



blasphemous

THE KNEELING

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ART AND LETTERING BY OSCAR CELESTINI

BLASPHEMOUS IS A TRADEMARK OR REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF THE GAME KITCHEN.

Writer Enrique Cabeza

Artist Oscar Celestini

NOW TAKE THE MASK OF  
PENANCE AND FOLLOW ME.



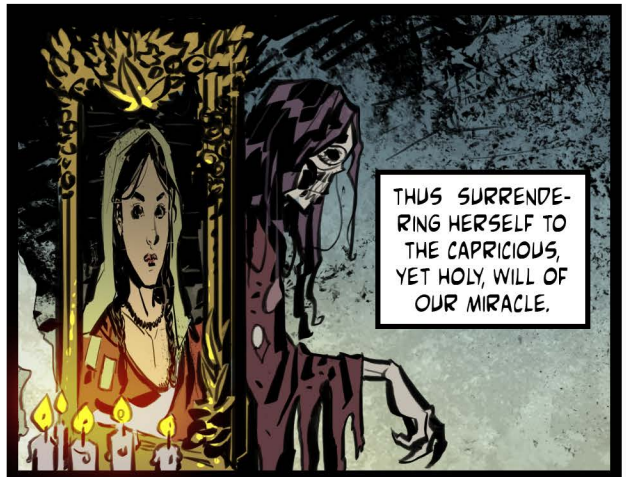
THE SWORD OF THE FATHER IS BORN AGAIN.



IT HAS BEEN FORGED FROM THE GUILT OF THE BLESSED SOUL WHICH CLAIMED IT.



THUS SURRENDERING HERSELF TO THE CAPRICIOUS, YET HOLY, WILL OF OUR MIRACLE.



SHE KNEW THE FATE THAT WOULD AWAIT HER IF THE ANCIENT PLEA WAS HEARD. WE CANNOT FATHOM THE MOTIVES BEHIND HER SACRIFICE, AS THOSE ARE ONLY KNOWN TO THE WILL OF THE SORROWFUL MIRACLE.



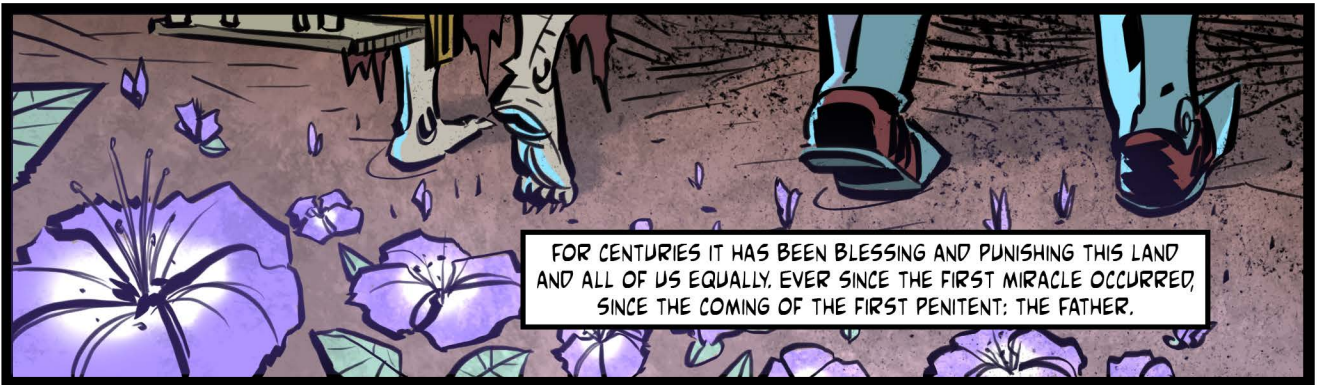
THE MESSAGE IS CLEAR THOUGH. IT IS TIME FOR THE GUILTY BLADE TO FIND A NEW BEARER, WHO WILL CARRY ITS WEIGHT IN PENANCE.

WE'RE CLOSE.

