



IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT, DEATH
AND NON-EXISTENCE ARE THE
NORMAL STATE OF THINGS.

I'M
ALIVE?

WHAT IF LIFE ITSELF
IS A STATISTICAL
ABERRATION?

A DISORDER TO THE
NATURAL STATE
OF OBLIVION.

THE
LIGHT.

WHAT IF ENTROPY
IS TRYING TO SET
THINGS RIGHT?

THE
ANGELUS IS
REBORN.

HERMES
CITY

MY MOTHER, THE CHAIRWOMAN FRANCESCA TAYLOR,
SOUGHT TO CONQUER DEATH WITH TECHNOLOGY
POWERED BY THESE ANCIENT ARTIFACTS.

ALTHOUGH THEIR ORIGINS ARE UNKNOWN,
THEIR PURPOSE IS CLEAR -- THEY'RE
WEAPONS...AND WEAPONS FIND CONFLICT.

OR THEY
CREATE IT.

I'VE BEEN USING
THE WHEEL OF SHADOWS TO
OBSERVE THE CHAIRWOMAN'S
FINAL DAYS BUT CAN'T FIND
WHERE SHE HID THE 13TH
ARTIFACT...OR IF SHE EVER
HAD IT.

THE ANGELUS
HAS RETURNED. WE MUST
ACT QUICKLY BEFORE
THE BALANCE IS
RESTORED.

WAIT.

WHAT IS
IT? WHAT'S
WRONG?

THE ANGELUS HAS FOUND
A HOST. WE MUST FIND ONE
OR WE WILL LOSE TOUCH
WITH THIS REALM.

ARES. HE'S
A CHILD OF THE
ESTACADO
LINE.

YOU KNEW
THIS AND DID
NOT TELL
US?

THAT
CANNOT BE
FORGIVEN.

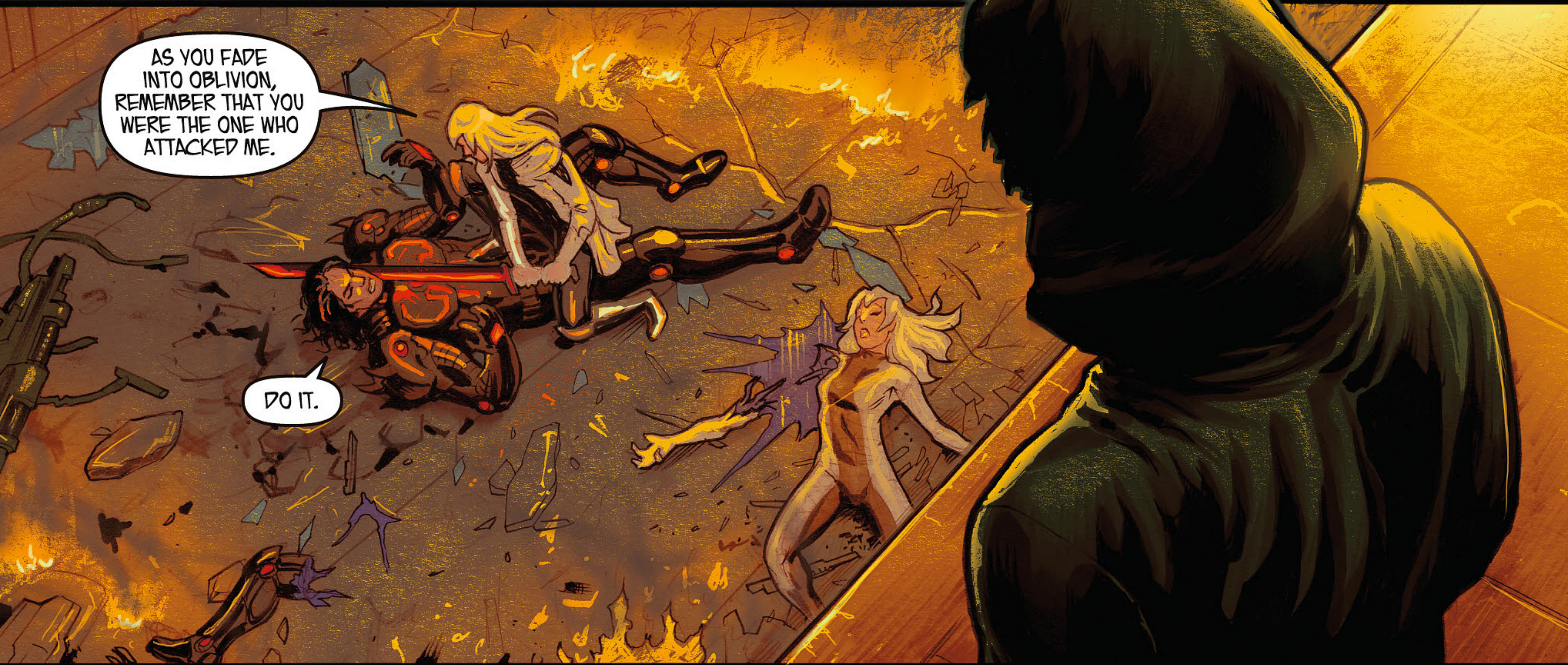
NEW
ATHENS

FLUENT



AS YOU FADE
INTO OBLIVION,
REMEMBER THAT YOU
WERE THE ONE WHO
ATTACKED ME.

DO IT.



ARES...AN
ESTACADO.



RIGHTFUL
HEIR TO THE
DARKNESS.









WE AWAIT
YOUR RETURN
CHAIRWOMAN.



VENGEANCE
WILL BE OURS.



WHAT
THE...?



AHHH!



YES.



SUCH...
POWER.

WHAM