

In the wake of Darkseid's death, several members of the Justice League have gained the power of Gods—but at what price to their humanity? The Fastest Man Alive has become the host of the mysterious and deadly BLACK RACER, a cosmic grim reaper drawn to those on the eve of their demise. THE FLASH is the GOD OF DEATH.

MY NAME WAS BARRY ALLEN. THEY CALLED ME THE FLASH.

AND I WAS ALWAYS AFRAID OF DEATH.

RIGHT UP TO THE MOMENT THAT I BECAME IT.



JUSTICE LEAGUE

THE DARKSEID WAR: FLASH

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DID I KILL DARKSEID?



THE BLACK RACER DID IT, FLASH. NOT YOU.

IT'S DARKSEID'S GREATEST WEAPON. OR IT WAS. DARKSEID CLAIMED THAT HE'D CAPTURED DEATH WHEN HE TOOK CONTROL OF APOKOLIPS.

BUT DEATH COULD ONLY BE COMMUNICATED WITH BY ANCHORING IT TO A SENTIENT HOST.



I'M SORRY...

WHY ARE YOU APOLOGIZING?

BECAUSE THE PREVIOUS HOSTS ARE ALL...

I'M NOT LIKE THEM. I DON'T WANT TO ESCAPE DEATH.

I WANT TO CONTROL IT.

OH MY SWEET, DARLING BARRY.





YOU MORE THAN MOST
KNOW HOW IMPOSSIBLE
THAT IS.

...WHO?

IT HAPPENS IN
THE BEAT BETWEEN
WINGS THAT ONLY
GODS CAN HEAR.
BUT THAT VOICE...



...IT SOUNDS
LIKE HOME.

AND SUDDENLY, FOR
A THOUSANDTH OF A
MILLISECOND, I'M BARRY
AGAIN. I'M THE FLASH.

AND THE BLACK
RACER IS REACHING
FOR ME. HUNGRY FOR
ITS HOST. AND SO I
DO WHAT I DO BEST...



...I RUN FOR
MY LIFE.



I'M THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE.
AND I CAN OUTFRAN DEATH.

I ALMOST
BELIEVE THAT...

YOU ARE
WRONG.

EVERYTHING
THAT HAS
EVER LIVED HAS
HAD EXACTLY
THE SAME
THOUGHT.

AND
THEY ARE
NO LONGER
LIVING.



YOU MUST
ACCEPT ME.
THERE IS NO
EVIL HERE. ALL
THINGS MUST
END.

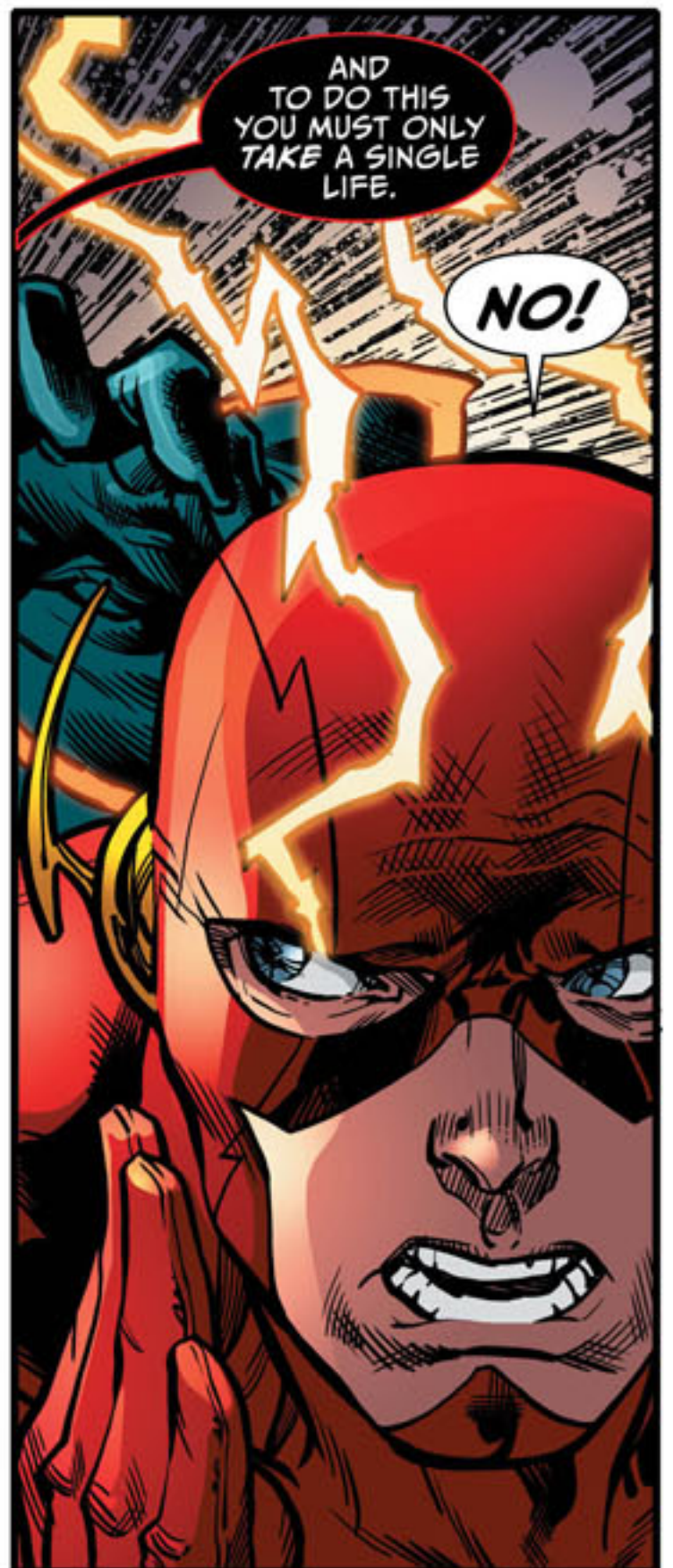
YOU
ARE SIMPLY A
NECESSARY COG IN
A GREAT MACHINE.
YOU ARE DEATH
NOW.