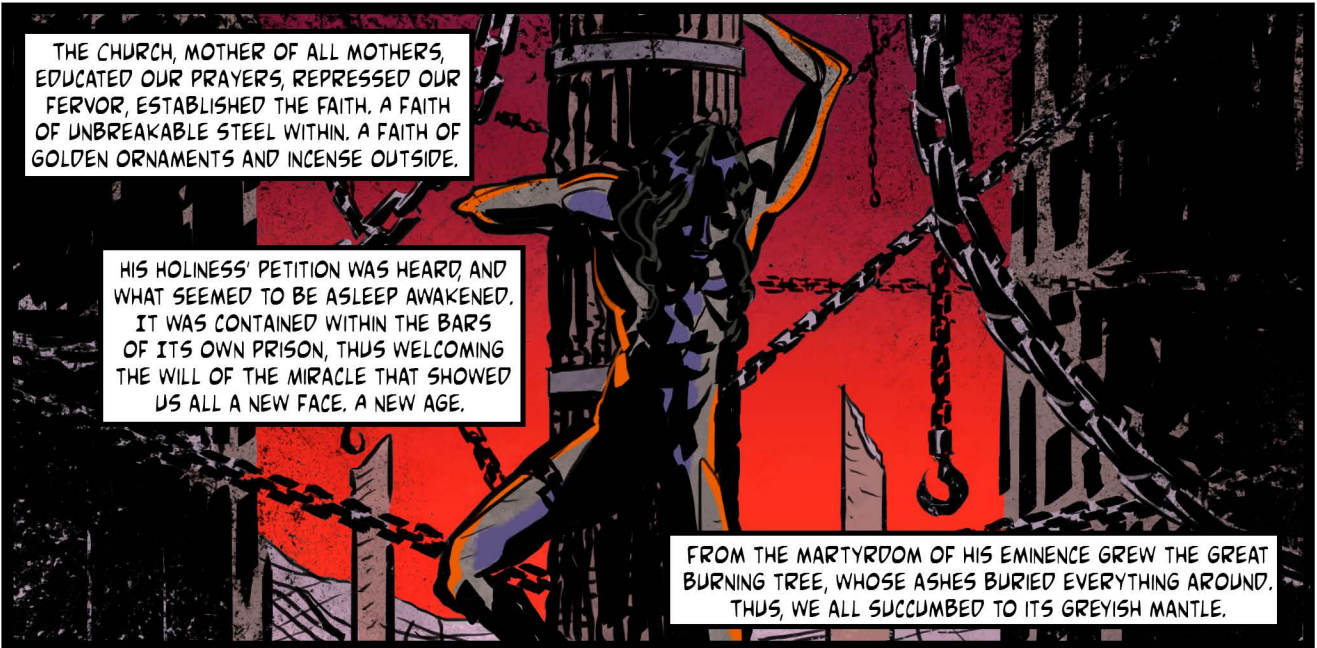




THE SORROWFUL WILL CHANGES WHAT IT LOOKS AT, SHAPES AS IT WANTS, CONDEMNS WHAT IT KISSES.



FOR CENTURIES IT HAS BEEN BLESSING AND PUNISHING THIS LAND AND ALL OF US EQUALLY. EVER SINCE THE FIRST MIRACLE OCCURRED, SINCE THE COMING OF THE FIRST PENITENT: THE FATHER.



THE CHURCH, MOTHER OF ALL MOTHERS, EDUCATED OUR PRAYERS, REPPRESSED OUR FERVOR, ESTABLISHED THE FAITH. A FAITH OF UNBREAKABLE STEEL WITHIN. A FAITH OF GOLDEN ORNAMENTS AND INCENSE OUTSIDE.

HIS HOLINESS' PETITION WAS HEARD, AND WHAT SEEMED TO BE ASLEEP AWAKENED. IT WAS CONTAINED WITHIN THE BARS OF ITS OWN PRISON, THUS WELCOMING THE WILL OF THE MIRACLE THAT SHOWED US ALL A NEW FACE. A NEW AGE.

