

# THE END OF THE AGE

## A Vision of Iron and Faith





## MANKIND'S BRAVADO.

It was a salvage dump for a civilization once known for its inventiveness, now known for its waste. Mankind, for all its bravado, busied itself with petty feuds, mindless of the silent beast that had already eaten and was now digesting it.

A dark, apocalyptic landscape featuring several large, rusted mechanical gears of various sizes scattered across a desolate, rocky terrain. In the foreground, a massive gear is partially submerged in a pool of bright orange and red molten lava that flows through the cracks in the dark rock. The background is filled with thick, billowing smoke and steam, with more gears visible in the distance under a dark, overcast sky.

THE GROUND OF THE BOG  
SPLIT OPEN LIKE A RIPE MELON.



The enemy revealed. From the depths below, and the heavens above. The cliff dwellers were trapped.



They were led by a line of exceedingly old men...  
The soldiers were in tatters, armed with rakes,  
shovels, hoes, and other nonaggressive tools.



I could barely make out the names of denominations  
Various Christian denominations that once  
I could barely make out the names of the



As if they were not able to see...  
the Elders moved toward the bombings.  
Flesh-melting slaughter awaited them.



**“BUT YOU WILL NOT  
RESCUE ANYONE!”  
I SHOUTED.  
“THEY ARE GONE.”**

**“RESCUE THOSE BEHIND YOU!”**

The Elder shouted, “Behold our numbers!”



But from that height, the truth was clear.  
“We were not prepared for this level of warfare, nor were the Elders.”



From the midst of mounting catastrophe,  
I looked up to heaven and cried out, “Father, help us!”



*Suddenly a huge hand of light reached down from above and began lifting me out of the encroaching slaughter.*

A dark, apocalyptic landscape depicting a world engulfed in flames and smoke. In the distance, several large nuclear mushroom clouds rise from the ground, their tops glowing with intense orange and yellow light. The sky is filled with thick, billowing smoke and fire, casting a dark, orange-tinted glow over the scene. In the foreground, a city is completely engulfed in fire, with smoke and flames billowing out from every building. The ground is covered in smoke and ash, with a few small figures visible in the distance. The overall atmosphere is one of total destruction and despair.

Exiting the killing zone in this way,  
I could see further and further afield.  
The whole world seemed to be burning.



IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE,  
I WENT FROM DARKNESS INTO BLAZING LIGHT.



Unceremoniously, I was plunked down before my Father's throne.



The fortresses of iron will rust. The banners of men will fade.  
When all human strength and tradition fails, rescue is not found  
in our numbers, but in a single cry to Heaven.