

Trogdor!

Trogdor!

Trogdor was a man!

I mean, he was a dragon-man

Or maybe he was just a dragon...

But he was still Trogdor!

Trogdor!

Burninating the countryside

Burninating the peasants

Burninating all the peoples

And their thatched-roof cottages!

Thatched-roof cottages!

Whoa! Listen to those wicked dueling guitar solos! It's like Squeedly vs. Meedly over here. Go squeedly! Go squeedly! Squeedly wins!

When all the land is in ruin

And burnination has forsaken the countryside

Only one guy will remain

My money's on...

Trogdor!

Trogdor!

And the Trogdor comes in the night!