

MY SOUL IS ROTTEN.

I IMPRISONED MY SON  
IN HIS OWN BODY.

THE THOUGHT OF HIM LEAVIN'  
ME TO BE SWALLOWED UP BY  
THIS HOLLOW WORLD TORE ME  
UP GOOD.

BOY LIKES TO EAT,  
SO, I LET HIM EAT.

NOW THE CHURCH JUDGES HIM A  
GLUTTON, SAYS GOD DON'T GOT  
ROOM FOR GLUTTONS ANYMORE.

MY TEETH!  
OH, HOW THEY  
GNASH, LORD!

PLEASE!

DON'T DAMN  
THE BOY FOR  
THE SINS OF HIS  
MAMA!

I PLEAD AND I PLEAD.

BUT GOD NO LONGER LISTENS  
FOR MY PRAYERS.

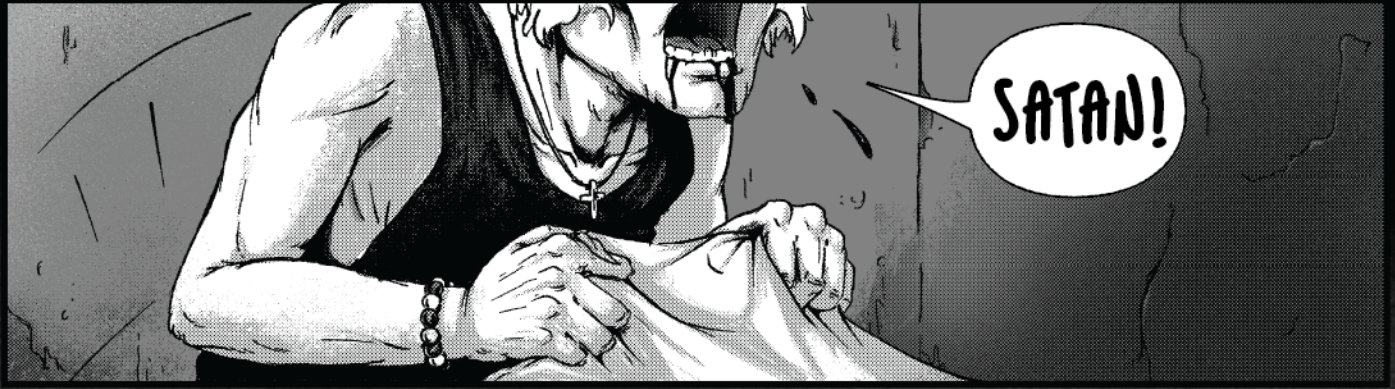
I HAVE BEEN FORSAKEN.

SO, I MUST TURN TO ANOTHER.

CARRY  
ME UNTO THE  
PLANE OF MORTALS,  
AND I CARRY THE BOY  
UNTO THE KINGDOM  
OF HEAVEN.

SAY IT.  
SAY MY NAME,  
AND IT IS  
BOUND.

SAY  
MY NAME,  
AND I WILL WASH  
AWAY WHAT HE  
WILL NOT.



SATAN!



\*sniffle\*  
Mama,  
what's the  
matter?  
I'm  
scared.



When'd  
you get  
home?  
I thought  
you wasn't  
comin' back  
this time.

OH  
BABY BOY,  
MAMA WAS JUST  
HAVIN' A DREAM.  
SO SORRY  
FOR SCARIN'  
YOU.



