



LIVING ON BORROWED  
TIME, I ROAM THE  
PLAINS...  
...A WONDERING SOUL IN  
SEARCH OF VENGEANCE



I FEEL MY SOUL  
ESCAPING MY BODY WITH  
EACH MOON RISE... MAYBE  
THAT'S JUST GUILT...  
  
DROUGHT STRUCK MY  
PEOPLE AND IN  
DESPERATION I GAVE MY  
SOUL TO A DEMON NAMED  
**MUERTE**



NOW HIS DEMONS  
WONDER FREE  
AND ROAM  
THESE LANDS...  
AND ITS MY  
MESS TO CLEAN  
UP..



HELLO...



GRRRR



CRUNCH



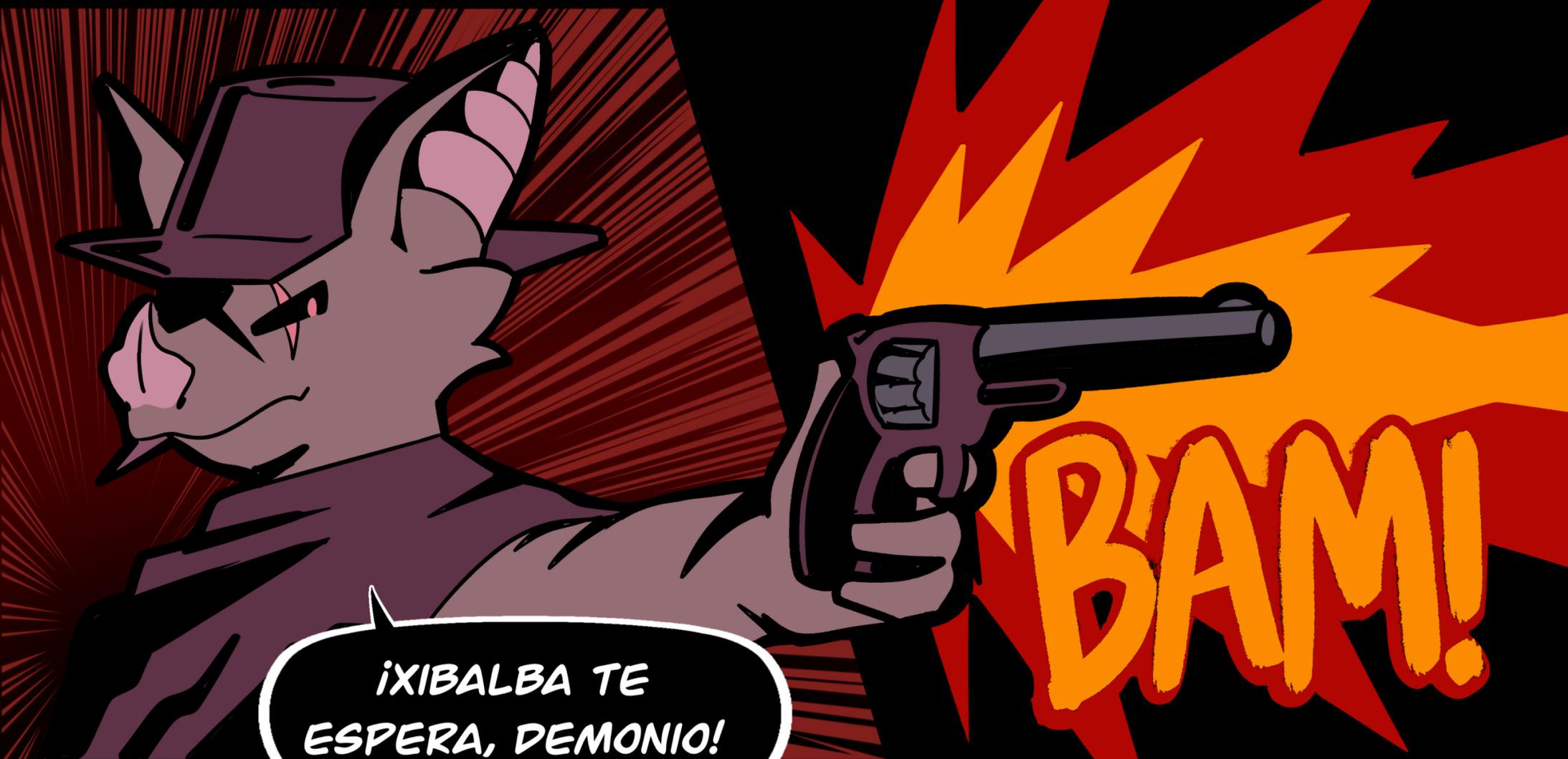
AAAAH!