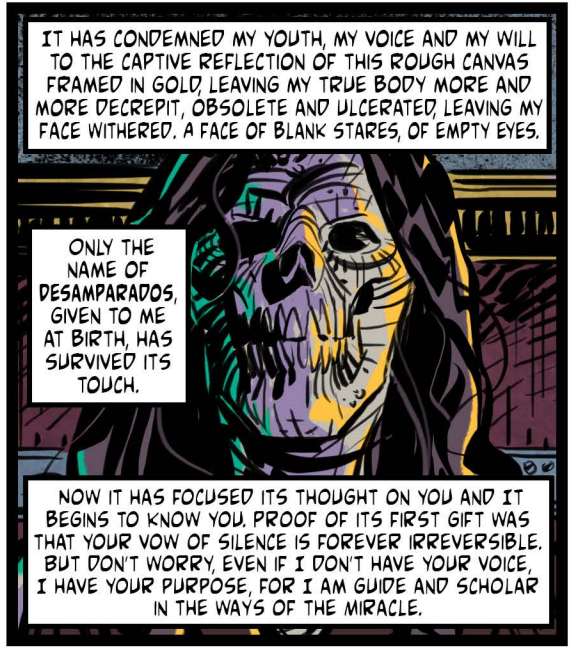
FROM THE MARTYRDOM OF HIS EMINENCE GREW THE GREAT BURNING TREE, WHOSE ASHES BURIED EVERYTHING AROUND. THUS, WE ALL SUCCUMBED TO ITS GREYISH MANTLE.



THE SORROWFUL ONE KNOWS WE'RE GOING TO MEET IT.

IT KNOWS ME.

FROM MY INNERMOST THOUGHTS TO THE LAST PAIN IN MY GUTS.



IT HAS CONDEMNED MY YOUTH, MY VOICE AND MY WILL TO THE CAPTIVE REFLECTION OF THIS ROUGH CANVAS FRAMED IN GOLD, LEAVING MY TRUE BODY MORE AND MORE DECREPIT, OBSOLETE AND ULCERATED, LEAVING MY FACE WITHERED. A FACE OF BLANK STARES, OF EMPTY EYES.

ONLY THE NAME OF DESAMPARADOS, GIVEN TO ME AT BIRTH, HAS SURVIVED ITS TOUCH.

NOW IT HAS FOCUSED ITS THOUGHT ON YOU AND IT BEGINS TO KNOW YOU. PROOF OF ITS FIRST GIFT WAS THAT YOUR VOW OF SILENCE IS FOREVER IRREVERSIBLE. BUT DON'T WORRY, EVEN IF I DON'T HAVE YOUR VOICE, I HAVE YOUR PURPOSE, FOR I AM GUIDE AND SCHOLAR IN THE WAYS OF THE MIRACLE.



WE'RE CLOSE.

