

## Give Us The Rope

### The Protomen

A small contingent of policemen nervously escorted Light to the door of the courtroom and out into the mob

Give us the doctor!  
Give us the rope!

Light was shuffled through the crowd and into an awaiting car

Give us his hands!  
Give us his feet!

Give us the doctor!  
Give us the rope!

The car maneuvered slowly through the sea of people

Give us a grave!  
Give us a shovel!  
Give us a marker!

Give us the doctor!  
Give us the rope!  
Give us the doctor!  
Give us the rope!

Light and his police escort slowly moved south through the streets of the city. The commotion of the crowd finally faded in the distance. With every man, woman and child at the courthouse, the streets they traveled were empty and deserted. Knowing that the crowd would surely be following, they accelerated rapidly towards the old train station. Light's only chance was to get out of town

The station was oddly quiet. Vacant. In the distance, however, he could hear the crowd advancing. Following. A crushing fear overcame his crippling apathy. He quickly stepped from the platform to the waiting train. It was completely empty. The doors shut and the engine hissed and pulled away from the station. Light looked across the skyline to the tower he'd helped create. His gaze climbed to the top and stopped at the giant screen. Albert's face was screaming at the crowd. Whipping them into a frenzy. This was his city now

Light was gone  
His name destroyed  
His work stolen  
His love murdered  
But the city...

The city was alive