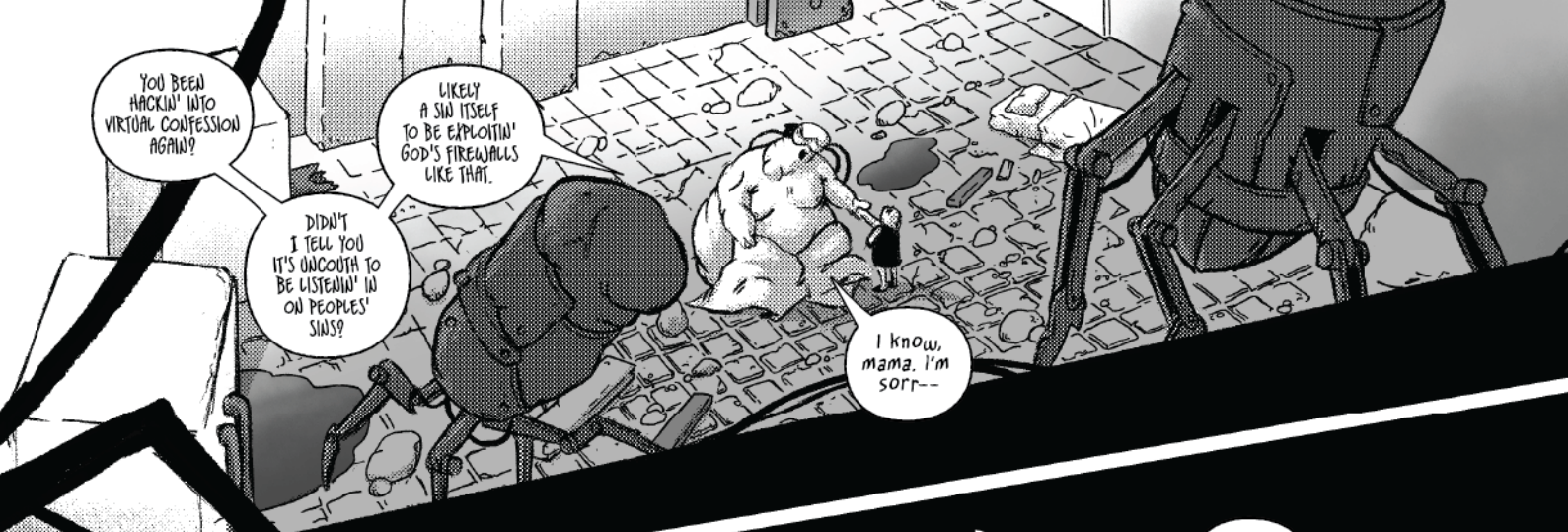
YOU KNOW  
I WON'T EVER  
LEAVE YOU.  
WHAT  
YOU LOOKIN'  
AT IN THERE  
TONIGHT?

The  
stars up  
in the  
sky.



Mama,  
I gots a  
question.

Why  
come when  
babies are born,  
some mamas feel  
like eatin' them?



YOU BEEN HACKIN' INTO VIRTUAL CONFESSION AGAIN?

LIKELY A SIN ITSELF TO BE EXPLOITIN' GOD'S FIREWALLS LIKE THAT.

