

# Lich King VI: The Omniclasm

Lich King

Now into space the Lich King transcends  
He is formless, a spectre, a void  
Looming and dwarfing the crimson sun  
Time quickens and earth is destroyed

Celestial bodies are fodder for razing  
Planets, gas giants are ripe  
Crowding around him, he grows ever larger  
Begins the great galactic wipe

Sword  
Is  
Raised  
And Canis Majoris is cleaved in twain and the  
Sparks form a three hundred million mile trail of floss  
The Horsehead Nebula consumed in a fireball  
Stretching three and a half lightyears across

Metaphysical blade shears a massive black hole  
Its accretion disc scatters as dust  
Lunging and swinging, the targets grow tiny  
Milky Way flickers, impaled on a thrust

Omniclasm

Whole galaxies stir with a turn of his hand  
Novas like fireflies swirl in the air  
His tremendous size exceeds the universe now  
Suddenly, only black everywhere

Fourth dimension unfurls to his hollow eyes  
All time and all space revealed, he sees  
Abstract concepts, immutable truths  
He'll kill these too, he thinks, and is pleased

Sword  
Is  
Raised  
And astronomy, poetry, love, mathematics  
Fall prey to a screaming slash  
Chemistry, metallurgy and more are  
Undone in a blinding flash

Civics, aesthetics, philosophy, logic  
Are crushed in a psionic vise  
Reason is dying, an unspeakable  
End result of his dead paradise

This is his Omniclasm

Back in the ash cloud that once was Earth  
The Nucleomancer remains  
Comprehends the King's plan at last  
Bellows and rises in flame

Furious blaze explodes in size  
And the King notes the emerald speck

Howling up through the airless gloom  
Blossoming green from total black

Usurper begins to coalesce  
Threads of physics all unwind  
"All hail the king," the stars cry, dying  
A final battle at the end of time

Sword  
Is  
Raised  
And morningstar meets it, gargantuan flares  
Sent thundering from non-corporeal steel  
Each strike blocked is answered, in a  
Cosmic, cacophonous catherine wheel

The King sees his way to destroy everything  
A last concept lies behind his foe  
He swings, enemy thinks it a miss  
And readies the killing blow

Omniclasm

The King begins to cackle  
At the climax of the bout  
His aim was true, he'd run it through  
Reality itself winks out