

Destination

By Purrsia Kat

The sky began to blush with the first pink hues of sunrise. Felina collapsed wearily into bed, her limbs feeling as though they had one-ton weights tethered to them. With the past day's events still troubling her, Felina thought sleep would prove elusive. However, once her head sank into the fluffy pillow all thoughts of Mutants and their destructive weapons, Panthro and his disfiguring injury, war and terror, liquefied into peaceful nothingness.

The specter of Jaga materialized beside the slumbering lioness. "My daughter, although you will never be able to see or hear me, I can still help you remember what happened to the Key of Thundera."

Jaga proceeded to reach out and gently touch Felina's forehead, causing a blue spark of energy. Felina's eyes flew open, yet she was not awake. Her eyes took on an amber glow before closing once again.

"Now dream, dear Felina," Jaga said. "Dream of your flight from our doomed Thundera. And retrace the path of the Key."

As Jaga disappeared, Felina spiraled into the deepest of sleeps where dreams were so vivid, they seemed real.



Felina was nearly shaken from the bed in her dorm room. Oddly, she was not alarmed by the earth tremor and sleepily stumbled out of bed. Over the months, the cub had become accustomed to the violent tremors. And although none of the headmasters in the school would dare burden the students with such weighty matters, Felina suspected the situation on Thundera would eventually reach a deadly crescendo.

She glanced out the window and saw the skyline of Thundera City set against the red streaks of sunrise. "It's nearly time for first call anyway," the girl thought as she rubbed her eyes. "Might as well gather my books and head to the main study hall."

Felina walked the silent hall, holding the Book of Omens tightly against her chest. Though Thundera Academy was filled with bright young scholars, most of whom were from the lion clan of Thunderians, Felina was the only child to study that most sacred tome. Often, she received her lessons away from the rest of the group; an old friend of her mother's providing the linguistic instruction. She hoped today would hold another such private lesson. Being the only cub of ThunderCat heritage in the school made socializing awkward for Felina, and the private lessons served as a reprieve from such discomfort. Besides, Miss Katya sometimes told Felina of her mother, tidbits of which the child savored.

"Oh, Miss Katya," Felina said as she was greeted by her elder upon entering the study

hall. "Will you be giving the lesson this morning?"

The lioness regarded Felina with a touch of sorrow in her green eyes. "No, child. I have orders from the top headmaster to take you anon to Cats Lair. Your father bid you join him there."

Felina looked stricken. She sensed a direness in Miss Katya's tone that amplified her own feeling of impending doom. "Is there time that I may gather some things for the journey?"

Miss Katya nodded. "But hurry. Time is of the essence and the trip to Thundera City may prove more arduous than ever. Meet me outside the main doors. A hovercraft already awaits us there."

Ignoring rules of etiquette, Felina sprinted back down the hall to her room. Grabbing a canvas backpack from beneath her bed, she stuffed it full her most treasured possessions. Her intuition told Felina she would never see the hallowed halls of the Academy again. She weighted her bag down with most of her textbooks, leaving just enough room for her favorite stuffed animal--a plush white tiger with black stripes.

She then roused Bela from sleep. "Come on, you lazy snarf!" She teased the creature, "I don't know how you can sleep through such quakes!"

Felina was about to leave, when she spied the small frame on her dressing table that held the faded image of her mother. Tossing the photo into the bag, she ran out into the still-deserted halls. She briefly wondered where all her peers were.

Felina bolted out the heavy doors of the school and bounded down the flight of stone steps to where Miss Katya was already waiting inside the hovercraft, with Bela struggling to keep pace. Katya gave the child a curious look as the girl dropped the heavy backpack onto the craft's floorboard. "You are a true scholar," Katya said with amusement, "Choosing your texts over practical items for the journey suggests a level of obsession, Felina."

"Well, I have clothes and things at the Lair..." Felina offered meekly.

"I was merely teasing, child," Katya responded with a chuckle.

Another earthquake rippled beneath them. To experience the quake from within the hovercraft was disorienting, as one could see the destruction it wrought but unable to feel the vibrations themselves. Katya quickly propelled the craft forward in an effort to move them away from the Academy in case the structure were to collapse. Felina looked back at the building, the west wing of which buckled under the stress of the powerful quake.

The child gasped. "My lady, were there any students left inside?"