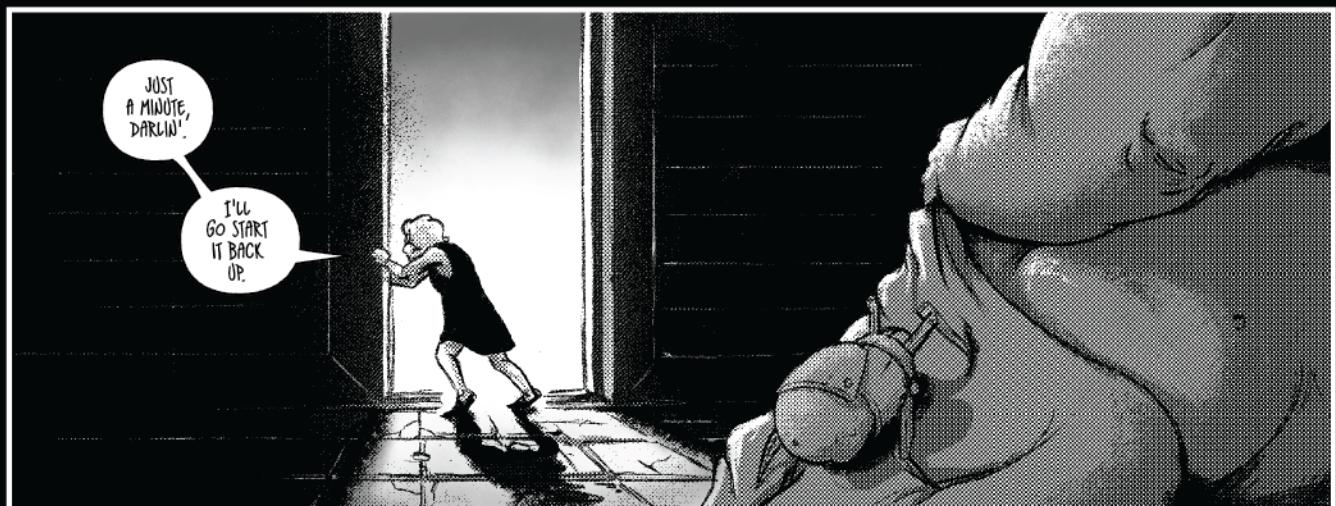
DIDN'T I TELL YOU IT'S UNCOOUTH TO BE LISTENIN' IN ON PEOPLES' SINS?

