



NIGHT HAS FALLEN
LIKE DEATH UPON
NASOLUNGO.



NO SOUL STIRS THESE
STREETS SAVE MINE.



...URGENT MATTERS
CALL ME INTO THE DARK.



THIS EVE
I HUNT.



AND SOMEWHERE IN THIS
BREATHLESS TOWN...



MY PREY
AWAITS.



AH, THERE. SO
UNSUSPECTING...



DEATH COMES TO
THESE DARK STREETS.