"No," Katya replied. "Their parents or guardians had come for them during the night. You and I were the last to evacuate."

Felina righted herself in her seat. Staring across the valley at the distant Thundera City, she spoke in a near whisper. "What is happening to Thundera?"

"This may be difficult for a cub of your age to comprehend, but Thundera is...is going to self-destruct. You go to your father today to board a ship with him and the other ThunderCat nobles to leave this planet." Katya explained solemnly.

Though just ten years of age, Felina could understand that the planet would soon no longer exist, but she could not fathom why such an event would take place. Hugging the sleepy Bela close, she wondered aloud, "Why? Why would a planet just...just blow up?"

Felina studied the lioness. The stony expression on her face made Felina wonder if she should regret asking such a question. They traveled in silence for a moment. "Perhaps that

is something you should ask your father,” Katya finally stated.

Felina puzzled over her teacher’s answer. Although her father was revered as a great warrior as well as one of the wisest ThunderCats that ever lived, she couldn’t imagine why Lady Katya wouldn’t give her an answer. Desiring a change of topic, Felina asked, “Will you be leaving on the same ship with me?”

“You are always so full of questions, Felina,” noted Katya. “I’m sorry, but no. I will attempt to escape in a different ship. But with any luck, we should all meet on a predetermined planet and hopefully, rebuild our society.”

Felina was deeply saddened by this. She regarded Miss Katya as a surrogate mother of sorts and had hoped to make what would likely be a frightening space journey with her. Although being with the other ThunderCat nobles meant Tygra would be with her. Felina brightened a bit at the thought. She had always felt a paternal bond with the contemplative tiger which seemed to be lacking between her and her own father. Though Jaga tried to see her as often as he could, he often seemed distant and unapproachable to Felina.

Another massive quake snapped Felina out of her thoughts. Katya increased to full throttle and swerved the hovercraft sharply to avoid the landslide flowing down the embankment. They narrowly missed being buried by the dirt. Felina looked down to see a huge fissure had opened below them. She said a silent prayer that they had chosen a hovercraft for transport. They still had more than half the distance through the valley to cover. Now Felina understood why Miss Katya had said the trip would be arduous.

Katya reached into the pocket of her robes and produced a golden key. “This is the Key of Thundera, Felina. It is yours to keep and guard as you do the Book of Omens.” Felina took the Key and hung it around her neck by the leather strap hooked to its head. Katya seemed to anticipate the cub’s next barrage of questions. “The Key goes with the Book. They are each a part of your heritage and that is why I give the Key to you now.”

Felina rode the rest of the way in silence. The sun had fully risen and cast the Great Moon of Thundera a shade of deep red she had never before witnessed. The cub couldn’t help but see it as a bad omen. Luckily time seemed to pass quickly, and they soon arrived at the gates of Thundera City. Felina was shocked to see the disarray the once beautiful city was in now. Though it had been over a month since she last visited, Felina suspected it was only the last few quakes that had caused such devastation.

“Who bids entrance into Thundera City?” asked the brawny lion guard at the gate.

“It is I, Miss Katya and governess to young Felina. Lord Jaga asked me to escort his daughter to the City,” Katya responded.

Saying nothing, the guard simply stepped aside and let them pass through the great cat’s head that served as the City’s main gate. With measurable sorrow, Felina took in the sights of the beleaguered metropolis. Amid grand pillars that had crumbled to rubble, Thunderians ran from their leveled homes toward the heart of the city. Katya carefully negotiated the debris strewn streets until Cats Lair finally came in view. Felina’s heart skipped a beat when she saw the mighty cat’s head of the Lair dangling precariously by a single cable; another structural victim of Thundera’s destruction. When they arrived, they found the nobles gathered in the courtyard. Felina barely waited for Katya to bring the hovercraft to a halt before she jumped out and ran toward her fellow ThunderCats.

“Father!” Felina exclaimed as she embraced Jaga.

Jaga looked down into the face of his bewildered child, regarding her tenderly. “I was hoping you would make it here in time, Felina.” He gently tousled her hair. “Did you

remember to bring the Book of Omens?”

Eager to please him, Felina quickly produced the golden book from her bag. “Of course! The Book goes wherever I go.” Since her pack was considerably lighter without the metal book in it, Felina decided to hold onto it, allowing her to carry the pack on her back.

Jaga chuckled. “Very good, child.”

