

## Lich King V: Stalemate

Lich King

And in time, the shell of Earth  
Continues to rattle with war

Dead world under a dead sky  
Nothing here worth fighting for

Five point four billion years  
of unending battle and siege

Unrelenting and immortal  
Triumph remains out of reach

All the horizon is filled with an eye  
which watches, unblinking and red  
Swollen, distended, the giant grows larger  
and brushes the exosphere's edge

The two last things in the world,  
so consumed with the fight, fail to notice the sun  
has eclipsed all the sky with its solar flares skirling  
Earth's final hour has come

War wages on

The corpse lord, the Lich King  
grows weary at last of the game

Grasps the nature of stalemate  
Victory cannot be claimed

The Nucleomancer  
too young to be bored with the bout

Goes on, unthinking,  
Not knowing his enemy's doubt

The King forms an idea while the  
fireballs burst and the acid rays sing through the air  
A lateral plan for a straightforward monster,  
foe must remain unaware

Waiting for a fury from the solar storm  
He will take wounds and seem to fall  
And, once seeming defeated, will melt  
off and find the true way to destroy every thing,  
one and all

The sun, dying  
The land, cracked  
The living, long vanquished  
The sky, black  
The storm thunders  
The fire descends  
The foe, unmindful  
The King will now transcend