

# BERLIN, 1935.

I FORGET THINGS,  
SOMETIMES, BUT  
I REMEMBER THIS.



AT THE BOTTOM OF THE  
FOOD CHAIN, ROUTINE IS  
EVERYTHING. ROUTINE  
IS SACRAMENT.

DIESES SOZIALE DEUTSCHLAND  
IST ES, WAS DIESE CLIQUE,  
GEMISCHT AUS JUDEN UND  
IHREN FINANZLEUTEN DA  
DRÜßEN UND IHREN  
GESCHÄFTEMACHERN, AM  
MEISTEN HABT!



PREY ANIMALS  
STICK TO RIGID  
PATTERNS OF  
BEHAVIOUR.



IF SOMETHING WORKS ONCE,  
THEY KEEP ON DOING IT, AGAIN  
AND AGAIN AND AGAIN.



RETURN TO THE SAME  
BURROWS, THE SAME  
FEEDING GROUNDS, UNTIL  
THE EARTH IS ETCHED  
WITH THEIR RETURNING  
FEET.

PREDATORS, ON THE  
OTHER HAND--



PREDATORS THRIVE  
ON CHAOS.



## HOUSES OF THE HOLY

Part 1: "Thy Hand, Great Anarch..."

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WAIT A LITTLE WHILE.  
MAKE SURE THERE'S  
NO-ONE ELSE.

AND LET THE  
ANTICIPATION RISE,  
INCH BY INCH.



YOU!

PIZDĚ! NOT  
NOW!

WHAT ARE  
YOU HANGING  
AROUND HERE  
FOR?



ANSWER  
HIM. SHUT  
HIM UP.

JUST TAKING  
THE AIR,  
OFFICER.

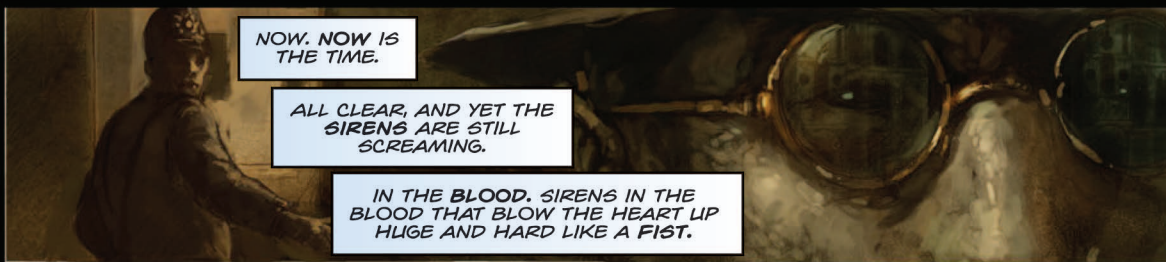
LET'S SEE  
YOUR  
PAPERS.

DO WHATEVER  
IT TAKES.



FRIEĚE.  
GĚSTAPO.  
YOU'RE SPOILING  
MY NIGHT OFF,  
FRIEND.

NOW PISS  
OFF OUT OF IT. AND  
TELL THE REST OF YOUR  
SWAG-BELLIED CREW TO  
STAY CLEAR, TOO.



NOW. NOW IS  
THE TIME.

ALL CLEAR, AND YET THE  
SIRENS ARE STILL  
SCREAMING.

IN THE BLOOD. SIRENS IN THE  
BLOOD THAT BLOW THE HEART UP  
HUGE AND HARD LIKE A FIST.

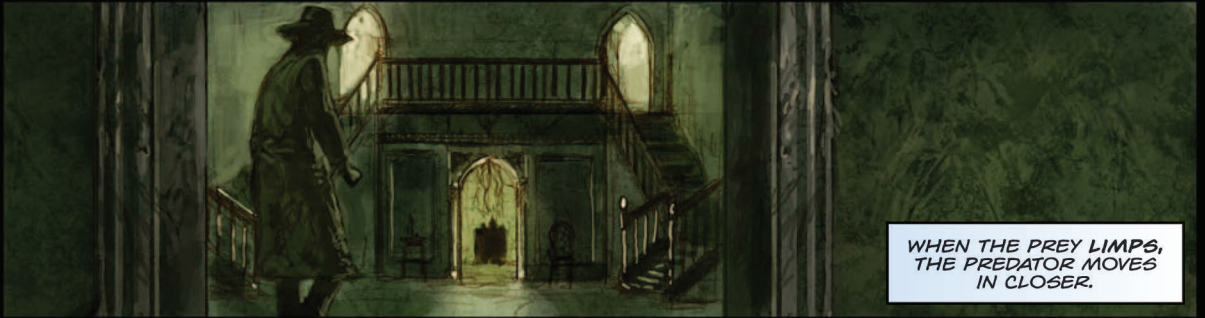


I FORGET SOME THINGS.

