

Role-Playing Master (for Gygax)

by **HAIRWOLF**

lyrics by Dr. Hercules
with DM's text by Jeff LaSala

Welcome to the labyrinth of the world.
It's a land of three letters: AD&D.
Filling out your character sheet,
You're keeping track of HPs & XPs.

Well he's the Role-Playing Master,
The Polyhedron Caster.
He's gonna kill you with his die.
He's the Role-Playing Master,
The Magic Missile Blaster.
His Armor Class is -9.

Bag of Holding, my flint and steel,
Iron rations and a bastard sword.
Forget Comeliness—this is all about Strength!
No more Charisma, but maybe your Dexterity can save you now...

From the Role-Playing Master,
The Polyhedron Caster.
He's gonna kill you with his die.
He's the Role-Playing Master,
The Magic Missile Blaster.
His Armor Class is minus nine.

The DM:

Evil creeps across the realm.
The death knight's power is in his helm,
And monsters swarm from planes beyond.
You'd better save verses rod, staff, or wand!
And whosoever shall be caught
Without a shield by clerics wrought
Must stand and fight the hounds of hell
Or wander deep in dungeons fell.

Now roll!

Now he's the Roll-Playing Master,
The Polyhedron Caster.
He's gonna kill you with his die.
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(Goodbye, Gary)