

አብጋጥ ተገባጥሮአልሆነም ስለዚህ ለእኛ-ጌታዎች፣ ጋራገባጥነታችንንና
ጋራ ለእኛ፣ ፎቃላችንን፣ ለእኛ ስራችንን ያሳውቁን።

Rosemary actually believes she can finish this herself. Little does she know that it's been over for years. Her family made their mark and it sealed their fate.

The one I obey had her hands wrapped tightly around them ever since.
I act as her hands.

The rifle shoots where the hunter points. The axe obeys the woodsman.

What she wants will be done.

A tree falls in the Woods, she marks where it must land.

An offer extended lures in the lost child.

A visit at the window secures the fresh bait.

A martyr is made. Screaming into the empty night.

Torn. Wrenched apart. Hacked to bits. Carved.

This is where it has led us, we've stitched them back together.

You helped me seed the forest's soil with lost souls.

I can nearly see the sun rising above the trees.

A new day might finally come. For me, the first in years.

My work is finally finished.

You don't understand, not yet. But you will.