BUT I REMEMBER THIS.



WHEN THE BLOOD SCREAMS, THE BODY ANSWERS.



WHEN THE PREY LIMPS, THE PREDATOR MOVES IN CLOSER.

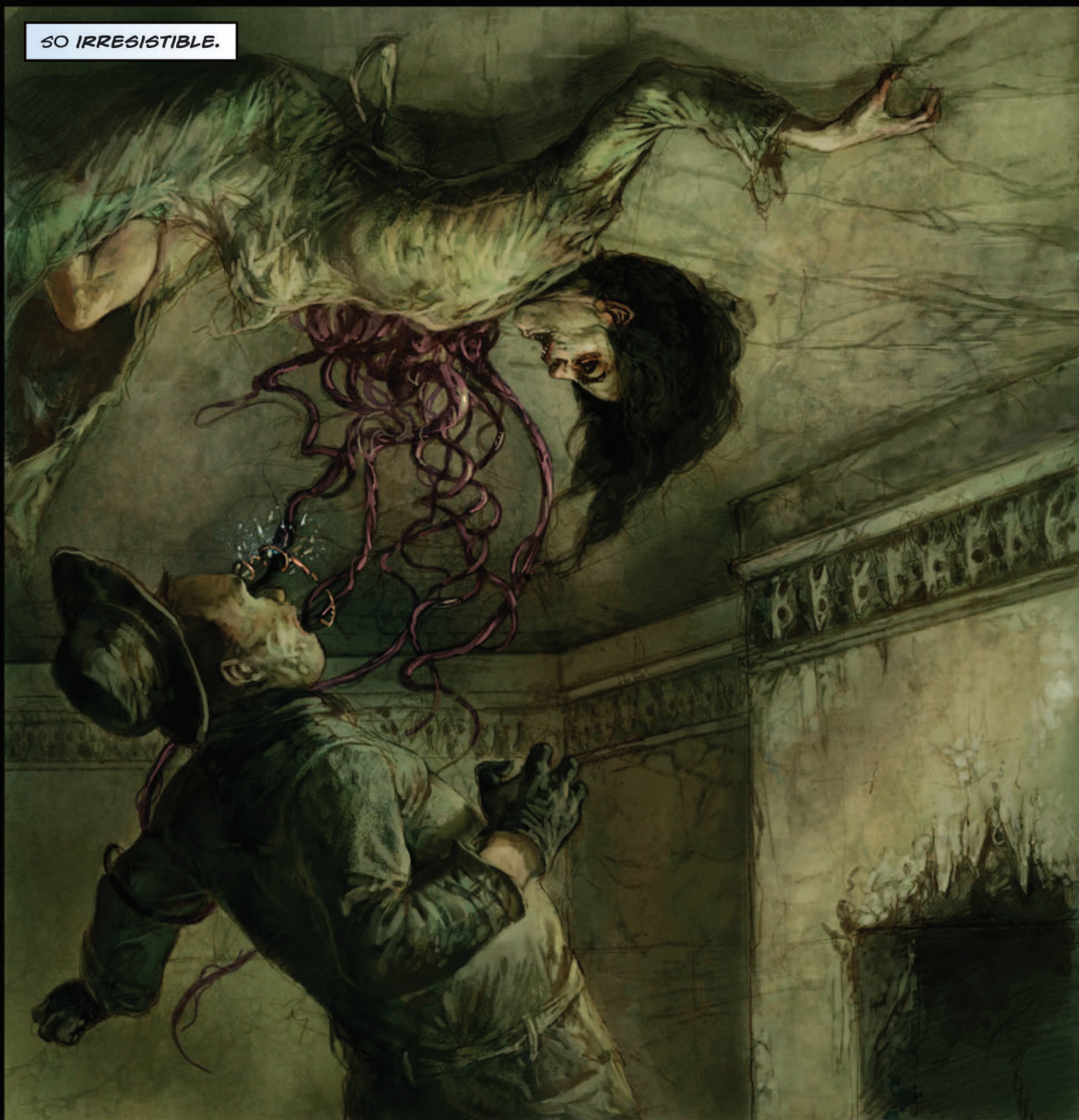


SO SMALL, SHE LOOKS.



SO HELPLESS.

SO IRRESISTIBLE.



YEEARRGGHHHHHH