I know, mama. I'm sorr--

# BOOM

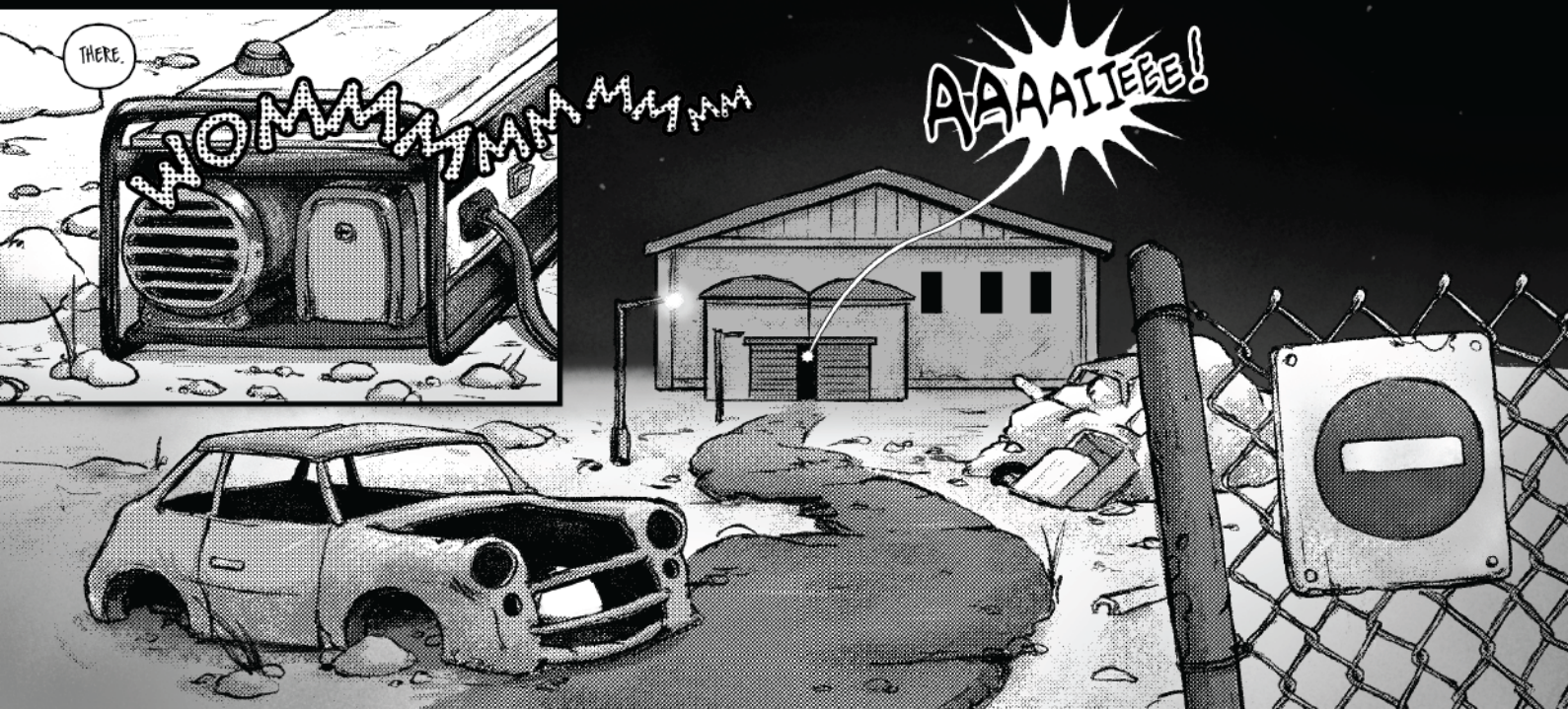
THAT DANG GENERATOR...

