

Through tomes of science, of stories and lore  
Through faustian thirst, hungering for more  
He sat and he studied, as pages turned  
He plotted and thought, for power he yearned

He drew and he planned, and he built great machines,  
Aberrations, monstrosities, and filth unclean  
In power he grew, through mechanical lore  
But his lust was not sated, he thirsted for more

So he turned to God, the master of all  
And begged him, beseeched him, to hear his call  
To tell him and teach him, to show him the way  
To be the greatest of all, to rule the day

But God heard not that selfish request  
For such pleas are naught, but greed manifest  
So he turned on the man, disgusted in he  
And chose to ignore his arrogant plea.

The man continued, he begged and he pleaded  
But God stood fast, his resolve undefeated  
And so the man plotted, his mind as a cog  
As he abandoned forever, his infallible God

So the man then retreated, to his iron clad home  
And threw himself deep, into forbidden tomes  
By his hand were born, horrors untold  
Machines of death, from ages of old

And he worked and he toiled and he slaved away  
On through the night, and through many days  
Crafting and building ingenious machines  
An army of steel, built upon steam.

And out he emerged, from his tower of iron  
Leading an army, his mechanical scion  
And so he marched forth, with a whirring of cogs  
And proclaimed to the heavens: "I defy thee, God!"

And before him appeared, in the blink of an eye  
A middle-aged man, who then heaved a sigh  
He bore but a tunic, and trousers worn  
He regarded the man, with emotions torn

"Why must you do this child, why must you fight?  
Why can't you see, I cannot answer your plight?"  
But logic did naught, but further his hate  
His thirst for vengeance, nothing could sate

And so the man, with bloodlusting eyes  
Ordered his army with a battleborn cry  
“Fire your weapons, your rockets and guns  
Kill that pretender, that cruel, hateful scum!”

And so fire they did, at behest of their liege  
Amidst clouds of smoke, stood a God besieged  
But when the smoke and the steam and the dust did fade  
The man saw only God, standing unscathed

Before he could blink, stutter or breathe  
God was before him, and he on his knees  
“Shall you smite me now, or strike me down?  
Slaughter me so that you might keep your crown?”

“I shall do none of those things, you foolish child  
For Man would learn nothing, from a dead man reviled  
You aspire for power, for godhood itself?  
I shall show you your goal, this so-called wealth.”

In the blink of an eye, the pair stood in the sand  
Beheld armies at war, flying warmaster’s brands  
They each gave a cry, and charged into battle  
Following leaders, like unthinking cattle.

“But what care should I have, for such unknown lands  
Or armies clashing, amidst scorching sands  
If I were as you, I would leave them all be  
To slaughter each other, as much as they pleased”

“You might not be quick, to judge them as fools  
If you saw them as I did, and ruled as I rule.  
So hold your thoughts fast, and judge them not  
Until I show you the power, that you have long sought.”

And so the man and the God approached the field  
Surrounded by wounded, their fates sealed  
And as they sauntered along, a soldier was roused  
With life, it seemed, he was barely endowed

With a gasp and a heave, and a rasping wheeze  
The soldier rose slowly, with no sign of ease  
With a look at the man, and a dying breath  
He drifted eternally, to the embrace of death

But such peace of death, was lost on the man  
With face white as bone, and shaking of hand  
He fell to his knees, amidst corpses piled  
And quietly mourned, the death of his child

Before he could think, before a tear could be shed  
He appeared in a room, beside him, a bed  
There on the bed, on sheets of pure white  
Laid none other, than the man's precious wife.

He shook her and kissed her and called her name  
Attempting to rouse her, attempting in vain  
"What trickery is this, you conniving fiend  
You've set my wife sleeping, with magic obscene!"

"She has fallen ill, of a deadly disease  
It's thirst for blood, is by few things appeased  
Give her this potion, 'tis a powerful cure  
She will be saved with this, of that rest assured"

So the man took the vial, and gave her the cure  
And hoped against hope, it would purge the impure  
But with a hack and a wheeze, and a trickle of blood  
The woman's life left her, in a torrential flood

He fell to his knees, his heart broken and battered  
As he let loose his grief, his willpower shattered  
After tempests and storms of sorrowful tears  
He turned to God, with fury he seared

"Why do you do this, you contemptable dog  
Why should one such as you, hold the title of God  
You've killed my wife, and murdered my child,  
Why should ultimate power, be in hands so vile"

And God gave a sigh, a sad little breath  
"If you're to be God, you must also be death  
To visit upon others, what most you fear  
To sacrifice everything, you most hold dear"

"Sorrow and grief, and undying rage  
One must control them, lest they become cage  
Transcend all the grief and the sadness you must  
If, for power, you still do lust"

"For if you would be God, if that is your goal  
There's a price to it all, you must pay the toll  
To watch every child, every lover perish  
To witness the end, of all that you cherish"

"I've lived through the ages, seen empires born  
I've seen dynasties fall, and nations torn  
Every person on earth, each woman and man  
I love each one, as much as one can"

“And one by one, as eons pass,  
each of them dies, their lives do not last  
Again and again, you are stricken with grief,  
if God is the goal, if power you seek.”

“So heed well my words, O arrogant Man  
and consider these teachings, when next you plan  
For power and wealth, glory and fame  
The price shall rob all, and leave naught but shame”

Finished his tale, God turned and left  
As the humbled man fell to his knees and wept  
As God looked out, upon the bright sky  
There was a sparkling, glimmering, tear in his eye.