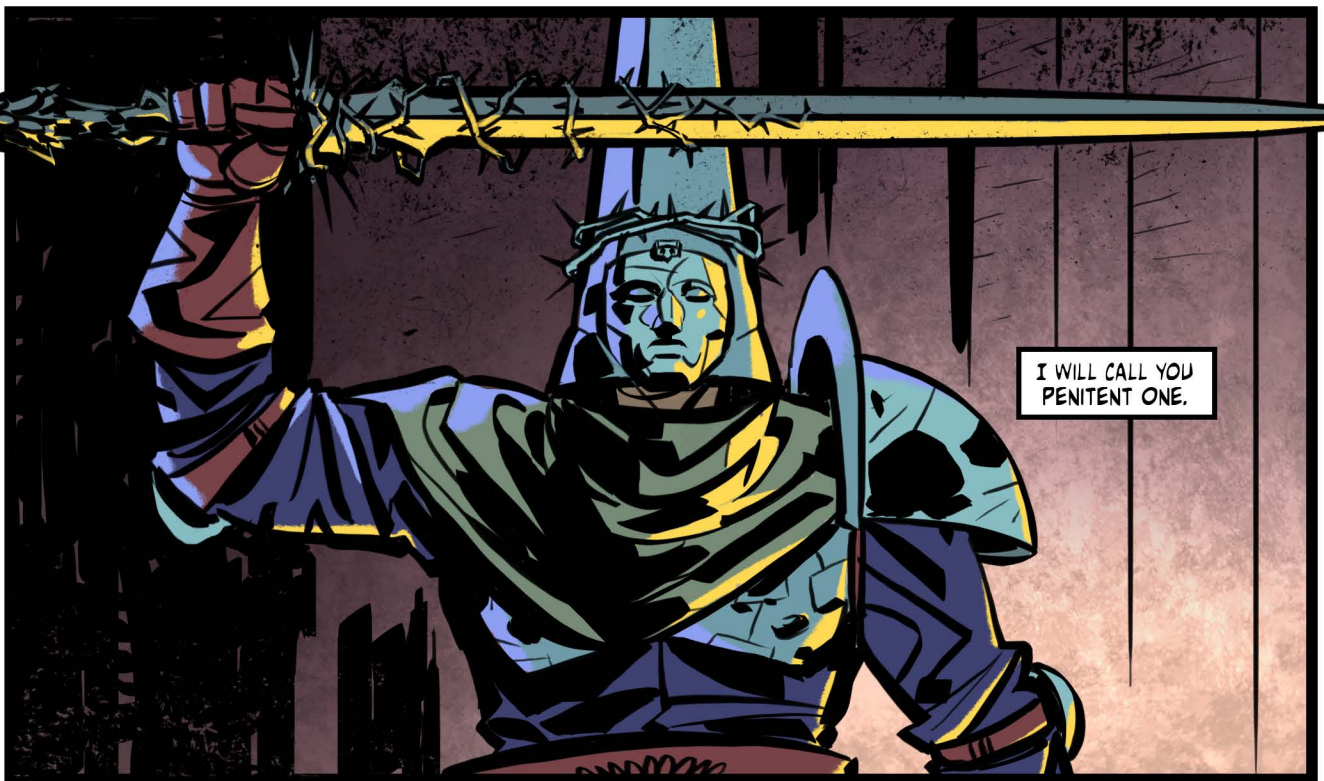


THIS CHAPEL HOUSES THE KNEELING STONE, WHOSE HEART WAS PIERCED TO FULFIL HER WISH.

WE SHALL NEVER KNOW THE NAME OF THIS TORMENTED SOUL, ONLY THE COLOUR OF THE PETALS THAT CONTINUE TO FALL AT HER FEET.



TAKE THE GUILT FROM THE STONE, AND HENCEFORTH...

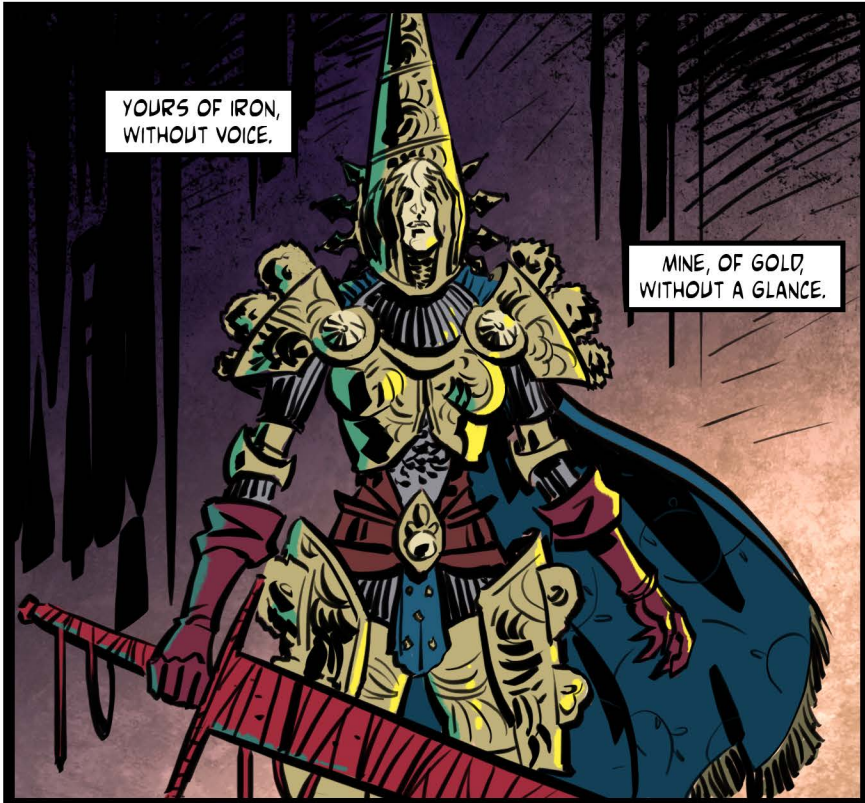


I WILL CALL YOU PENITENT ONE.

