Light streams through the fresh spring leaves, playing shapes over the overgrown, gently waving grass surrounding the tightly-knit trees. A woman steps through this dream world, covered only in a sleeping gown. Birds cry out at her presence, fleeing briefly. The humming chirp of insects begins to give way to a distant chorus of voices. The woman pauses for a moment, hearing the young women sing. Some excelled, hitting notes with ease, while others strained. The woman stumbles forth, tripping over hidden roots and bracing herself on the wide trunks of trees bordering her path.

Light strikes the woman anew as she rounds a tree and finds herself in a clearing. The chorus stands in the center. At the head is an especially tall woman, strict in demeanor and terrifying in presence, directing them. She pauses now and then to strike one of the chorus for being off key. The wandering woman approaches, compelled, and joins in the chorus. The words come to her, though they be but babble, and she feels at home.

With the new presence, the head of the chorus begins to join in with the winding song. Her voice rises above the others, deeper but clearer. The chorus rises and rises, the insects hum falling into tune, the birds calls drawn irresistibly towards the tone.

Queen awakes, floating. She feels herself splitting, so many lifetimes, so many personas. Queen unravels, her humanoid form splitting into a half moon of light imitating flesh. Small forms rise along the rim. Some weep, some scream in pain. At the center, the largest form rises up. An eyeless corruption of Queen, her hair entangled in the very fabric of spacetime, screams in pure fury.