

CODA™

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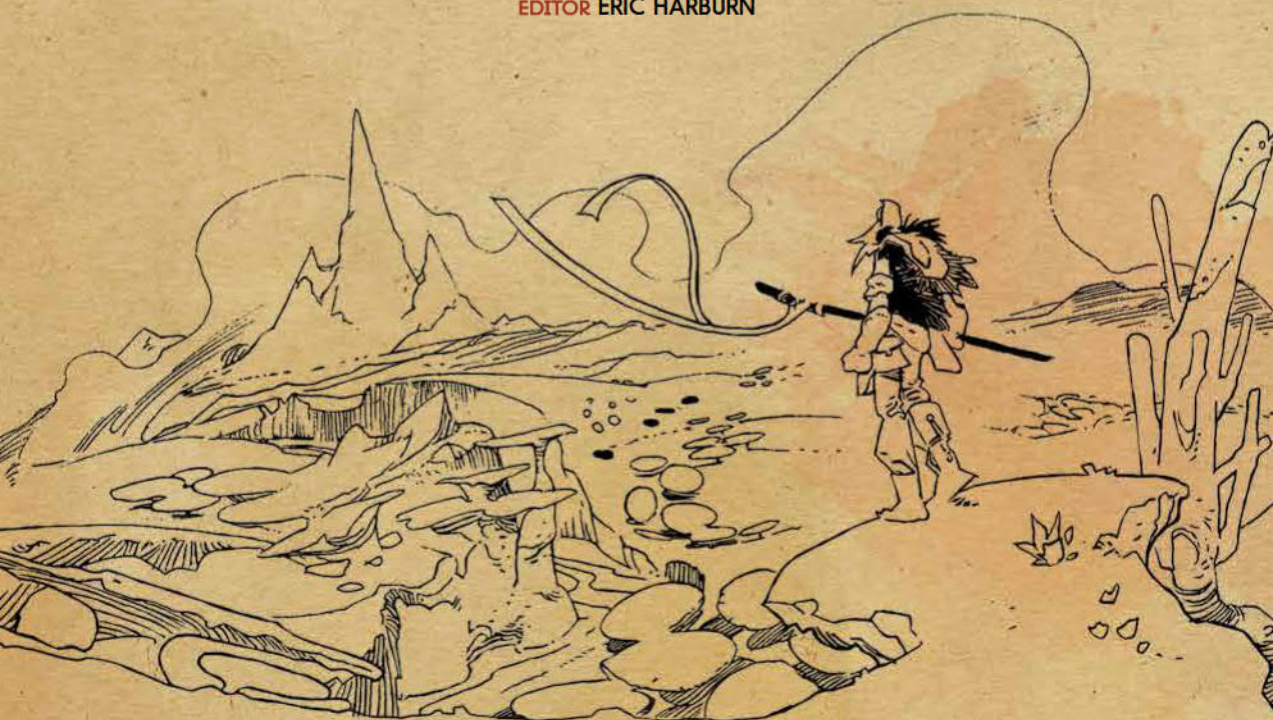
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STUDIOS


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Molded, they were; obscene their creation;
Forged with singular preoccupation:

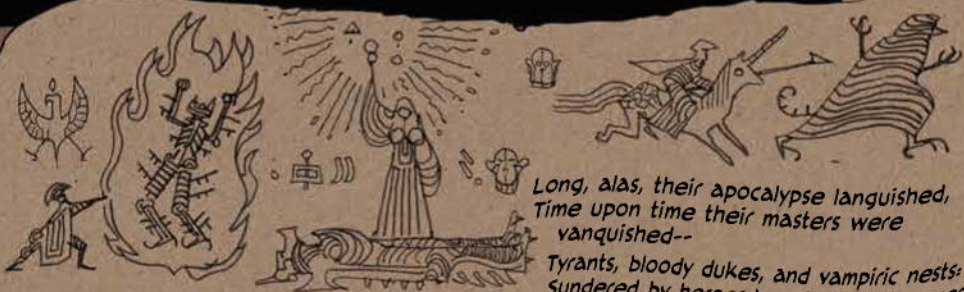
"Murder the world, gain eternal reward!"
Arose thus the Urken--

--the holocaust horde.



