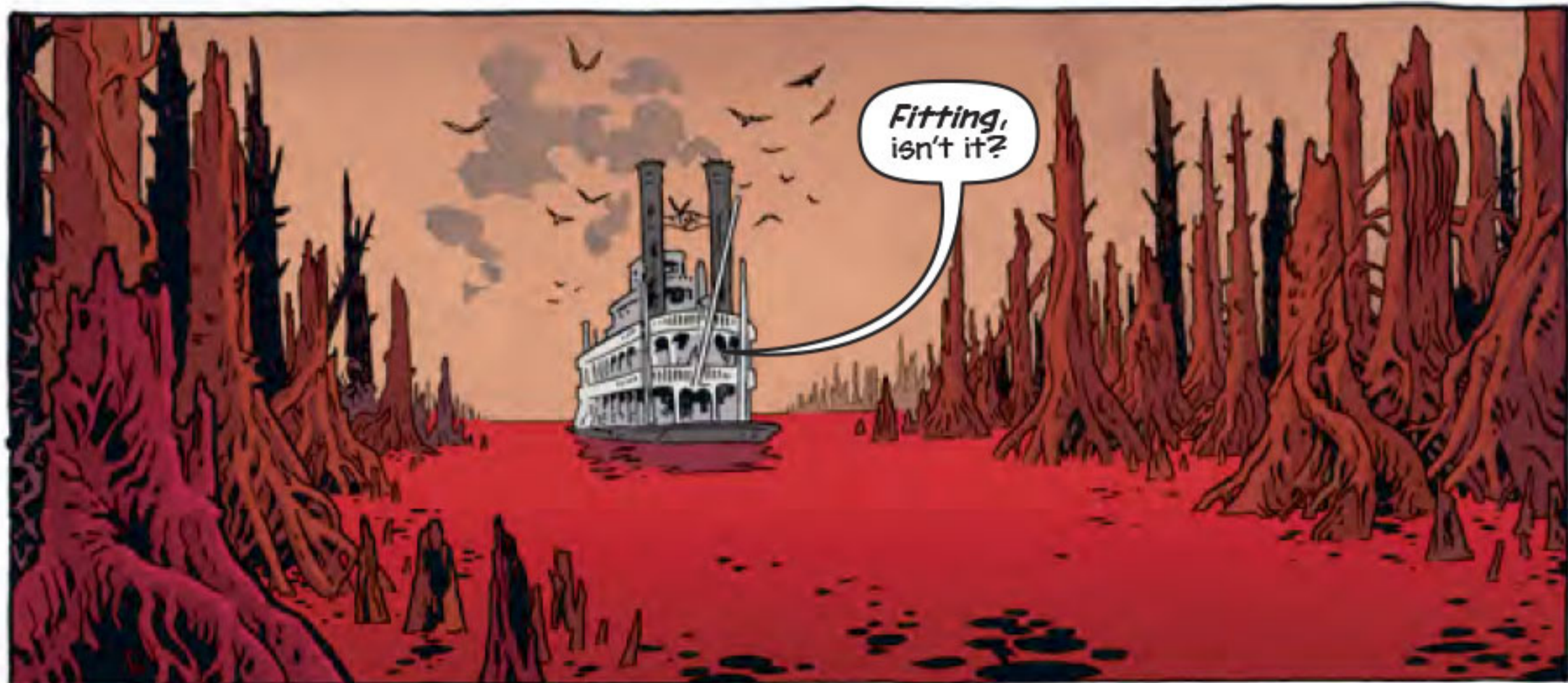


Considering why we're here...  
...it seems *reckless* trusting "unreliable" magic...  
...and being so *cavalier* in regards to our *lost comrades*.  
Don't worry, Mr. Mercer.



We brought more men than we'll need.

"A river."



Fitting, isn't it?



My Father used to say...

...all the tramping grounds...  
...where all the spirits lurk...



...are but tributaries leading here...

...to the land of the dead.



It always frightened me...

...thinking that even spirits could die.





Everything...  
...man,  
beast, and  
otherwise...

...that ever  
touched death  
is out there  
somewhere.



Is  
that a  
fact?



Unless  
they're  
*somewhere  
else.*



Heh.

For a man of  
God, you have  
an *offhanded*  
*approach* to  
*spiritualism.*



God?

I wonder...  
if *the Six* have  
been used time and  
again to recreate  
the world...



...maybe  
God got *swept  
away*...

...lost...

...and  
now all the  
spiritual men  
have is *Faith* in  
what *once*  
was.

