



I have seen the powers which stalk the night and strike fear in the hearts of those who worship the false god. I know Him and worship Him. The Skinless One has spoken to me. He whispered secret words into my heart of hearts and I know what I must do now. I have seen It in visions and It is all that my lord said It was. In my dreams I have seen Its perfect striding above the ruins of cities. Kings and countries have fallen before It. Even gods must fall before It. I recognized It the first time I beheld It as an object of power. Power that would bring the world to its knees. It glistened like the finest pearls. It woke when I flayed alive the wretch who sought to steal my treasure from me. That night He came to me for the first time and told me what to do. I meditated before Its glory. All praise to the One without skin. I performed the seventeen devotions and opened It for the first time. Within the artifact was soft and smooth. As I ran my hand across Its inner surface, it felt like the smoothest of skins. Perfect to the touch. I offered four young men with the finest of skins as sacrifice to my Master. Then I used It for the first time. In His wisdom the lord of Naked Flesh had made It to my height. In all modesty I believe It was made in my image. Blessed is the chosen of the Skinless One. I have been careful to keep It untarnished. The substance is the color of purity and should not be tainted by that which is unclean.



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