This castle smells like rotten éclairs

I cry out but no one’s there

To defeat Sir Passion is my task

I prep wall staples and my scary mask

I pull up all the courage I can muster

Prepare to unleash the wrath of Duster

Passion’s music fills my ears

I walk past the armor and my fears

Wave my pendulum and he falls asleep

Lies before me in a heap

I hear his heartbeat and I grin

Pull off a combo and I win