



Old Dragon

There was an old cavern which tunneled deep within
The heights of a cold and lonely mountain's frozen chin
In these depths, lies a once fierce and mighty dragon
Now just an old, pale and withered creature
Tears of sorrow he lies down for times long gone
When his now skinny and tarnished wings were sinewy and able
To ascend this giant towards his crave of human flesh and treasure
The fiery furnace he poured in ancient times
By the searing flames he claimed so many lives
Now his breath as cold as ice
Never again would spill fire
But what old dragon lusts for most, is the treasure of the old king
He's much too weak! But,oh! Oh! How he desires that one thing
Around old dragon there is no gold nor silver
His breath is slowing down, his eyes are closing
Frosty chills of ice are swooping from the sky like arrows from a quiver
In the depths of old cavern, the dragon is bleeding.