Where'd the stars go, mama?



JUST A MINUTE, DARLIN'!

I'LL GO START IT BACK UP.



THERE.

# AAAAIEEE!

WHAT A FINE FRUIT YOU HAVE CULTIVATED

I HAVE TASTED NONE SO SWEET.

HE WILL SAVOR EVERY DROP

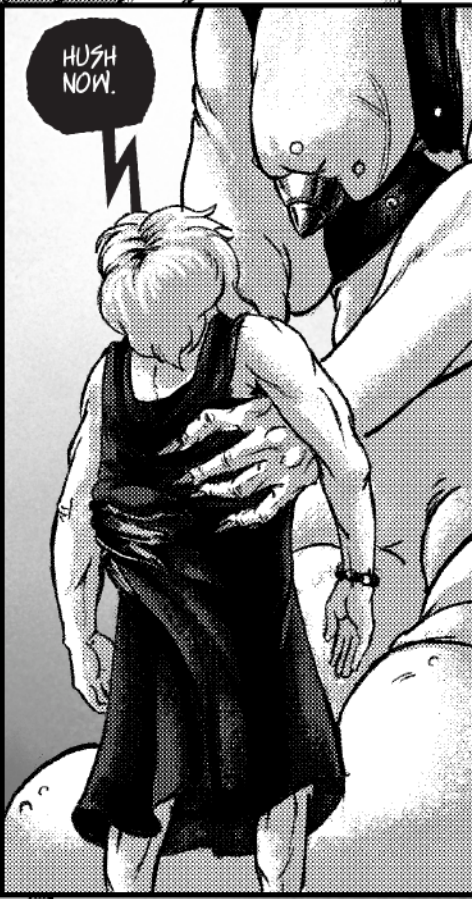
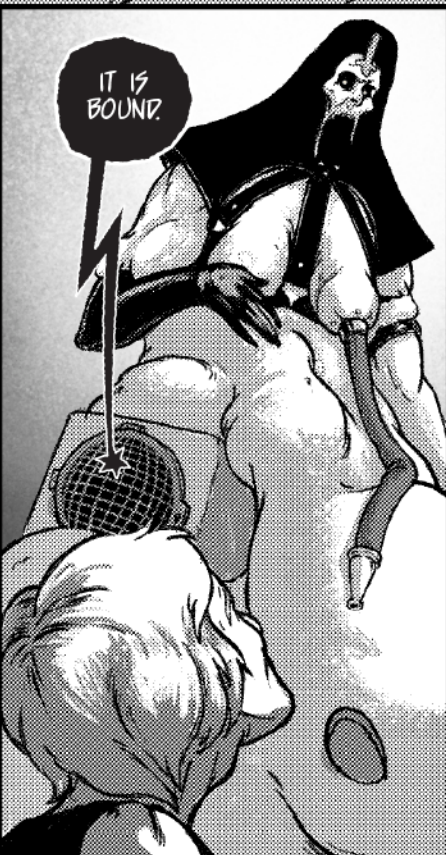
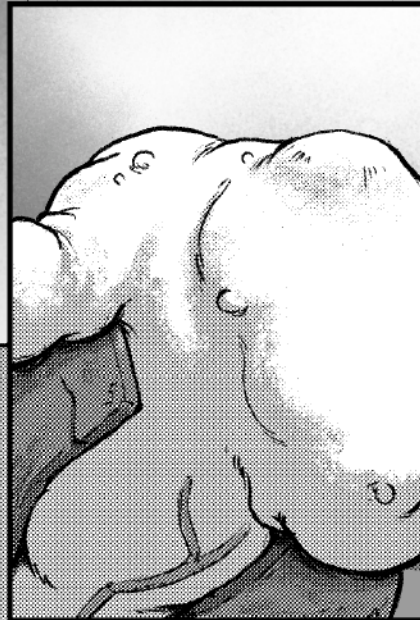
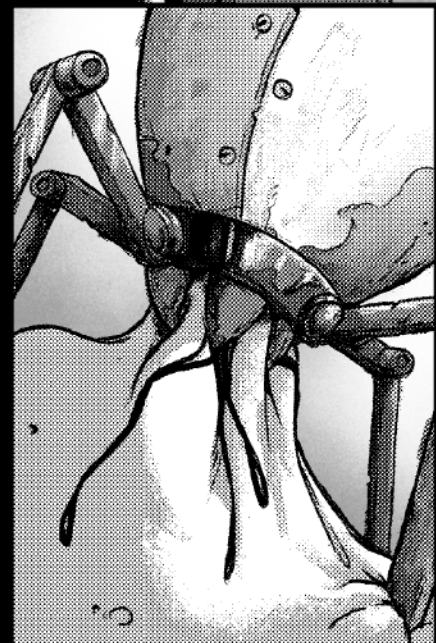
The stars... they're so pretty, mama.

