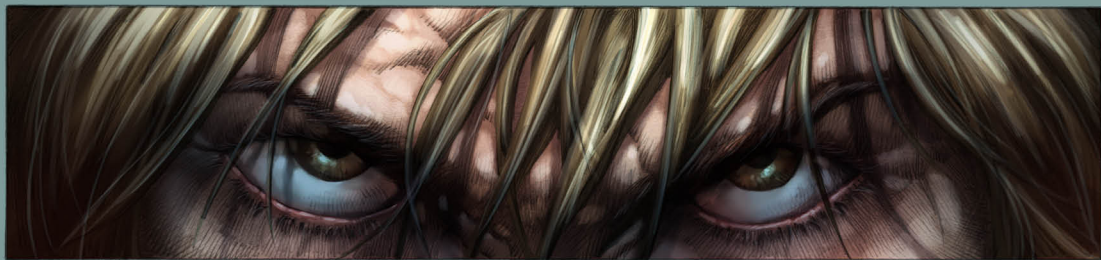
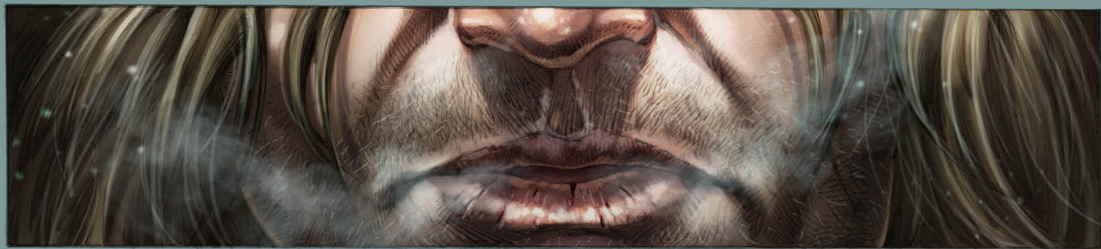




CLANG

"THEY'RE HERE."



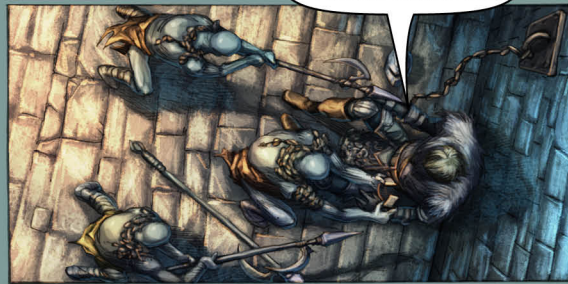
"I CAN ALREADY SMELL THE REEK OF DEATH AND SPILLED BLOOD UPON THE RAGS THEY WEAR..."



"THESE FOUL DEGENERATES SERVE THE MASTER OF THIS FRIGID HELL, AND THEY HAVE COME ONCE MORE TO TORTURE ME."



KEEP BACK. I AM THE PLAYTHING OF NO ONE. THY MASTER CAN ENTERTAIN HIMSELF.



UNGH

"EVERY WOUND I
SUSTAIN WILL SLOW
ME ON THE FIELD
OF BATTLE."



"IT SERVES ME BETTER NOT TO RESIST,
BUT TO PRESERVE WHAT STRENGTH IS
LEFT WITHIN MY FROZEN BONES."



"SPIRITS KNOW..."

