

I'm the man behind the dungeon keeps,  
Filled with tricks and traps and clues,  
They made adventures fun, you see,  
Until some quester stole my muse.

My face grew hot, my blood ran cold,  
And I planned my sweet revenge,  
I'd see them both bent, gray and old,  
I would not seek to make amends.

My next dungeon would start easy,  
With slow traps and gold-fat chests,  
In a lull they'd think it breezy,  
And their wits they'd lay to rest.

But before the final treasure room,  
It takes two to lift the door,  
Till they learn with slow and sudden doom,  
That one must stay forever more.