

The Hideaway

Silentium

Over here, miss. Here he is. He wasn't in he's
room at the inn last monday, right, and I
went looking for him. I found him here in a poor fettle.
I thought I'd better fetch you, miss
Prudence.

My god it's him...Antracon...my love
Their eyes so hollow so hollow
What's happened to you? Why are you all
covered in blood?

Every whore shall burn...every whore shall
burn

Hickson, help him up to the street and into
my carriage. We've...

Here we go sir Prudence...got to get him out
of town. We'll take him to my father's
hunting lodge.