

Lich King IV (Born of the Bomb)

Lich King

Last living thing has been brought to its knees
And the multiverse worships the King
Dimensional empire of smoldering worlds,
Their ruler is standing alone

The earth is a tomb and the sky is its pall
And the dust is the people that failed
Regarding his realm in its thundering death
Calm at oblivion's door

To the victor go the empty and bitter
And terrible spoils of war
There are no more worlds to conquer
There's no one left to fight

The fallout drifts in the wake of the strike
And the cloud overhead blankets all
Nuclear lightningstorm flashing
A shadow is moving within

Something has formed
Something has spawned
Fission, unlife
Born of the atom
Born of the dead
Born... of the bomb

Rising up there amidst towers of smoke is a
Hydrogen-made skeletzar
Doppelganger in all respects, body and mind,
Powers mirroring those of the King

Hammered iron and bone and a chestplate of
Spiked armor all of it blackened by soot
Billowing green from its empty skull sockets
Tendrils of sickening light
The undead lord regards the usurper
And the newcomer returns the glare
An accident of science
A conjuration foul

The King begins to cackle and laugh
Realization sets in and the answer is clear
His one worthy opponent
In all of time, himself

And at long last
Something as strong
No end to the coming fight
Neverending battle has been
Born... of the bomb

Sword and axe are raised
And the two things are joined in combat
Sparks ignite from quickened strikes
The fireballs are as raindrops and
The thrumming lightning blasts

Cannot kill the sorcerers
Yet they carry on, his minions
Cower horrified and horrible

Crashing
Striking
Thrusting
Slashing
Hacking
Chanting
Casting

Lashing out with all his might
At the one made in his form
Locked in blissful violence
A perpetual and total war

Cracking
Smashing
Cutting
Blasting
Crushing
Bashing
Gouging

Laughing long and loud the undead lord
A blackened denouement
Atop their world gone dead the
Maelstrom continues on