



I *COMMAND* YOU, FOUL THING, TO OBEY ME TO THE LETTER.

FOR I AM A MINISTER OF GOD...



...DESPITE MY UNWORTHINESS.

FATHER GABRIEL LLOYD. EXORCIST.



UNWORTHY-- YES!

I CAN SMELL IT ON YOU, PRIEST!



YOUR COVETOUSNESS.

YOUR LUST!



YOU WILL NOT BE EMBOLDENED TO HARM IN ANY WAY THIS CREATURE OF GOD...

...OR THE BYSTANDERS... OR THEIR POSSESSIONS.



THEY SHALL LAY THEIR HANDS UPON THE SICK AND ALL WILL BE WELL.

THE LORD BE WITH YOU.



AMEN.

AMEN.

AMEN.



THE
PHYLACTERY
IS HOT.

AWAITING
TRANSFER.



YOU
SENT YOUR
DOGS INTO
HELL.

BUT
THEY'LL NEVER
RETRIEVE THIS
BODY'S
SOUL.

MY HELL
IS SO MUCH
WORSE THAN
ALL THE
OTHERS!



THAT'S
WHAT THEY
ALL SAY.



THIS BODY WILL BE
CLEANSED.

I COMMAND
YOU, UNCLEAN
SPIRIT... WHOEVER YOU
ARE... TELL ME BY
SOME SIGN YOUR
TRUE NAME...

...ALONG
WITH THE NAMES
OF ALL YOUR MINIONS
NOW ATTACKING
THIS SERVANT
OF GOD.



'SERVANT OF GOD'?

YOU'RE
JOKING, PRIEST...
OR YOU'RE A
FOOL.

THIS MAN
WAS MANY
THINGS...



"...BUT HE IS NO SERVANT OF GOD."

**INFERNAL FRAGMENT,
DESIGNATE: "MERRAMEC."**



LOOK.

LOOK
WHAT THEY'VE
DONE TO
ME!



MR.
ROMERO.
WE NEED
YOU TO STAY
CALM.

**NADIA,
SECOND IN
COMMAND.**



STAY
CALM?!

YOU THINK
WE'RE JUST
PRISONERS?

WE'RE
NOT!



THOSE...
DEMONS...
THEY'RE
USING US!