



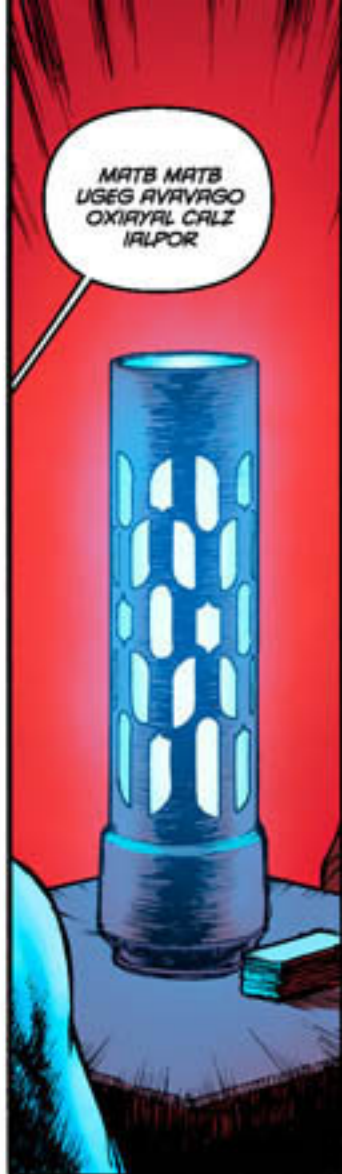
HUMAN IS THAT WHICH COMPREHENDS THE POINTLESS HORROR OF ITS OWN WRETCHED CONDITION, AGREED?

THERE IS NO PLACE ON EARTH OUR HAND CANNOT REACH.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

OLALOGI
VROMESAREJII

ABARRAMIG
VONPH



MATB MATB
LIGES AVAYAGO
OXIAYAL CALZ
IALPOR



THE LANGUAGE OF THE TITANS CAN'T SAVE YOU NOW, ANY MORE THAN IT PROTECTED POOR ERIC POTTER.

"MAN", THEY SAID, "PREPARE FOR WRATH--"

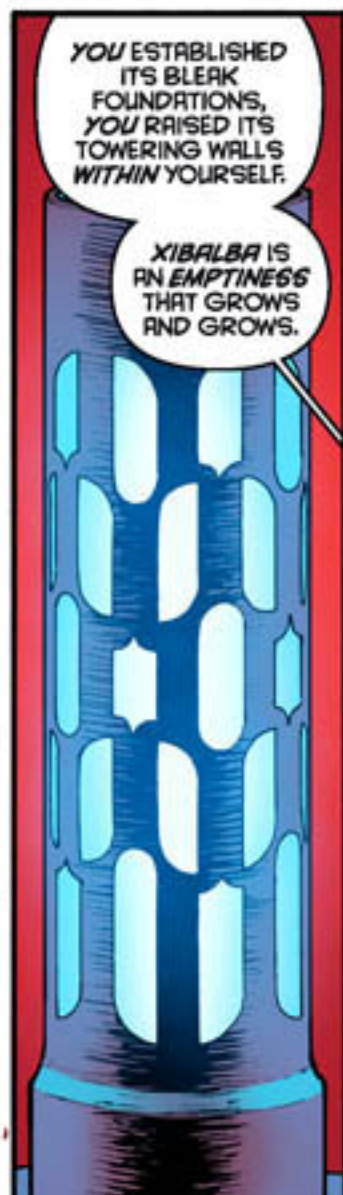
ODFAORGT
ABRAVONIN



THOSE WORDS WERE FOR YOU, NAILED ON THE GATES OF XIBALBA.

YOU CHOSE TO IGNORE THEM.

YOU QUARRIED STONE FOR THE WORMWOOD PALACE.



YOU ESTABLISHED ITS BLEAK FOUNDATIONS, YOU RAISED ITS TOWERING WALLS WITHIN YOURSELF.

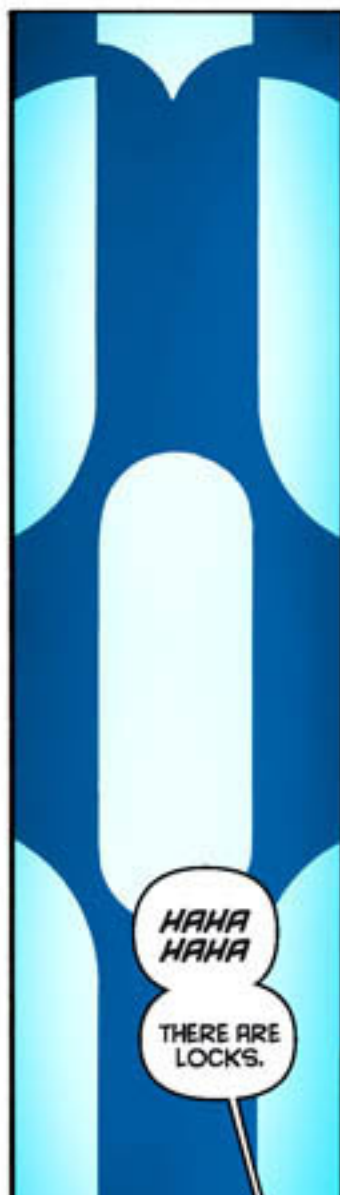
XIBALBA IS AN EMPTINESS THAT GROWS AND GROWS.



RYE,
RIGHT!

AWAY AND SUCK ON A SACK OF

IS THIS FOR REAL?



HAHA
HAHA

THERE ARE LOCKS.



AND KEYS.



AND THESE?



A TRAIL OF BREADCRUMBS THROUGH THE LABYRINTH.



NOT SO SURE ABOUT WHERE THEY'RE TAKING ME.

I MEAN—
C'MON—

THE SIGN OF VOOR WON'T WARD IT OFF.



XIBALBA IS AN IMMENSE NESTED TESSERAFT, TURNING THROUGH THE ROLLED AND TWISTED SPACETIME DIMENSIONS INSIDE YOUR SKULL.



INFINITE, INESCAPABLE.

A KALEIDOSCOPE OF TUNNELS, CELLS AND CYSTS—



ONE PART IN MALKUTH AND THREE IN YESOD.

THE GREAT WORK OF THE TITAN RACE.

THE ULTIMATE DUNGEON.



THE WORMWOOD PALACE.



THE *TITANS*
MADE WAR
WITH THE
OUTSIDERS.


FIFTEEN
THOUSAND
YEARS OF
SAVAGE AND
DERANGED
CONFLICT.



MARDUK'S
RESOURCES
WERE
CONSUMED.



FORCED TO
STRIPMINE NEARBY
WORLDS, THE *TITANS*
REDUCED THE LUSH
ORCHARDS OF
MARS TO BLOOD
RED SLIME.



THEY SET SIGHTS
ON THE *THIRD*
PLANET, BREEDING
ABOMINATIONS,
WAR-BULLS, AND
MONSTERS—

SANCTIONING
OBSCENE AND
FORBIDDEN
EXPERIMENTS.