Authored, they were, in sins elemental,
Their slaughters presented as gifts sacramental,

To the Wihl Lords who made them, and tended their souls,
And sought captains and kings to render their goals.




Long, alas, their apocalypse languished,
Time upon time their masters were
vanquished--

Tyrants, bloody dukes, and vampiric nests:
Sundered by heroes 'pon improbable quests.

But the Urken endured: they marched, unshismic,
Patient for their paradise, post-cataclysmic,

'Til at last fate relented, made dark stars align:
The hordes found a Leader of Purpose Malign.



And oh, the Last War spread worldwide unbounded,
(No pluck-fueled fellowship stood to confound it),

As mages en masse flung spells to entrench;
Reality snapped:



Thus
started the
Quench.





*How bitter their waking, that next, dire dawn?
Eyes streaming, hearts shattered, to a future forlorn.*

*The Wihthlords had lied. No paradise awaited,
But a world without magic, without joy, decimated.*

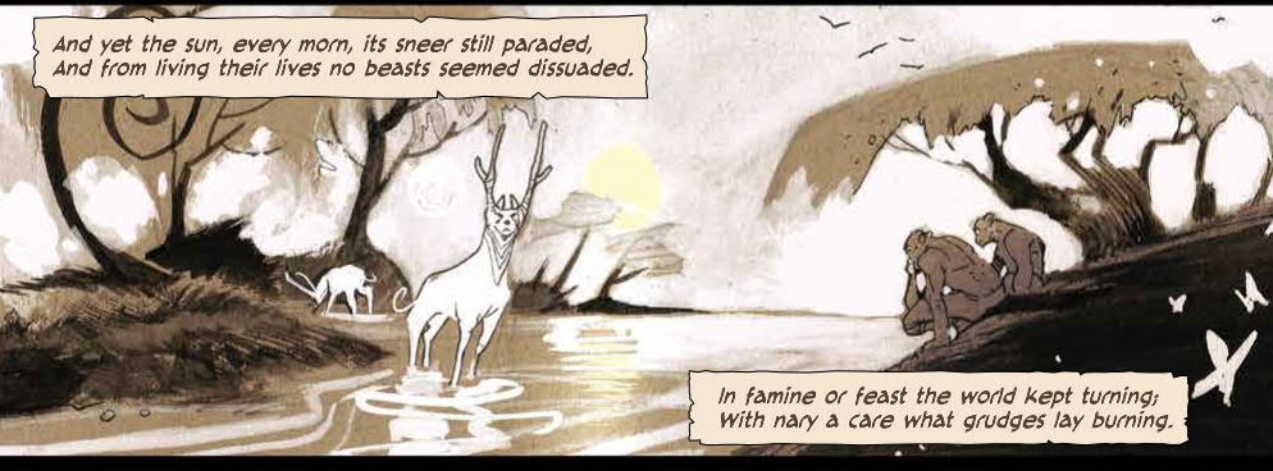


*And yes: the pogroms, the lynchings, and worse.
Survival mutated by guilt into curse,*

*Yet the Urken did little to
defend nor entreat,
In sinew and fibre, consumed
by deceit.*