PLEASE, D-D-DON'T HURT MY BABY.

HUSH NOW.

IT IS BOUND.

THE FRUIT HAS BEEN OFFERED IN EXCHANGE FOR ABSOLUTION OF THE SOUL.



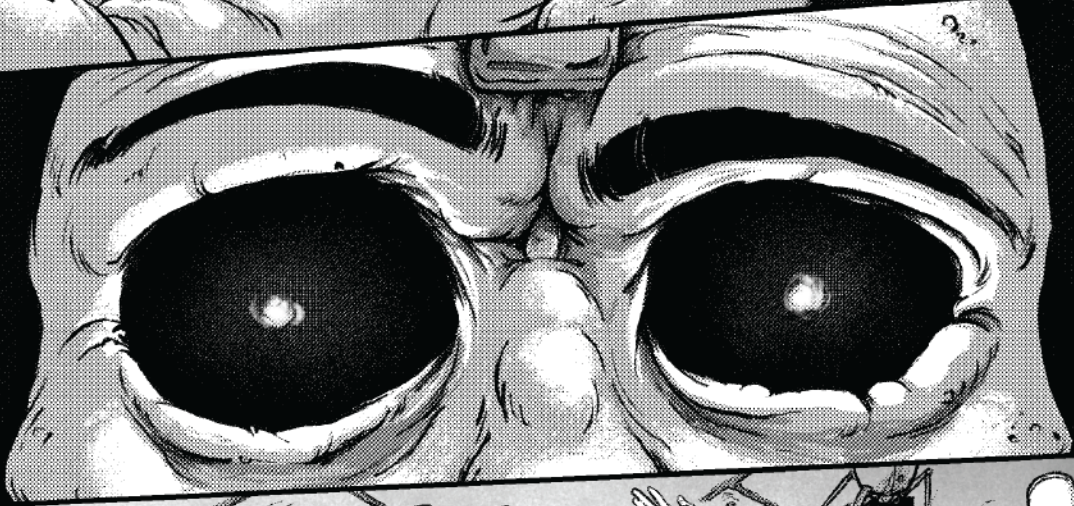
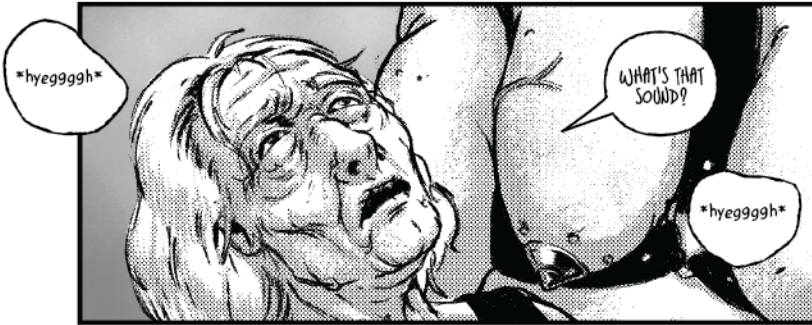
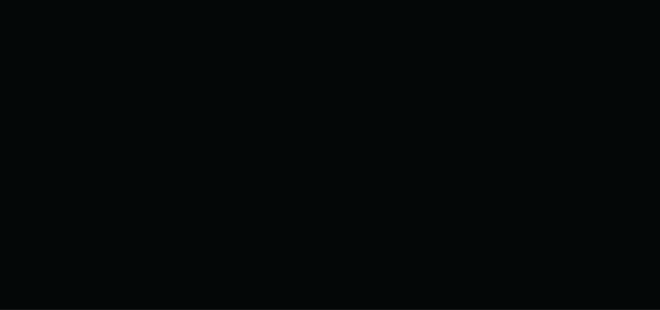