OUR FACELESS HELMETS POINT SHARPLY AT THE SAME SKY, FOR WE ARE BOTH PENITENTS BEFORE THE EYES OF OUR MIRACLE OF THE GREATEST PAIN.

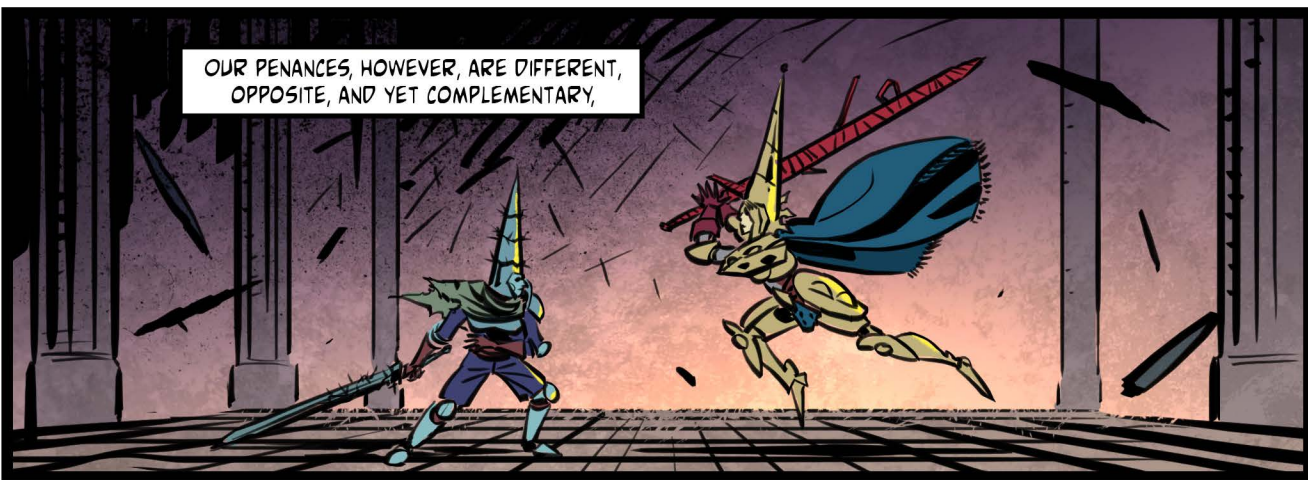


YOURS OF IRON, WITHOUT VOICE.