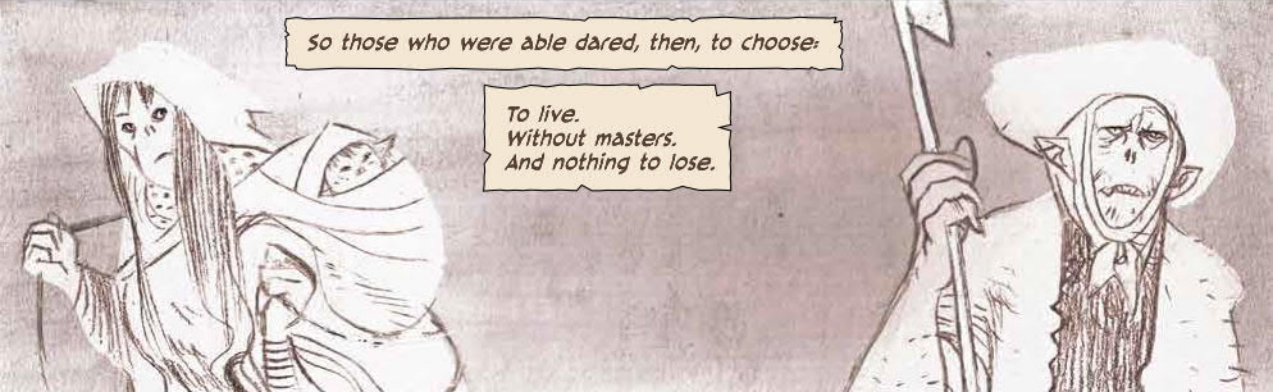
The Wihthlords! Those liars! The hatred took sway.

It wasn't supposed to end this way.



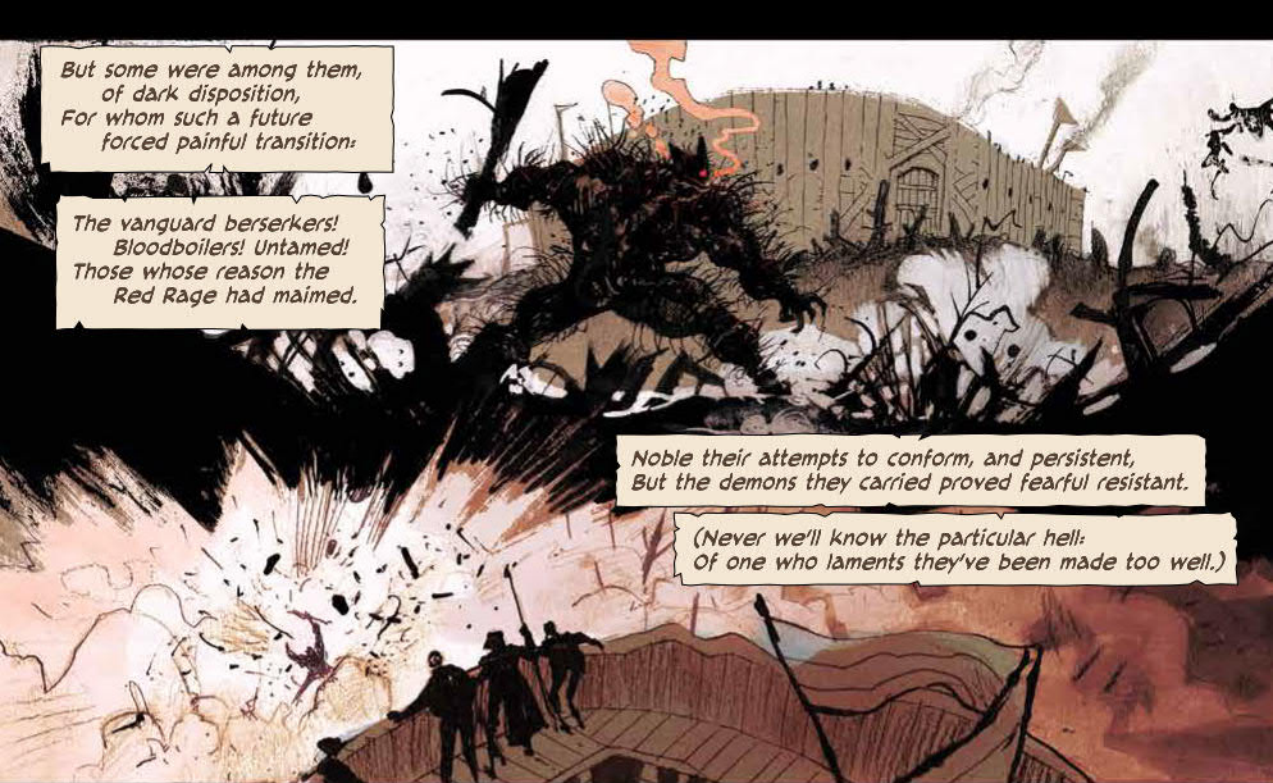
*And yet the sun, every morn, its sneer still paraded,
And from living their lives no beasts seemed dissuaded.*