“Ho, Lord Jaga,” Katya announced while bowing courteously. “Looks as though Thundera is going to self-destruct faster than anyone had projected.”

Felina fell in step beside Lion-O, young son of the Lord of Thundera. She noticed his father was absent from the group of nobles. She wondered if that was why the boy seemed so preoccupied and decided trying to make small talk with him would be fruitless. Her old friends, WilyKit and WilyKat, seemed in better spirits considering the circumstances. However, they were engaged in an intense and private conversation with one another. Therefore, Felina focused her attention back on the adults’ discussion.

“One positive thing I learned today,” Felina heard Katya tell Jaga while they all piled into the hovercraft, “is that Grune has died while in exile. Wherever you end up, you won’t have to worry about that monster seeking revenge.”

Jaga glanced back at Felina, where she sat on the rear floorboard with the other Thunderkittens. He looked as though he was trying to decide if she had heard Katya’s comment. Jaga then shot Katya a look of caution.

The governess blushed furiously, realizing her faux pas. “So sorry, my Lord. I--I just wasn’t sure if I would have another chance to tell you.”

Felina turned to Lion-O to ask if perhaps he had overheard their elders’ conversation. She wondered if he would know who this Grune person was and why he would wish to harm her father. The boy held Snarf close and stared wistfully at the crumbling Lair before it disappeared over the horizon.

“Lion-O,” she whispered, nudging him with her elbow. Before she could say more, another violent quake rocked the City. Katya desperately tried to put the hovercraft on full thrust. But with the extra weight, the vehicle did not respond quickly enough. A portion of stone column came tumbling down an embankment and just caught the end of the hovercraft. The ThunderCats were thrown from the craft as it capsized.

The Book of Omens was knocked from Felina’s hands as she hit the ground. She gasped when she saw the sacred tome skidding directly toward an opening in the earth. Ignoring the loud crack of a nearby splitting column, Felina quickly righted herself and ran for the Book. She was vaguely aware of somebody--perhaps Bela?--calling after her to stop. Felina scooped the Book up just before it could slip into the chasm and simultaneously jumped the chasm herself. In nearly the same instant, the heavy column fell where Felina had rescued the Book. The earth shook with the might of its impact and a plume of blinding dust rose forth.



Tygra choked on the thick blanket of dust. Jaga was nearby. His gaze was fixed in the direction of the downed column, his jaw set. “Jaga!” called Tygra, “I’ll go see if she--if she made it.”

Jaga stopped him with a strong grip on Tygra's forearm. Tygra looked at his elder with disbelief. "There's no time," Jaga said shortly. "Run. All of you run for the launch pad."

In shocked silence, the ThunderCats obeyed, hoping to close the remaining quarter mile to their ship. Dodging falling debris most of the way, they finally made it to the waiting space crafts. Katya gave a brief salute before sprinting to her assigned ship close by, tears streaming down her face. As the ThunderCats rode the elevator to their ship, the mood was tense. The cubs of the group seemed as though they dared to break the silence with their innocent questions, but something in Jaga's demeanor stopped them short.

They just reached the bridge of the ship when the biggest quake yet ravaged their world. All fought to stay on their feet. "Lift off," Jaga ordered. "Lift off now!"

Panthro was just able to reach the proper controls and the ship slowly began its ascent. Seconds later, a nearby explosion almost knocked them out of the sky.

"What was that?" WilyKat asked nervously.

Tygra scanned the area with the ship's telescopic instruments. The group gasped when the image of the ship Katya had boarded loomed on the telescreen, reduced to a ball of fire. It hadn't even left its launch pad before the black hand of fate touched it.

Cheetara could see that the cubs were particularly distraught at such a grisly sight. "Why don't you kids try to get some rest?" she gently suggested. "I'll show you to the sleeping quarters."

As she led Lion-O, WilyKit and WilyKat down the corridor she prepared herself for the questions one of them would surely ask. Finally, WilyKat cleared his throat. "All the Thunderians on that ship..." he sheepishly started, "they're dead, aren't they Cheetara?"

Cheetara struggled with her own numbing grief. "Yes, I'm afraid so."

"And...and Felina," WilyKit pressed on. "she's gone too?"

Cheetara simply nodded. They reached the bedchamber. "Please, try to get some sleep," she advised wearily. As soon as the children settled into their beds, Cheetara offered them a weak smile before heading back to the others. Passing the Sword Chamber on the way, she saw Jaga and Tygra inside.

