

He was mingling with people who treated human flesh as pigment, life and death as a canvas, the human spine as an easel, and he could not for the life of him look away from it with all of his being: with most of it, yes, but not with the peeping bit of him. (Paul [...])

Read more: <http://goodcomics.comicbookresources.com/2012/09/13/what-i-bought-12-september-2012/>