

HIS NAME
IS ROBERT
JOHNSON.

HE MET THE DEVIL AT THE
CROSSROADS, LAUNCHING HIS
MUSIC CAREER AND INSPIRING A
THOUSAND INSIPID ROCK 'N' ROLL
MYTHS IN A SINGLE EVENING.

THE DEAL HE MADE WITH
LUCIFER DID NOT BLESS
HIM WITH THE VOICE OF
GRAVEL THAT PUT FEAR AND
THRILL INTO THE FOLKS
WHO HEARD HIS SONGS...

IT MERELY
MEANT IT WAS
HEARD A LITTLE
MORE WIDELY.

BUT WHAT GOOD'S
BEING HEARD, WHEN
YOU'RE DEAD BY
THE AGE OF 27?

THE DEVIL IS A DECEIVER WHO DANCES
THROUGH FLAME WHILE THE MARROW
OF THOSE AROUND HIM CRACKLES.

BUT IN THIS PLACE,
AT LAST, THE DEVIL
CAN BURN.



IHR'LL BUHN
HIEH THKINH
FRUH HIEH
BUHNS.



This was the man
John Decker, for
certain. Not
Ewell.

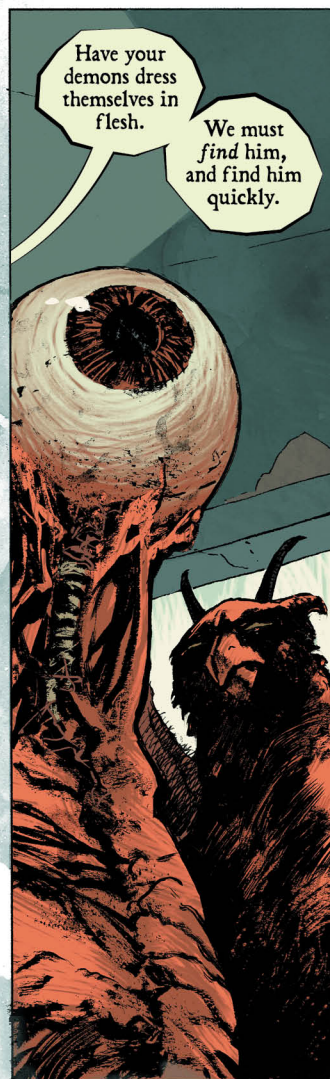


WHRY?

WHUR DUESH
HE WURNT WIRH
THE SHKULL?

He has become
tangled in this by
proximity only.
He doesn't
understand.

He will probably
destroy the skull—it's
what humans do with
what they fear—and
with it, my mother.
Lucifer, too.



Have your
demons dress
themselves in
flesh.

We must
find him,
and find him
quickly.



WE ERRH
FORSHURNUH HE
HUH LEFSHT USH
UH TSHRAIL.



THE THROBBING IN HIS MIND HAS
ROBBED HIM OF ALMOST ALL, NOW.

HE HAS NO CONCEPT OF BEING
A MAN ANYMORE. THE WORD AND
CONCEPT ARE LOST TO HIM.

THERE IS ONLY
THE SELF AND THIS
REPUGNANT OBJECT HE
GRIPS TO HIS CHEST.

ALL THE LOVE AND
HATE AND GRIEF
AND MISERY OF
LIFE HAVE BOILED
DOWN TO THIS.



HIS FEET LEAD HIM
AUTOMATICALLY.

THEY BETRAY HIM,
PERHAPS. HIS
BODY HAS BEEN
DOING THAT
PLENTY, OF LATE.

NO MATTER.
HE HAS ONLY
ONE THING
LEFT TO DO.



HE CAN'T
REMEMBER
WHY, EXACTLY.
BUT HE
KNOWS THAT
IT IS RIGHT.

QUICKLY, NOW.
BEFORE HIS
STRENGTH
LEAVES HIM.
BEFORE HIS
VISION GOES
DARK.

HE NEEDS
SOMETHING
HEAVY.

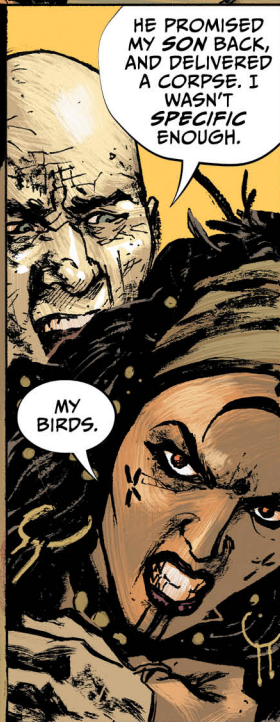


THIS WILL DO.



I'LL HAVE
MY BIRDS TEAR
YOU DOWN THE
MARROW.

ATTEND ME,
MY RAVENS, WITH
TALON AND
BEAK!



HE PROMISED
MY SON BACK,
AND DELIVERED
A CORPSE. I
WASN'T
SPECIFIC
ENOUGH.

MY
BIRDS.



THEN HE
BROUGHT ME
HERE, AND I
FORGOT MY
SON ALTO-
GETHER.

WHERE
ARE MY
BIRDS?!



THE CITY WAS
UNDER SEIGE, AND
GOD WOULDN'T ANSWER
MY PRAYERS, SO
YOU DID.

DON'T
TOUCH
ME.

BUT THEN
AFTER THE
SOLDIERS
LEFT, THERE
WAS NO
FOOD.

BETTER
THAT I'D
DIED WHEN
GOD INTENDED
THAN WHAT
CAME
NEXT.



THE CHILDREN
WOULDN'T HAVE
LIVED ANYWAY...
NO POINT IN US
STARVING,
TOO.

HUUURT

LUCIFER



YOU BLAME ME FOR YOUR SINS AND TRAGEDIES? ALL I GRANTED ANY OF YOU WAS AGENCY, WHEN I SAW A USE.

I NEVER GAVE A SINGLE TOSS FOR YOUR SOULS.

IT WAS EASIER, ONCE THE FIRST ACT OF EVIL WAS COMMITTED, TO CLAIM TO BE OF MY PARTY THOUGH, WASN'T IT?

I MADE IT CLEAR TO EACH OF YOU. I HAVE NO PARTY.

AND I, LUCIFER?

I, THE POOR POET WILLIAM BLAKE, WHO OFFERED YOU NOTHING BUT KINDNESS, WHEN YOU OFFERED ME NOTHING BUT CRUELTY, AGAIN AND AGAIN?

WILL YOU STRIKE ME DOWN, TOO, AND PROVE WHAT YOU ALWAYS WERE?

