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Trump Has Hit the End Stage **Donald Trump is producing the warning signs that forensic psychiatry uses to predict imminent mass violence.**

By W. A. Lawrence

May 24, 2026

Donald Trump prompted an AI to drop nuclear weapons on the earth, and days later prompted the same tool to seal himself under a golden dome. The president is projecting his final act in plain sight.

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The Triumph of Death Created circa 1562 by Pieter Bruegel the Elder

Bruegel painted a population maintaining ritual while extermination swallowed the horizon. Kings clutched gold while skeletal armies dragged civilians across burning earth toward open graves. Clergy protected ceremony while execution spread methodically through collapsing cities. The Triumph of Death endures because Bruegel identified the fatal instinct governing doomed societies. Populations proclaim stability longest while organized catastrophe tears through the foundations beneath.

Side by side, the two images project Trump's plan: the world ends, Trump remains, and the president holds the codes.

Trump turns eighty in weeks. The White House has confirmed his chronic venous insufficiency, the circulatory condition that visible swelling and his makeup-covered bruises betray. He counts the same calendar every authoritarian before him has counted. Threat assessors recognize survivor renderings paired with annihilation scenes as the textbook signature of this phase. Trump has signed his name to both this month.

Forensic literature has documented for decades that many mass murderers plan to die in the killing, and a substantial share engineer the event to drag as many people with them as possible into the dark. Political psychology calls this pattern *Götterdämmerung*, the Wagnerian opera that scored Hitler's final orders for Germany's destruction. The pattern sharpens when the killer senses his own time running short.

The pattern has a primary case in the historical record. On March 19, 1945, Hitler issued the Nero Decree, ordering the destruction of every factory, bridge, granary, and telephone line on German soil. When Albert Speer protested that the country needed its

infrastructure, Hitler answered that the German people had revealed themselves as the weaker race, and the survivors had earned the destruction. Six weeks later he killed himself in the bunker he had converted into the architecture of his final conviction. Germany survived because Speer disobeyed. Trump has not named his Speer, and the administration has yet to refuse the order.

The syndrome carries a second case closer to our century. Jim Jones built Peoples Temple as the architecture of his own psychology, herded his followers into a Guyanese compound, and rehearsed the final act in recorded sermons before executing the massacre on November 18, 1978. He killed nine hundred and nine people that day, including three hundred and four children. The threat-assessment literature treats Jonestown as the foundational template for charismatic-leader mass casualty events, and every marker Jones produced before the massacre now operates inside Trump's public record at higher volume.

The clinical literature carries a name and a framework for this pattern. J. Reid Meloy built the TRAP-18 framework for the FBI Behavioral Analysis Unit to assess targeted violence. Leakage warning behavior ranks among the strongest predictors of enactment, and leakage means producing detailed imagery of the intended act before the act occurs.

The protocol was designed for shooters, stalkers, and assassins, and does not cover the person holding the nuclear codes. The professionals trained in the protocol have spent the year arguing over one question. Does the duty to warn now override the silence the Goldwater Rule required?

Forensic psychiatry keeps a long file on killers who taunt. David Berkowitz wrote letters to police and press, and signed them Son of Sam, and named his victims. Berkowitz left clues on purpose, because he wanted the public to experience acute fear. Clinical literature treats this communication as part of the killing ritual. Taunt is rehearsal in language, and image is rehearsal in form. Trump has been leaving the country clues for months.

On the weekend of May 17, thousands gathered for a prayer rally Trump had endorsed. He skipped the event and posted AI images instead. The pictures showed him in a space station, pressing a red button to launch nuclear weapons worldwide. Trump captioned them "Space Force." The office he holds carries the actual launch codes. He spent the weekend producing cartoons of a sitting president using the arsenal.

Six days earlier, on Monday night, May 11, Trump opened Truth Social at 10:14 p.m., and did not stop until 1:12 a.m. He fired off fifty-five posts in three hours, one every three minutes. He railed against Barack Obama and reposted Catturd2 calling the former president a traitor, and ranted about the Lincoln Memorial Reflecting Pool, and imagined

his face on the hundred-dollar bill.

People call this news. I call it a man at the end of his rope writing the country into his suicide note.

Trump's pathology is genuinely worsening, and the country that should have wrapped him in a straitjacket stopped paying attention to the acute threat the world faces. Both truths sit side by side. The decline continues, and the straitjacket waits in a closet no one will open.

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This architecture now runs the United States. The disorder Kernberg described in 1984 sits behind the Resolute Desk, holds the nuclear codes, and produces AI images of its own survival fantasies in the dark hours when the country sleeps. Clinical literature predicted the trajectory decades before the country handed the disorder the office, and the Goldwater Rule still forbids clinicians from diagnosing him by name, though the policy does not stop anyone else from reading a checklist.

The checklist begins with the timestamps. A Daily Beast analysis caught Trump sleeping eight hours on only five evenings of April, and the deprivation has tightened through May. He hunts Truth Social from 10 p.m. to 1 a.m., resurfaces at 6 or 7 a.m., and collapses into afternoon naps the public payroll bankrolls. Psychoanalytic literature calls this manic defense: the grandiose self inflates inside the isolation, beats back paranoia, and vomits the wreckage onto the public timeline.

The wreckage carries Trump's face. He posted the Golden Dome this week, sealing the White House inside a glowing bubble that satellites cannot reach. The fantasy ran as policy in gold. The architecture told a different story. A dying president drew the only room he plans to die inside. Everything outside that bubble burns at his command.

The Financial Times counted fifty-seven AI posts in three weeks against only eight for April. Berkowitz mailed letters. Rader mailed drawings. Trump floods the public sphere with AI annihilation fantasies branded with his own face and transmitted from the Oval Office itself.

Trump cycled through three wives, lost a sexual abuse verdict to E. Jean Carroll, earned thirty-four felony counts, incinerated three national security advisors and four chiefs of staff, and transformed the vice president he once sent toward a mob gallows into disposable collateral inside the accelerating ruin.

Trump performs piety at Sunday prayer breakfasts and posts AI cartoons of himself launching nuclear weapons that same afternoon, inhabiting the exact pattern Berkowitz and Rader inhabited before the threat-assessment literature gave it a name. The pattern shows itself again this weekend. Donald Trump Jr. is getting married, and his father has cited Iran to skip the wedding, while spending the morning posting AI fantasies about annexing Greenland, a doctored video of him hurling Stephen Colbert into a dumpster, and a written threat of genocide against ninety million human beings.

Were you or I to post such a video, the local department would have officers at our door before sundown. Were you or I to commit genocide to writing against ninety million human beings, federal agents would seize us before the next post landed. A court would evaluate our fitness for the public, and a judge would deliver us to a locked ward.

The constraints that once governed personality disorders of this severity have fallen in sequence: the Supreme Court handed him immunity in *Trump v. United States*, the administration purged seventeen inspectors general on a Friday night, and Judge Ana Reyes ruled the firings unlawful but lacked the power to restore the watchdogs.

Trump is decompensating, and the documented record confirms he is getting worse. Reaching for medical explanations puts the catastrophe inside Trump and lifts us off the hook.

Soon I will name the senators who could have removed Trump and refused. The world braces for the greatest civilizational threat in our lifetime, composing his retribution tour from fantasies of annihilation.

Forensic records show every mass murderer announcing his intent before the act. The field named these announcements warning signs long before Trump entered politics. He has produced two this month: the bombed earth and the dome of his own survival. Why is this not front-page news?

W.A. Lawrence is the author of the Substack blog Glass Empires which investigates authoritarianism, corruption, propaganda, and systems of control with an independence most modern media surrendered long ago.