*In famine or feast the world kept turning,
With nary a care what grudges lay burning.*



So those who were able dared, then, to choose:

*To live.
Without masters.
And nothing to lose.*




*But some were among them,
of dark disposition,
For whom such a future
forced painful transition:*

*The vanguard berserkers!
Bloodboilers! Untamed!
Those whose reason the
Red Rage had maimed.*

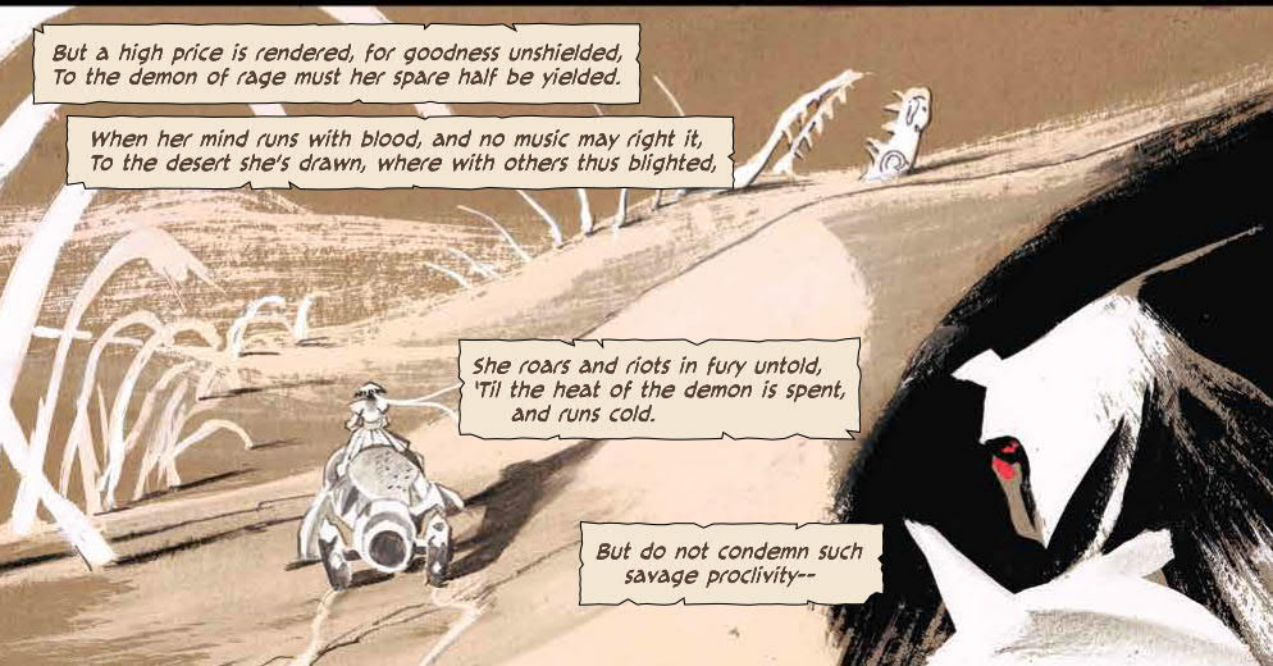
*Noble their attempts to conform, and persistent,
But the demons they carried proved fearful resistant.*

*(Never we'll know the particular hell:
Of one who laments they've been made too well.)*



*Such an Urken I know, with light in her eyes.
A soul of rare beauty; she sought compromise,*

*Pledging a half-life to brighter tomorrows
in atonement, she said, for yesterday's sorrows.*



