

WHEN YOU'VE BEEN AROUND AS LONG AS I HAVE, YOU GET STABBED. A LOT. EVEN SHOT ON OCCASION.

YOU NEVER GET USED TO IT. HURTS EVERY SINGLE DAMN TIME.

SURE, I HEAL, BUT IT'S NOT LIKE HEALING POWERS COME WITH BUILT-IN ANESTHESIA.



EVERY NERVE RECONNECTING, EVERY VEIN REDISCOVERING ITS PURPOSE, EVERY BIT OF FLESH PULLING ITSELF BACK TOGETHER...

... YOU FEEL ALL OF IT.



THERE ARE EVEN TIMES, RARE AS THEY MAY BE, WHEN THE SEVERITY OF THE WOUND OUTPACES THE SPEED OF THE HEALING.



WHEN THAT HAPPENS, YOU DIE. BRIEFLY, BUT DEAD ALL THE SAME.



IF YOU'RE LUCKY, YOU SEE AN ANGEL.



BECAUSE ODDS ARE...

... YOU'VE ALREADY
MET THE DEVIL.

... DON'T
CARE WHO ELSE
I HAVE TO KILL,
THE LAST HEART
I NEED SHALL
BE MINE!

THE
GREAT MAD
GOD CHAOS
SHALL--

The Heart is a
Lonely Killer
Part 4



YADA, YADA, YADA. HEADS UP, NO ONE GIVES A SHIT.



NOT ABOUT YOU OR YOUR LOVE-JONES FOR SOME LAME-ASS CHAOS GOD.
IT'S ALL KINDA CORNY, IF I'M BEING HONEST.



YOU INSUFFERABLE LITTLE--
RAGH!
KILL THEM!



WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE AND REGROUP.
AND HOPE YOUR GIRLFRIEND AIN'T DEAD.

HURR.

KRAK

FWAP



