



THE PLANET  
HAD A NAME  
ONCE.

BUT THAT WAS LOST IN THE FIRST PURGE  
OF SACRILEGIOUS INFORMATION,  
ALONG WITH A BILLION RESISTORS TO THE  
SWEET TOUCH OF THE GODDESS, LETHA.

NAMES, THE ORDAINED KNEW, WERE  
A SYMBOL OF THAT DAMNED CONCEPT  
OF INDIVIDUALITY. NAMES STOOD IN  
THE WAY OF HIS PEOPLE'S ABSOLUTE  
SERVITUDE TO SHE WHO IS ALL.

NAMES...AND THIS THING  
WITH ITS GRINNING MOUTH  
AND BURNING EYES  
AND...AND...

CHAINS.

YES. THAT WAS  
THE NAME FOR  
THEM. CHAINS.

LINKS OF METAL THAT WERE ONCE STRUNG TOGETHER AND USED TO IMPRISON HEATHENS, BEFORE THEY WERE REPLACED WITH MUCH MORE EFFICIENT DENOMINATOR MACHINES THAT REMOVED THE WILL TO ESCAPE.

THE ORDAINED HAD FORGOTTEN THE WORD.

(STOP. I COMMAND YOU. I AM SUPREME! I AM THE PERSONIFICATION OF LOVE! I AM GIVER OF FAITH!)

HE'D FORGOTTEN A LOT OF THINGS.

PITY.

COMPASSION.

(I AM CHERISHED ABOVE ALL! I AM CHOSEN OF LETHA!) (YOU CANNOT HARM ME! YOU MAY NOT--!)

FEAR.

Shhhhh...

(mother...)

AND NOW THE ORDAINED WILL BE FORGOTTEN...

...HIS OWN NAME LOST IN AN INTENSE FLASH OF SAPPHIRE FIRE.

BUT A NEW  
LEGEND IS  
BORN IN THIS  
FIRST LIGHT  
OF DAY.

THE MESSAGE  
OF THE DARK  
MESSIAH WILL  
LIVE ON.

HIS NAME  
IS MANY.

<ugh...>

HE IS DRAWN TO THE  
BLACKEST MOMENTS  
OF DYING WORLDS...

THRACHADOM