"Is everything alright?" she inquired upon entrance.

"We're clear of the Thundera," Tygra confirmed. "Panthro will engage the hyper speed shortly so we should be safe from the inevitable explosion. How are the kids?"

"As good as can be expected," Cheetara replied. "They're in bed now. Speaking of which, I think I'm going to turn in too. That is if you don't need me for anything..."

"Go ahead, Cheetara," Tygra said.

Noticing Jaga's despondent expression, she placed a gentle hand on his shoulder. "Don't be too hard on yourself. Some things are beyond one's control."

After Cheetara left, Tygra finally had opportunity to talk privately with Jaga. The old jaguar seemed to be deep in thought as he gazed upon the Sword of Omens. "Pardon me, Jaga. But perhaps Felina somehow made it to one of the other ships. Cannot the Sword tell you if she lives?"

"Yes," Jaga replied hoarsely. "I could easily use its powers of Sight Beyond Sight to know for sure." Turning away from the Sword and Tygra, Jaga began to weep softly. "But I would rather not know."

"I understand," Tygra said, feeling helpless. "I'm sorry you had to make such a deep sacrifice to save us all," he added regretfully.



Felina coughed from the thick cloud of dust that enveloped her. She was relieved to have saved the Book of Omens, but she could tell she was cut off from the rest of the group by the massive pillar that had nearly crushed her.

Getting to her feet, she cupped her hands around her mouth and yelled, "Father! Anyone! Are you still there?" When nothing but eerie silence greeted her, Felina got the terrifying feeling that she had been abandoned.

"A lot of good saving the Book has done! Now I will be destroyed along with it!" Felina was jolted out of her dark thoughts by Bela, who came bounding into her arms.

"You silly kitten!" Bela admonished, "You nearly gave me a heart attack running off like that!"

Felina gently dropped Bela to the ground and scooped up the Book of Omens. "Now we just have to hope we can get to the ship before--"

Another massive quake stopped her short. Unable to stand, Felina tried to crawl out of the way of the downed column as it rolled toward her. She winced when the shadow of the column loomed over her and prepared to be crushed. Felina was astonished when she found herself whisked to safety by a young white tiger.

"I owe you my life, sir. Thank you," Felina said once things calmed down once again.

"No need for thanks," he replied. "By Thundera, you're a Thunderkitten!" he exclaimed, apparently taking notice of the ThunderCat insignia on her school uniform. "Shouldn't you be with the rest of the royal court?"

"There's no time for getting acquainted, Bengali." Felina turned to see the female Thunderian who spoke. She was relieved that the stranger held Bela in her arms. "Not only has Lynx-O been blinded by the debris from that last quake, but if we don't board one of the ships soon, it won't matter who any of us are."

"Please," began the elder cat whom Felina guessed was Lynx-O. "I will only slow you down now. Leave me."

Taking Lynx-O's hand, the female protested, "We will do no such thing. Now let's move quickly to the launch pads."

With Bengali still carrying Felina, they ran toward the spaceport. Felina cast her eyes skyward in time to see the royal flagship rapidly ascend and fade from sight. She took some comfort in knowing the rest of the ThunderCats would survive. Looking ahead, Felina shuddered at the sight of a ship burning on its launch pad. She had an ominous feeling they too would soon know what it was like to die a fiery death.

"There!" Bengali yelled, "There's one last ship that hasn't left yet!"

They were still quite a distance away when the ship began to lift off.

"No!" the female Thunderian wailed, "Our last chance...gone!"

"Take heart, Pumyra," Bengali comforted, "it's not over 'til it's over."

Despite her rescuer's brave words, Felina felt her heart sink as the ship disappeared beyond the clouds. Felina swallowed hard past the lump in her throat, trying mightily to quell the hysterics that threatened to surface. Just when she feared she would lose control,

Felina caught sight of a small craft flying toward them. Hovering above them, it dropped a ladder.

“As a ThunderCat, you go first,” Bengali insisted, boosting Felina up to the first rung. Felina climbed as fast as she could and still keep hold of the Book of Omens. She had reached the midway point when the ship abruptly took off, nearly causing her to lose her grip. The cub was never so glad when she was lifted into the safety of the space craft.

