

# Dragon's Hoard

Zandelle

Or hundreds of winters the dragon lay sleeping in a cavern far  
beneath the earth  
Protecting its treasure from any who'd venture too near  
Once every decade it'd rise from its slumber to soar over mount  
ains and seas  
Collecting more treasure while filling the heartland with fear

Mighty wings would lift it higher from one city to the next  
Kills its foes with breath of fire, powerful demon of death

Many attempted to bring the dragon down  
Widows their wives soon became  
Collecting its treasure from across the land  
Protecting my hoard  
From his foes with its breath of flame

Back in its cavern the dragon would travel to sleep for another  
ten years  
Content in the knowledge that its treasure hoard had grown  
Few brave souls would dare to pursue it in hopes to slay it in  
its sleep  
And have many stories of their noble deeds be told

Not knowing that sleeping dragons can detect someone nearby  
They'd rush in to find the dragon was awake its foes would die

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