

Sixteen shades of sorrow on a starless night with no escape to dawn.
She hugged the sand; she cursed the storm for 16 days and no to morrows.
Mourning friends who fled and loves that died stillborn... A li fetime
miming, hiding from the touch that claims... unchained her from the lie
that was her past. A hollow tear lay drying on the mask, behind the veil,
behind the mask, behind the vizor... And somewhere spiteful spirits
laughed at her - the last survivor. Because she'd always been a lone, she'd
always be alone.