



## More Songs About Dragons

### Side 1

1. Fahdonmul's Lament
2. Lair of the Dragon
3. Rival Dragon

8:32  
7:04  
7:19

### Side 2

4. Fahdonmul's Battle
5. Terror of the Wood

10:11  
8:29

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



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All songs recorded on 2" 24-track on SM900 tape, Mixed Feb 2025 on ATR tape. Mastering by Alex Balzama at Swift Audio Solutions, April 2025

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Cover by TheKC, logo by Turnsky.  
<https://www.dougtheeagle.com>  
<https://dougtheeagle.bandcamp.com>

## 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 you all

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

## 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

## 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