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

One final volley

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