

Goodnight sweetheart,
now it's time to...

They used to call this place *Detroit*...
all gone ice cold now, shot through with
rust and rot. Nobody never pulled the
trigger on it, you understand...

...more like the whole
city just closed its
eyes and drifted...

Signposts Faded *blank*,
creaking in wind tunnel
streets.

You *seeing*
this?





All these
Freaks on the
rooftops following
us...


...watching
us.

And what are
they-- you *hear*
that?

It sounds
like they're
singing.

Let them watch, Kid.
So long as they don't
try to stop us...

Air buzzing with a low *hum*.
Powerlines like strings pegged
across the city. The sound isn't
electric - it's something else.



Bones vibrating with the draw, eyes too, in their sockets. A flush of heat that starts in the ribs and pulses out to my breasts... her breasts... I'm *changing* again. Changing *more*.

It's happening to *all* of us. Kid coming out the back of someone *else*. Our Flesh is *Flowing*.

But *why*?

intersect