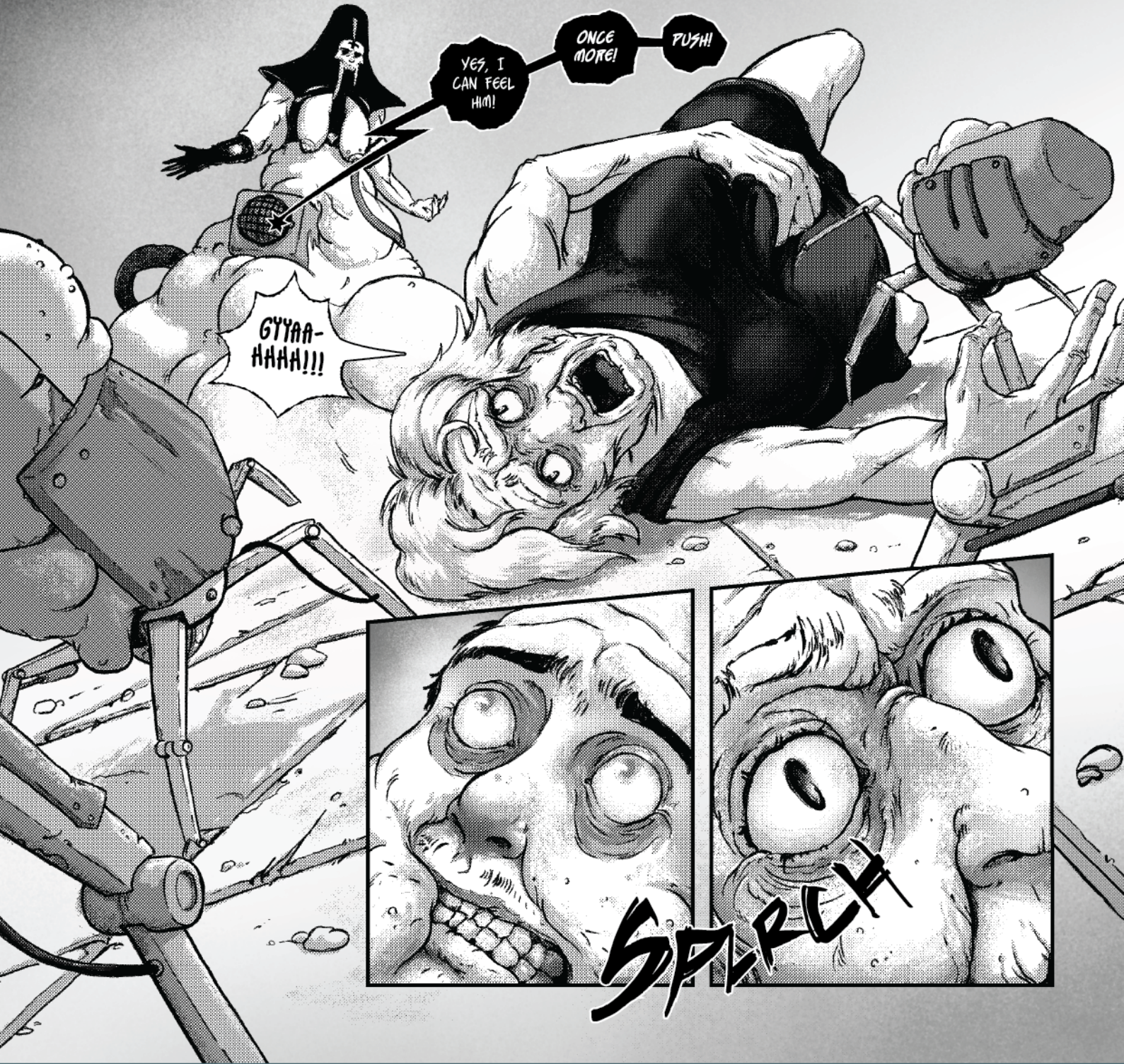
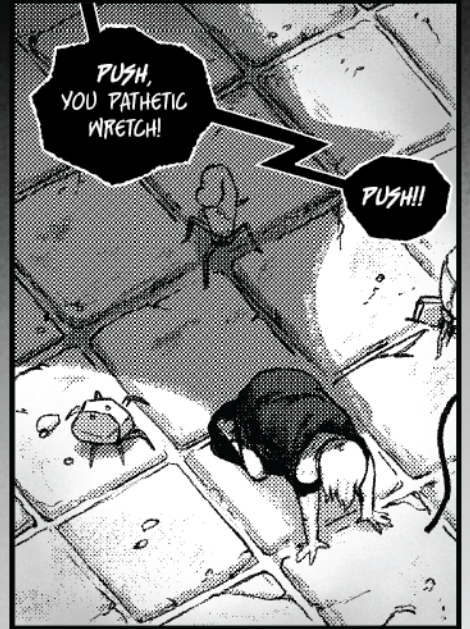
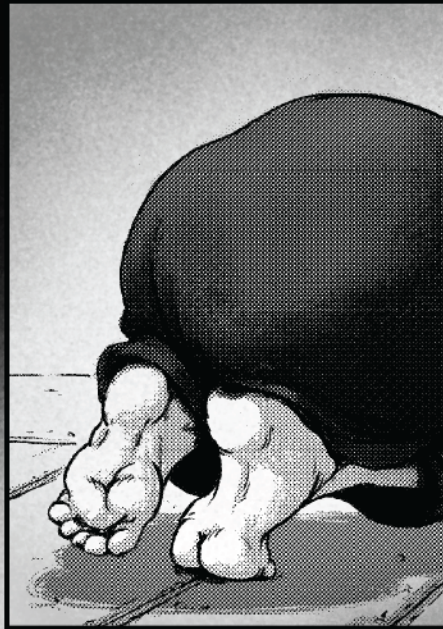
FOR SATAN  
LIES HUNGRY IN  
YOUR BELLY...