*But a high price is rendered, for goodness unshielded,
To the demon of rage must her spare half be yielded.*

*When her mind runs with blood, and no music may right it,
To the desert she's drawn, where with others thus blighted,*

*She roars and riots in fury untold,
'Til the heat of the demon is spent,
and runs cold.*

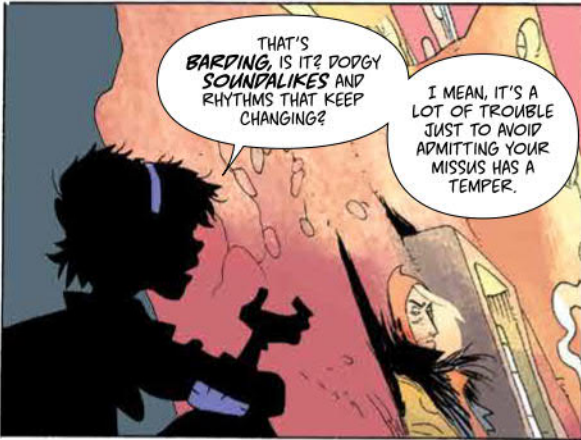
*But do not condemn such
savage proclivity--*



For the curse, in truth, is--

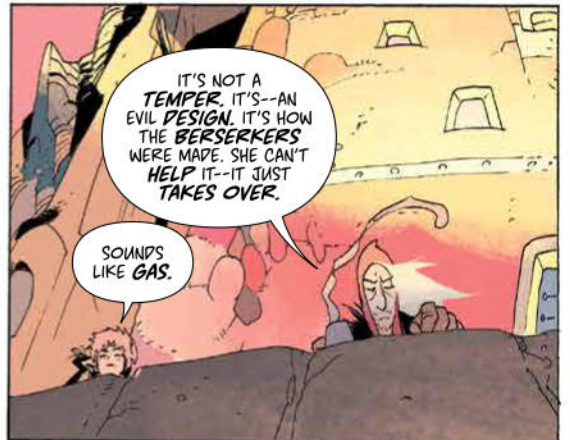
--A BIT LIKE CAPTIVITY.

YEAH, GOT IT.



THAT'S BARDING, IS IT? DODGY SOUNDALIKES AND RHYTHMS THAT KEEP CHANGING?

I MEAN, IT'S A LOT OF TROUBLE JUST TO AVOID ADMITTING YOUR MISSUS HAS A TEMPER.



IT'S NOT A TEMPER. IT'S--AN EVIL DESIGN. IT'S HOW THE BERSERKERS WERE MADE. SHE CAN'T HELP IT--IT JUST TAKES OVER.

SOUNDS LIKE GAS.



'ERE, YOU EVER SEEN HER LIKE THAT? OUT IN THE DESERT, I MEAN, WHEN SHE'S OFF THROWIN' A WOBBLER.

YOU MUST'VE WONDERED WHAT THEY GET UP TO OUT THERE...



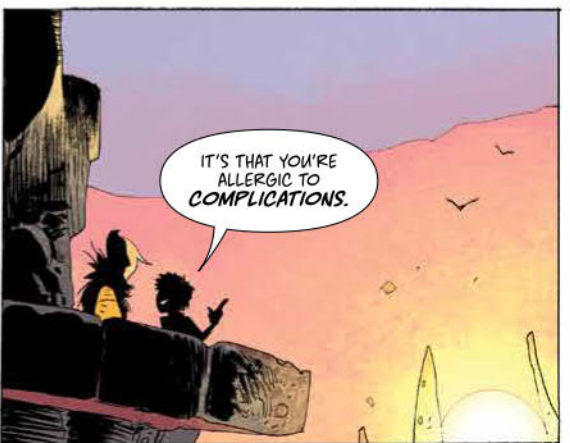
HM.



HEH. YOU KNOW YOUR PROBLEM?

IS IT A FOUL-SMELLING BRAT WITH A BIG MOUTH?

NOPE.



IT'S THAT YOU'RE ALLERGIC TO COMPLICATIONS.