“It’s a good thing we took this pod back to rescue these people, Ocelia,” the old male Thunderian called to the female at the controls. “This one is a ThunderCat!”

It wasn’t long before Pumyra, Bela, Lynx-O and Bengali were safely on board. Felina felt suddenly bashful under the scrutiny of so many strangers.

“Well, cub, aren’t you going to tell us your name?” Bengali asked.

“Of course. I am Felina, and this is Bela,” she replied, stifling a yawn.

“That makes you the daughter of Lord Jaga,” deduced Lynx-O. “Won’t he be joyful to learn that you are safe and sound.”

“Unfortunately, communications are down due to massive magnetic interference from Thundera’s destruction,” the one called Ocelia informed them. “So Lord Jaga will have to wait a while to hear the happy news.”

“In the meantime, you can get some rest,” Pumyra said as she showed Felina to a nearby cot. Felina took the Key of Thundera from around her neck and placed it on atop a crate beside her. Next, she dropped her heavy pack to the floor. Bela chuckled when the cub snuggled into bed still clutching the Book of Omens. The snarf curled up at Felina’s feet and soon both were deep in sleep, never to witness the moment when their home planet erupted into a fiery ball and Thundera was no more.



Still in a fog of sleep, Felina was vaguely aware of being lifted off the cot. “Put them both into one capsule,” she heard Lynx-O say from seemingly far away. Her eyes flickered open just as Bengali set her gently into an oval pod. Her mind snapped to full alertness and she stared wide eyed at the friendly white tiger.

“It’s about time you woke up, little one,” he said. “You slept right through the meteor shower without flinching.”

“Meteor shower? What--” Felina was thoroughly confused. She looked over her suspension capsule while Pumyra placed a still-slumbering Bela beside Felina.

Ocelia kindly explained, “We need to get in our suspension capsules for the remainder of our journey. This will keep us from aging too much as we travel. The ship was knocked off course and damaged by the meteor barrage, and so we are forced to change our destination to a different planet. Though this planet is closer than other, some suspension is still necessary.”

“Oh,” Felina replied, not knowing what to make of the recent developments. However, peering down at the row of capsules next to her, she quickly deduced that there wasn’t enough of them for all on board. Someone would have to travel without the capsules’ life

preserving benefits.

As if echoing Felina's concern, Lynx-O addressed the group. "I will be the one to forgo suspension."

Pumyra was about to protest when the old cat known as Jagget interjected. "Don't be ridiculous, Lynx-O. I didn't leave the main ship and risk coming back to rescue the five of you to have you insist on what amounts to committing suicide en route. No. I will be the one to forgo suspension. At my advanced age, I would hardly survive the trip anyway."

The determination of the elder jaguar squelched any further arguments. Solemnly, everyone entered a capsule and shut the lid.

Jagget assisted Felina with the lid of her capsule. "Do not fear, cub. The trip will be over before you know it. The Eye of Thundera protect us all."

Jagget's hopeful prayer was the last thing Felina remembered before the cryogenic effects of the capsule's gases overtook her. Though she still clutched the Book of Omens, the Key of Thundera lay forgotten atop the crate.



Felina felt as though she were hovering above her body outside her suspension capsule. Jagget, long since dead, had put the tiny ship on auto pilot. Her spirit rose higher, passing through the wall of the craft. She looked on as the ship passed through the atmosphere of a blue planet. In a flash of brilliant light, the ship broke apart. The heat of entering the atmosphere was apparently too much for the small craft to tolerate.

Fragment upon fragment of the spacecraft rained down onto the earth. Its destruction was so fantastic, it was truly a miracle any of the Thunderians within the suspension capsules survived. A golden glint caught Felina's eye, and her spirit followed the object down, past the falling debris. Her soul ventured further still; past Ocelia's capsule as the lid opened prematurely, sending the young ocelot to her death. Felina's spirit looked on these events passively, its only mission to pursue the Key of Thundera. She saw a rocky, desert-like landscape with a great chasm running through it. Out of this abyss, rays of shimmering light shot forth roughly every thirty seconds or so. The Key landed near the chasm.

Its mission complete, Felina's spirit flew back out of those badlands. It rocketed through a lush jungle so fast, the world was nothing but a green blur. Felina awoke with a start inside her capsule as her soul slammed back into her body. She fought with the lid a few moments. It appeared to be jammed due to the rough landing that tweaked the pod's metal framework. With a hiss that marked the breaking of the airlock, the lid finally glided open. When Felina sat up, she was startled by the sound of her shirt ripping. Looking down, she noticed her once-loose fitting Academy uniform was uncomfortably small and tight.