HSSS

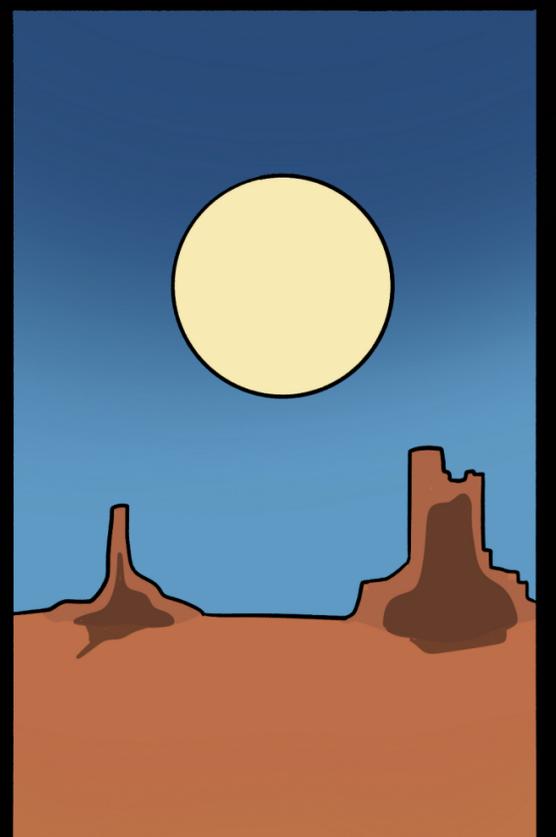
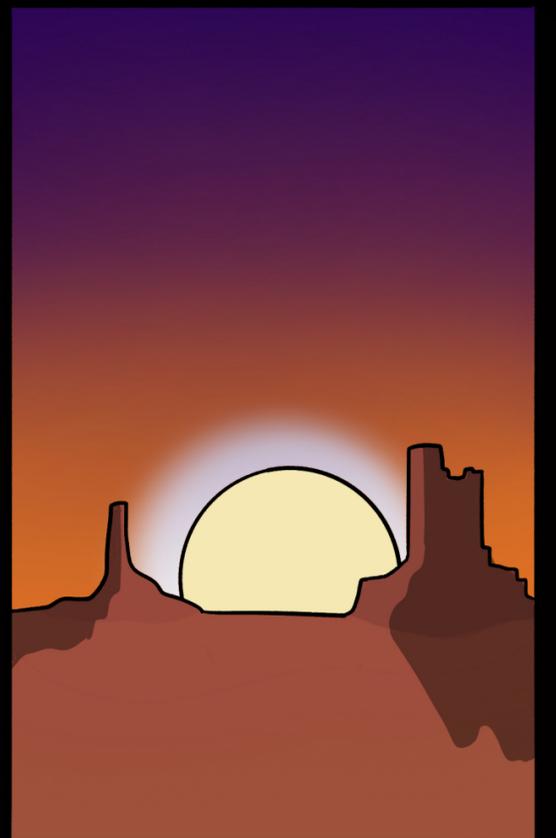


'EY!



¡XIBALBA TE ESPERA, DEMONIO!

BAM!





**TO BE CONTINUED...**