



HAVE YOU EVER DROWNED IN FLAME?

EVER BURNED FROM THE INSIDE OUT?



I HAVE.



WHEN YOU DROWN IN FLAMES,
YOU COUGH UP SMOKE.

YOU COUGH AND COUGH
AND COUGH UNTIL
THERE'S NOTHING LEFT,
UNTIL THERE'S MORE OF
YOU ON THE OUTSIDE
THAN THE INSIDE.

LAKE OF FIRE: YEAR????
CHAPTER 1: WHAT FRESH HELL?

DO YOU KNOW WHAT
BRIMSTONE SMELLS LIKE?

SMOLDERING FLESH?

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED
WHAT TEN THOUSAND
MAGGOTS SOUND LIKE?



WOULD YOU LIKE A DESCRIPTION OF
THE WAY SKIN RIPS AS IT BURNS?
THE FAT OOZING AND COMBUSTING?



SHALL I GO ON?

I COULD.

These are the clouds about the
fallen sun, the majesty that shut
sthis burning eye: The weak lay
hand on what the strong has done,
till that betumbled that was
lifted high and discord follow upon unison...

THE SUFFERING IS ENDLESS AFTER ALL.
AND I HAVE ALL THE TIME IN HELL.

SKINGIRL