...AND  
YOU WILL BE  
MADE FODDER IF  
HE IS LEFT  
UNSATIATED.

YOU  
MUST SUCKLE  
OF THE NECTAR  
WHICH CHURNS  
WITHIN MY  
BODY.



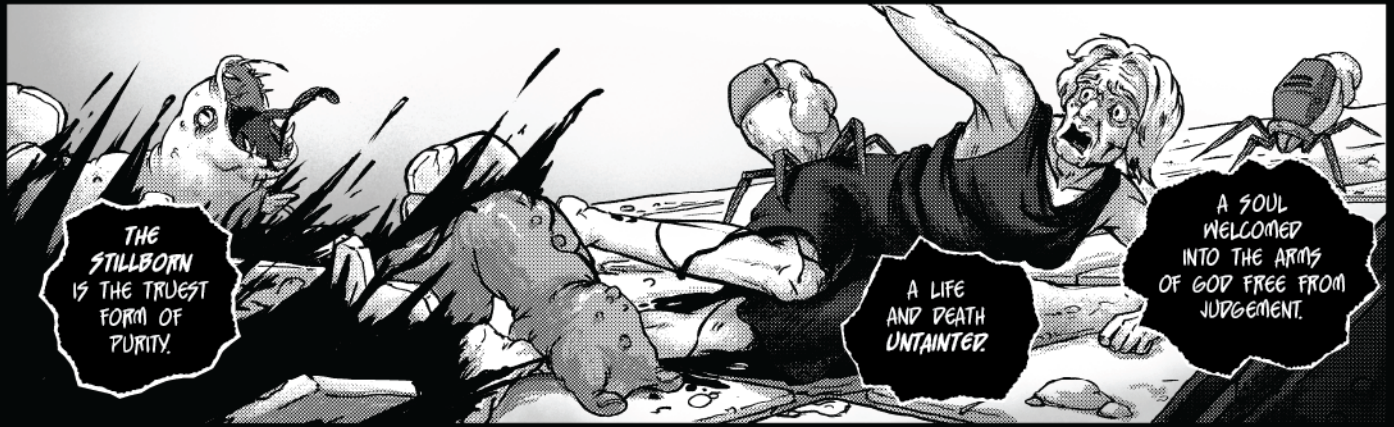






THE STILLBORN IS COME!

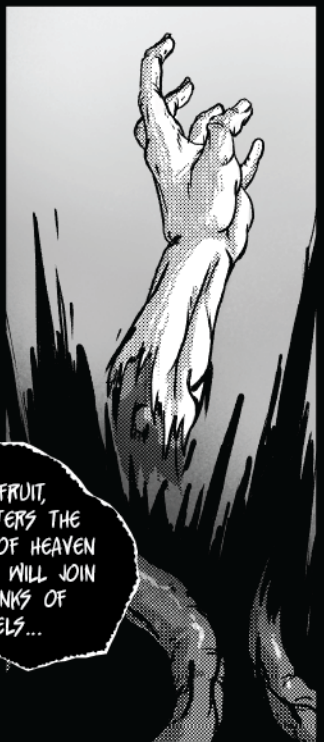
STILLBORN? HAVE I FAILED? DID YOU SEND MY BOY TO HELL!?



THE STILLBORN IS THE TRUEST FORM OF PURITY.

A LIFE AND DEATH UNTAINTER

A SOUL WELCOMED INTO THE ARMS OF GOD FREE FROM JUDGEMENT.



THE STILLBORN IS THE CHARIOT UPON WHICH SATAN RIDES UNTO THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN TO WAGE THE FINAL WAR.

THE FRUIT, TOO, ENTERS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN WHERE HE WILL JOIN THE RANKS OF ANGELS...





...AND SOON  
ALL WILL BE  
STILL.

**TO CARRY  
WATER FOR  
THE DEVIL**  
ART BY CHRISTOS PITTAS  
WRITTEN AND LETTERED BY  
LORREN GORDON