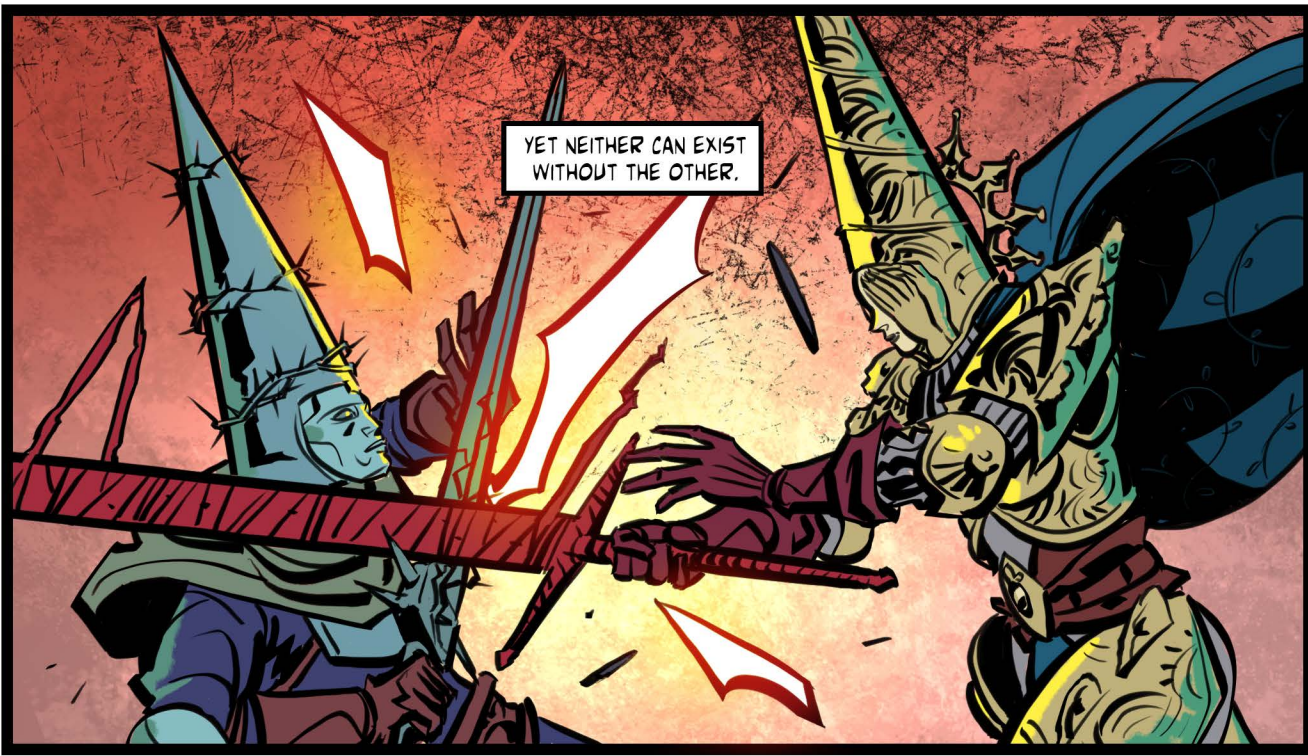


MINE, OF GOLD, WITHOUT A GLANCE.

OUR PENANCES, HOWEVER, ARE DIFFERENT, OPPOSITE, AND YET COMPLEMENTARY,



YET NEITHER CAN EXIST WITHOUT THE OTHER.







YOUR BLOOD MARKS IN GARNET THESE SAFFRON LANDS POINTING THE WAY TO THE BROTHERHOOD WHERE THE VOW OF SILENCE IS BORN,

THE ONE CHOSEN BY THE SACRED WILL AND WHICH SHALL NOT BE QUESTIONED.



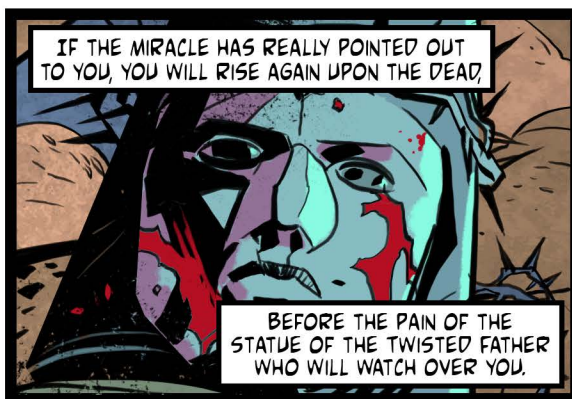
NOW FALL.



RETURN TO YOUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS.



SLEEP, AND SHARE YOUR DREAM WITH THOSE WHO FAILED IN PENANCE. THEY WHO CONTINUE TO HIDE THEIR FACES AND PROLONG THEIR LIES, LONG AFTER THEIR CLOTHES HAVE TURNED TO DUST.



IF THE MIRACLE HAS REALLY POINTED OUT TO YOU, YOU WILL RISE AGAIN UPON THE DEAD,

BEFORE THE PAIN OF THE STATUE OF THE TWISTED FATHER WHO WILL WATCH OVER YOU.



IF THAT IS YOUR FATE THEN WE WILL MEET AGAIN

AND SO WILL BE YOUR SECOND KNEELING.