

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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