

# The Mandate's Song

by Charles Stross

[Please attend to the tune of "Major-General's Song" by Gilbert & Sullivan]

I am the very model of a modern evil overlord,  
I've minions who are eldritch and equipped with claw and tentacle,  
I learned the names of Chthonians and I wrote the Necronomicon,  
From Azathoth to Xexanoth by way of Sign and Pentacle;  
I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters thaumaturgical,  
I conjure apparitions from the abyss necromantical,  
About raw head and bloody bones I may rhapsodize maniacal,  
While I boil sacrificial skulls to make a supper gross and cannibal.

I'm very good at politics and rulership tyrannical,  
I have the secret of success: surveillance, all mechanical!  
My drones and eyes espy the lies of cultists unreliable,  
In short I am the model of a modern evil overlord.

I ruled in Ancient Egypt, Pharaonic and atroc-i-ous,  
I left a Black Sarcophagus, my exit quite bodacious,  
In Nahuatl Mexica tzampotli very numerous,  
Played ditties on a bone flute made from Smoking Mirror's humerus;  
I'm very pleased to meet you now, I hope you guessed my name,  
N'yar lat-Hotep is no odder than itzpapalotl's fame!  
You probably are not sure just yet, the nature of my game:  
Let's say beyond your ken it lies, 'til stars come right again.

I scribe elder signs in heiroglyphs and dance upon the sky,  
Abominations bow before me when I wander by:  
My cultists eat the hearts of those too slow to make obeisance,  
I'm very unforgiving of those lacking in resilience!

(Aside to audience: \*Their gristle sticks between my teeth\*)

My throne of skulls I sit atop in double-breasted suit,  
Number Ten my home for now, political astute!  
They're building me an altar in the penthouse of the Shard:  
While I order executions held in London Tower's Yard.  
In fact I'm your dictator, your evil deity,  
An elder god in flesh reborn, for those with eyes to see:  
Consilient constellations grant me power to enforce,  
My potentates's desires at whim, on any mortal's corpse.

For all my necromancy, though I'm plucky and adventury,  
I've only risen this past year, CASE NIGHTMARE GREEN's ahead of me:  
The Laundry does my bidding as my power waxes rapidly,  
For I'm the very model of a modern Elder God

AND YOU'LL ALL BE EATEN IN THE END