A man by the name of Scott lies still in a cold bed in an unknown place. He tries to open his eyes, to pitch blackness, he tries to raise his body but is restrained by all angles. It is clear who ever put him here doesn’t want him moving. Like a bird in a cage he begins to sing until his throat dries out and silence overwhelms the atmosphere.

Minuets turn to hours, and hope turns to despair. The nameless man turns to God for answers but even his prayers go unheard. His heart races as he begins to believe he may never leave this place and that this stiff cott might end up being his death bed. The thought of his death, fills his blood with rage. And in that instant he burst into flames, incinerating his restraints. The chill of fear that had once filled his body, is now liberated by the warmth of his flame.