

More Songs About Dragons

Side 1

1. Fahdonmul's Lament 8:32
2. Lair of the Dragon 7:04
3. Rival Dragon 7:19

Side 2

4. Fahdonmul's Battle 10:11
5. Terror of the Wood 8:29

All songs written and performed by J. P. Morris, Copyright (C)2024-5



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Fahdonmul's Lament

We were made to dominate, and this we understood
All who sought to challenge us would be crushed like rotten wood
Hear the mighty dragons roar, watch the people scream and shout
But all good things must have an end, as we were going to find out

But if the last of us should fall, our god will come to end it all

We were made in our god's form, thought our actions were His Will
Thought the world was ours to take, thought its people ours to kill
Over time our dragon cults would squeeze our worshippers too dry
We put our trust in fire and scales, we thought that we could never die

But if the last of us should fall, our god will come to end it all

Once we ruled a continent, our reign was just and fair
But as our rule spread outwards we forgot the need to care
For all our ancient wisdom we had picked the road to hell
The clock was ticking down until our subjects would rebel

They slew the vicious tyrant and the cruellest overlord
Then they turned on their own allies and they put us to the sword
We pledged to serve the emperor if he'd keep us alive
But the slaughter just continued 'til we numbered roughly five

No sympathy for a failed race... But were we really that bad?

Dragons don't all think the same, some showed pity and remorse
Lent our aid to help mankind stop our brother's greedy course
From our inch they took a mile, used the weapons that we gave
Turned them all against their friends, sent their allies to the grave

But if the last of us should fall, our god will come to end it all

Terror of the Woods

One grey day some bandits came and tried to steal a wagon
They'd just tied up the merchants when they turned and saw the dragon
He was dressed in shining mail, all polished bright from neck to tail
And in his hands he held a mighty sword
The bandits were the dewclaw gang, the scourge of all the county
The dragon knight stood fearless, he had come to claim their bounty
"Take him down" the leader said, and moments later lost her head
The blood flowed down into the nearby ford

The Terror of the Wood, but you can call him Terry
He slaughtered Robin Hood, and all his men most merry

Fighting through the mob he'd made a grave miscalculation
Overwhelmed and forced to kneel he faced decapitation
Held down by his horns and hair while jeers and curses filled the air
They raised the sword to send him to his death
The dragon-man began to glow, a flash of light expanding
Where once a knight had knelt there was a full-size dragon standing
Letting out two angry roars he stomped the bandits with his paws
And burned up the survivors with his breath

Landing in the town he came to claim the bounty due
A dragon playing hero left them unsure what to do
Fearful of a dragon's rage they paid him more than twice his wage
And gave a formal knighthood from their lord
The peasants quaked in fear as his giant shadow soared
And in his mighty claws he clutched the chest with his reward
Flying to his lofty home, a high-up cave where none dared roam
He curled around the mountain of his hoard

The Terror of the Skies, but you can call him Terry
To cross him is unwise - he'd crush you like a cherry

Fahdonmul's Battle

Born at the start, ere the ages of kings, but sheltering now in a cave
Takes to the sky on his brown leathern wings, in hopes of his people to save

Fahdonmul

The Dark One conceived of a glorious plan, a wonderful future for all
That glory devolved into conquering man, his ally reduced to his thrall

The people rebelled 'neath the Dark One's cruel claws
And dragons felt slaughter and pain
The Dark One was banished through time's corridors, one day to resurface again

When the Dark One comes, the fallen shall arise
But to the Chosen one the traitor dies

"Free from draconic oppression, mortal-kind simply enslaved each other, proving
that mortals are no better than dragons. And so, thousands of years after the
Dark One fell, Fahdonmul, one of the last dragons, sensed the return of the Dark
One. As was foretold, the fiend raised his fallen brethren from the grave, not out
of compassion, but as slaves to help him conquer all. And Fahdonmul knew he
had been chosen to slay the Dark One and end his evil - or die trying."

When the Dark One came, the fallen rose again
And by the Chosen One the fiend was slain

Fahdonmul looked down at his own bloodied claws
The traitorous Dark One was dead
His minions responded with triumphant roars and bowed to Fahdonmul instead

Taking the risen ones under his wing, to teach them the wrong of their ways
The chosen one brokered a truce with mankind to guard them for all of their days

So we, the last survivors who have turned our tails and hid
Used our centuries in hiding to reflect on what we did
If the prophecies speak truly, if we get a second chance,
May we try to live more wisely in that happy circumstance



Otari MX80 2" 24-track tape machine
with Brian Roth output drivers
TASCAM TSR-8 tape machine
Studer A807 master recorder
TASCAM DA3000 digital master recorder
TASCAM ATS-500 sync unit
Allen & Heath GL2400 main mixer
Soundcraft MFXi-20 sub mixer
American Standard Razorblades

WEM Copicat tape echo
Lexicon Alex, LXP-5 and M300
LA Audio valve compressor
KT-2A levelling amplifier
TL Audio 5051 valve channel
American Audio 152B equalizer
Modified Strymon BlueSky reverb
Behringer noise gates
SPL Vitalizer 2

Roland MVS-1, JV1010, Behringer Solina, Hammond XM-1 w/Rotosphere mk2,
Roland Alpha Juno, Cheetah MS6, Moog Voyager, Manikin Memotron,
Alesis DM10, Yamaha Reface CP, Dexibell SX8, Korg M1R, Triton Rack,
Oberheim OB-X8, Ahlborn Archive 201 organ, Waldorf MicroWave
Neumann TLM102, Steinberger XT2 bass, Steinberger Spirit GT

Lair of the Dragon

All around town the same tale is told,
Of a cave said to be flowing with gold
Come with me, you could be comfortably rich
Has to beat having to sleep in a ditch
All we need is to find suitable crew
Hoping for rapid wealth just like you do
Just so you know there might be a big dragon involved

Who'll climb the stair to the lair of the dragon?
Who here would dare face the lair of the dragon?

Finally we have crept into the cave
As they say, victory goes to the brave
All of us standing there gazing in awe
Piles of gold are strewn over the floor
Wealth beyond count the real stuff of our dreams
Sacks of gold coins that burst out at the seams
Only one snag, it's the giant red dragon sat there

Muscular beast made of scales and bone
Baleful glare that could turn you to stone
Gave us a gesture with razor-sharp claw
Carefully put our loot back on the floor
Wondering why we we're not already dead
Finally opened his mouth and he said
"This gold is the property of the realm's national bank."

Who'll climb the stair to the lair of the dragon?
Who here would dare face the lair of the dragon?

"Time to run, boys."

Rival Dragon

It was to be a day of lore, to face the beast upon the field of war
A mighty battle, just and right, the heroes' armour gleaming bright
A vengeance sought for countless days for setting fields and towns ablaze
And as the dragon came to fight,
And as his wings turned day to night
...Another dragon came and killed him.

He stole our kill
He stole our pride
He stole our glory

The people cheered and praises sang, across the land the church bells rang
The poet watched in sullen rage, ripped up his epic's final page
The heroes wracked with inner pain, their chance of glory down the drain
The dragon stole our dreams away
He stopped to ask if we're okay
The rival dragon who had saved us

He stole our kill
He stole our pride
He stole our glory

The heroes came to take his head, to prove to all our foe was dead
The dragon stopped and told them no, and bore away his vanquished foe
The land is safe and well-patrolled, by a dragon paid with gold
But still we wonder once again
Whether our foe was truly slain
...Or have those scaly bastards tricked us?

He stole our kill
He stole our pride
He stole our glory