

A long, long time a go  
In a time of knights and kings  
Dragons of awe became extinct  
Only degenerate L. pyrophorous were left to sire  
Could they reveal the mystery of breathing fire?  
Not a bad idea, don't you think?  
The Ogan of Feurerwerk was the spark  
Its brown tissue would light the dark  
By igniting burped methane gas  
To stop any those who would trespass  
Thankfully soda didn't exist back then  
Or he may have burned his own den  
The glottis must have been open a bit  
Or the best he could do was probably spit

Oh my my this here pyro guy  
Using interesting phsyiology and all on the fly  
Stealing maidens and burning castles from so high  
Just soaring in the big blue sky  
Soaring in the big blue sky

And what about all the steam they blow?  
Its the ducts of Kwentsch with high flow  
Plus they avoid the use of radiators  
With Bestos bodies as insulators  
Planning at 9000 ft a strategic attack  
With their night vision and mental function intact  
Using adaptions of a Bar Headed goose  
With its high blood flow it just can't lose  
But how do dragons replicate?  
All males isn't enough to procreate.  
That's where maidens control dragon's fate  
Smiling blissfully, ready to consummate  
Maybe the death of dragons was lack of desire  
No viginis to excite their inner fire  
Even the highly appraised Britney Spears  
Would approach a dragon with fear

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