YOU MUST
CONSUMMATE OUR
UNION. BECOME THE
BLACK RACER.



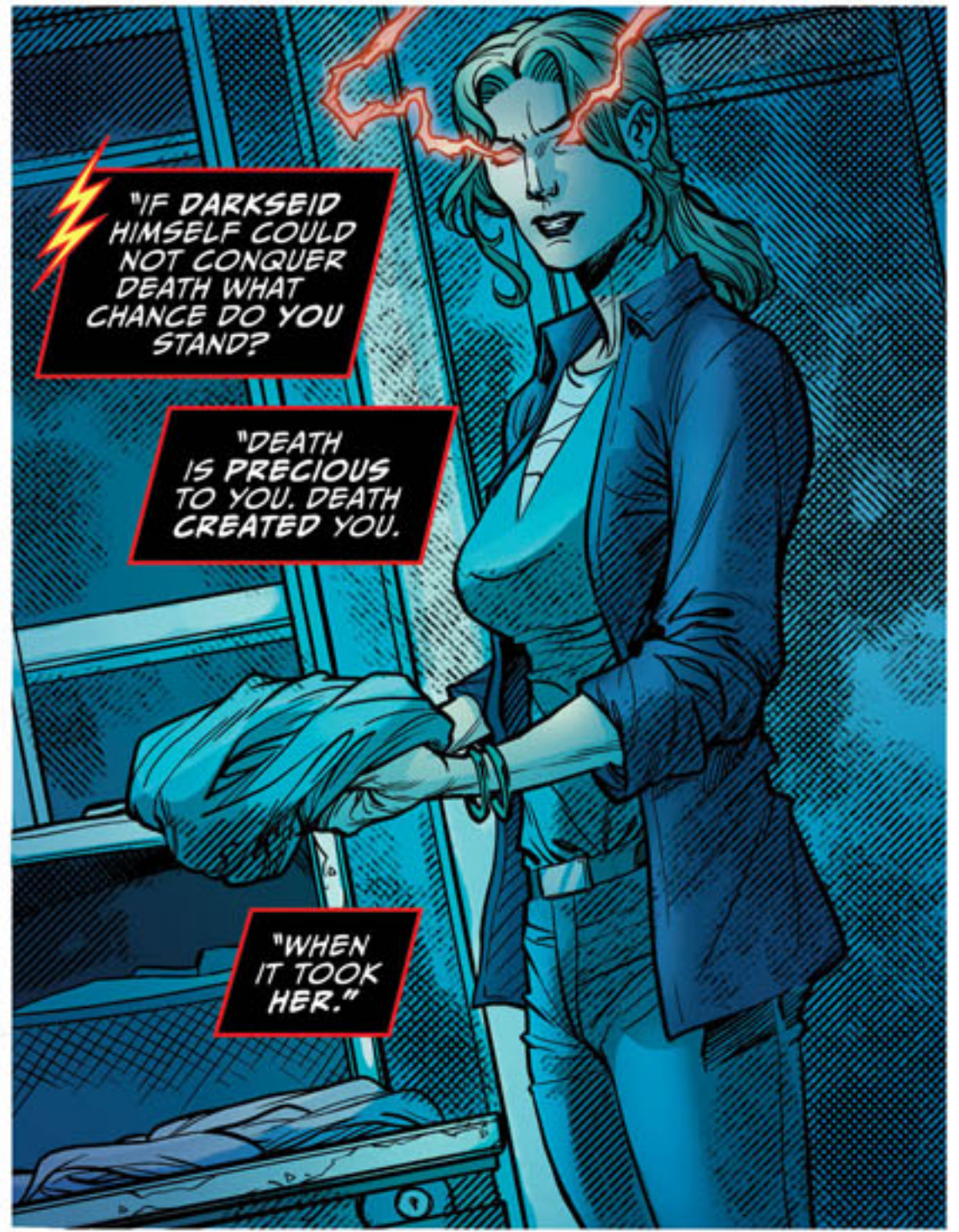
AND
TO DO THIS
YOU MUST ONLY
TAKE A SINGLE
LIFE.

NO!



NNNNNNNNAAA!!

FOOL. WHAT YOU ARE ATTEMPTING... HERE... NOW. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE.



"IF DARKSEID HIMSELF COULD NOT CONQUER DEATH WHAT CHANCE DO YOU STAND?"

"DEATH IS PRECIOUS TO YOU. DEATH CREATED YOU."

"WHEN IT TOOK HER."



WHA...?

THE IMAGE... THE WORDS... BREAK MY CONCENTRATION... MY FORWARD MOTION FALTERS...



...AND THAT'S ENOUGH.

DEATH WINS IN EVEN A MILLISECOND'S INERTIA.