

Ghost Of A Fallen Age "The Face Of Neglect"

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What will become of you when the world is over? Those of us who wear not the clothes of sheep are no wolves. We are dogs, asleep by the hearth of progress. What will fill your idle stomach when your master's heart is still? The paltry knowledge you thought worth keeping slips through the cracks of the mind you never had to use until now. You know of so many splendid inventions that would improve your predicament, but your fingers are ignorant. After the end of all things, what will you contribute, aside from an empty head and a pair of soft hands?

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