

Storm Dragon

The storm dragon is stirring,
Roused from cloud-wrapped dreams,
His jagged teeth begin to grind.
His claws uncurl, his limbs unwind.
His ashen pupils gleam.

The storm dragon is stirring.
His wrath begins to rise.
His mighty tail now starts to thrash,
His fiery breath, to flare and flash.
There's menace in his eyes.

The storm dragon is raging.
He rakes his razor claws,
Across the blanket of the sky,
To burst the timid clouds on high.
All heaven hears his roars.

The storm dragon is raging.
The world's roof is ablaze.
His fury shakes the strongest trees,
And punishes the helpless seas,
Beneath his brutal gaze.

The storm dragon is fading.
Exhausted from his blast,
His rasping breath has no more spark.
As sunlight pushes through the dark,
His rage is spent at last.

The storm dragon is fading,
Collapsing in a heap.
As slumber takes the beast once more,
At peace with just the faintest snore,
He falls to silent sleep.

