

The flatulence of
wealth swallows
us all.

Turns our air
into ██████

Stings
our eyes
with fear.

Lost and
blinded.

Trying to
escape.

You struggle
forward.

But the
only way
through it
is up.

For those
who can
afford it.

But how high can
they build before it
all comes crashing
back to the mud?



We've been
here before.

We know
how this
ends.

*Attention,
you are in protected
airspace. Identify
yourselves and turn
around.*

And there
isn't any
going back.



Not this time.

FASTER!

For the love of St. Mary! I'm full throttle and we're tearing apart!



This is your final warning, turn back now or we will blow you out of the sky.

Eagle-1 to Nest. Target is unresponsive. Permission to engage.

Nest to Eagle-1. Permission granted.

Engage.



This is suicide!

This is nothing like suicide.

If she's hurt...



Missiles away.



This is Armageddon.

i promised you



REFLEX

SEASON 2

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