

Dragon

Magery and symbolism have long been used to give power to political statements in song ... and what better icon is there for the swaggering malevolence of the world's political and social evils than a bloated, rancorous dragon? Feeding on fear, greed and intolerance, the "dragon" has been manipulating and segregating our society for centuries. It's been fought by sword, pen ... and song. Originally written in 1998, John Flynn added a final verse to his powerful song-statement after the events of September 11th. "Dragon" is the title track to John's newest out on MettaFour Records, available from 101 Brookhill Drive, Hockessin, DE 19707; Ph: 302-239-4167; Web: <www.metta4records.com>.

Moderate; $\text{♩} = \text{approx. } 88$

Words & Music by John Flynn

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Em

v: 1. It lives beneath the mountain where the hal-
- lowed one still lies. Coiled in the dark -
- ness it un- folds its wings to fly,
bloat- ed car- cass ris- ing as it
bal- ches stretch and flame. Though you may hear
To Coda Em
dif- ferent- ly it nev- er has been slain.
Oh, can you hear the night wind sing?
Oh, ver- the hall
of fal- len kings? Oh,
it's the beat- ing leath- er wings of a drag -



1, 2, 4.

Em C Em

3. D.C. al Coda

Em D.C.

5. C Em

C Em

on. _____

scare the hu - man race. _____

It's a drag - on. _____

It's a drag - on. _____

It lives beneath the mountain where the hallowed one
still lies
Coiled in the darkness it unfolds its wings to fly
Bloating carcass rising as it belches stench and flame
Though you may hear differently it never has been slain

CHORUS:

Oh can you hear the night wind sing
Over the hall of fallen kings
Oh it's the beating leather wings of a dragon

It walks with priceless treasure out democracy's front
door
It buys and sells the very ones that you and I vote for
Driven by a hunger and an endless lust for gold
It preys upon defenseless ones, the poor, the sick and old

CHORUS

Someone is dividing us by color and by creed
Making that much easier the task to cull and feed
Someone spins the lies that cause the weary ones to
choose
Between the wounded planet and the jobs they fear to lose

CHORUS



Heroes fell in battle with the swollen ancient worm
Gandhi, Martin Luther, even Jesus took a turn
When a thousand martyrs got in line to take their
place
The dragon knew it could no longer scare the human race

So it learned to smile and it learned the art of stealth
Corporate acquisition and deception plunder wealth
Much more cost effectively than fire, tooth, or claw
When it becomes tedious you simply change the laws

CHORUS

Now the fallen towers have been painted on our shields
Fear is on the land as armies gather in the fields
Something smiles as shrill voices bid the archers' aim
We must see through its disguise and call it by its
name

CHORUS