"What?" she mumbled to herself. Looking over at Bela, she tried to rouse the unconscious snarf.

"Bela! Wake up!" When her attempts proved fruitless, Felina cautiously climbed from the capsule. Her balance was wobbly on her untested coltish legs.

Felina inspected her adult body in amazement. "What on Thundera happened to me?"

Her attention was drawn from her aging phenomenon when the ghost of Jaga appeared before her.

“Father?” she asked in disbelief.

“When you awake from this dream, remember the Key of Thundera. Remember the Key, Felina,” he simply said.

“Dream? Father, what are you talking about?” she cried.

Jaga merely repeated, “Remember the Key,” before fading from sight.

Felina panicked when Jaga started to disappear. “No, father, wait! Don’t abandon me again!” she wailed. Felina tried to run, but her uncooperative legs refused to carry her. Kneeling on the moist earth, Felina wept. “Don’t leave me,” she sobbed, her father long gone.



Felina sat straight up in bed. “Father!” she cried loudly. “Don’t go...please!”

Hearing the commotion, Lion-O came running into her bedchamber, followed by Tygra and Cheetara.

Sitting beside her, Lion-O grasped Felina by the shoulders, shaking her gently. “Felina! Wake up, you’re having a nightmare.” Though she gazed into his eyes, Lion-O could tell by the way she seemed to look through him that Felina was still in the grips of her dream.

“Father,” she continued to whimper. “Please don’t leave me again.”

“I’m not your father,” Lion-O said softly. “It’s me, Lion-O. You’re dreaming.”

He watched the lioness blink several times before snapping back to reality. She looked at the concerned faces around her in confusion for a moment.

“How long have I been sleeping?” she finally asked, apparently noticing the setting sun.

“Well, we all had quite a harrowing day yesterday, but you seemed particularly hard hit. You’ve been out almost 12 hours, but we thought you needed the rest,” Tygra explained.

Lion-O studied his wife with concern. “Are you alright? That dream seemed like it was pretty intense.”

“It--it seemed so real. It was like living through the destruction of Thundera all over again,” she replied. “But it was just a dream.” Something in the tone of her voice made Lion-O suspect she was trying hard to convince herself it wasn’t real. Before he could question her further, Felina suddenly turned her attention to Tygra. “I must ask you, Tygra...” she started tentatively. “It’s about the flight from Thundera.”

“Ask away,” he said.

“Just tell me, when all of you were flying from Thundera, did you have a conversation with my father in the Sword Chamber?”

Tygra was taken aback. He glanced at Cheetara then answered, “Well...yes. Why?”

Felina pressed on. “And did you suggest that he use the Sword of Omens to see if I had survived?”

Lion-O could tell what Tygra’s answer would be merely by his astonished expression. “Felina, what are you saying? How do you know all this?” Lion-O demanded.

It was Cheetara who answered for her. "Perhaps I'm not the only one who has visions. I suspect that is what Felina's 'dream' actually was--a vision."

"Perhaps," Felina said quietly, her demeanor reflecting some uncertainty. "Parts of it are so clear, and other parts...I can't recall."

"Well, Snarf is about to serve dinner. Maybe we should discuss this with the rest of the ThunderCats over the meal and try to figure out why you had this...this vision," Tygra suggested.

Felina nodded. "Just let me dress and I'll join you all in the dining hall shortly."

As they left Felina's bedchamber, Lion-O felt uneasy about leaving her alone.

*Our instruments have no way of measuring this feeling
Can never cut below the floor or penetrate the ceiling
In the space between our houses, some bones have been discovered
But our procession lurches on as if we has recovered*

*Our documents are useless or forged beyond believing...
In the space between our cities, a storm is slowly forming
Something eating up our days, I feel it every morning*

*It's not a religion, it's just a technique
It's just a way of making you speak
When distance and speed have left us too weak
Destination looks kinda bleak*

*Our elements are burnt out, our beasts have been mistreated
I tell you it's the only way, we'll get this road completed
In the space between our bodies, the air has grown small fingers
Just one caress, you're powerless...*

---Destination, The Church