

# The Master Plan

By Oceangod

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*All I need is a satellite and a big friggin magnifying glass and I'll fulfill every promise in this poem. Remember that.*

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# 1 - The Master Plan

## The Master Plan

I laugh at you all

Who scurry like a roach

For soon the very planet shall

Tremble at my approach.

It won't be long, not much now

Until I rule the world

And stand above all things

A victory flag unfurled.

I'll rule the land

The air, the sea

You shall all pay homage

And bow submissively.

The sky will darken

At my beckon call

And the seas will boil and fire

From the heavens fall.

I'll have jesters and slaves

When I own the world

But all I truly want

Is the hand of a single girl.

The continents; my proposal

The oceans will be her ring

The skies will chime with wedding bells

And to the stars I'll sing.

I'll give my girl the mountains

And I'll give to her the trees

She'll own the Artic ices

And control the gentle breeze.

I want to give my girl the planets

I want to give my girl the stars

And all the brilliance of a golden sun

Or that of crimson Mars.

I'll rule the world in all its glory

And present it to my bride

I'll be a mighty ruler

For my love to pride

You'll be our minions and our vassals

And it is us you shall serve.

I'll give my girl the entire globe

Though less than she deserves.

## 2 - The Master Plan Re-imagined

### The Master Plan Re-Imagined

Those who scurry like a roach  
For soon the very planet shall  
Tremble at my approach.  
It wont' be long, not much now  
Until I rule the world  
And stand above all things  
A victory flag unfurled.  
I'll rule the land  
The air, the sea  
You shall all pay homage  
And bow submissively.  
The sky will darken  
At my beckon call  
And the seas will boil and fire  
From the heavens fall.  
I'll have jesters and slaves  
When I own the world  
But all I truly want  
Is the hand of a single girl.

The continents; my proposal  
The oceans will be her ring  
The skies will chime with wedding bells  
And to the stars I'll sing.  
But should my maiden ask  
Upon a bended knee  
That I fulfill her desire  
Then it is red I see.  
The desire for carnage  
Of my shining bride  
It calls, it shrieks  
And begs a crimson tide.  
My wrath you shall see  
And fear you shall know  
The land stained with blood and venom  
And misery and woe.  
Before our gaze of love and death  
Hell itself doth quake  
For we turn flesh to stone  
and sea to bloody lake.  
So pray to my Lesbia  
For whom my heart does soar  
You perhaps pray to her already

I say to you, pray more.