

Red and yellow
Blue and black
Born to die
To give us snack
Die for love
Die for death
Die for children
Kill your breath
What might be blight
Is also art
When there is no shame
Put on a cart
Winds of magic, soil of dust
A simple riddle is a must
To solve or not is a bust
For the prize you will lust
Alara grants us gifts
Roya keeps it secret
To receive these boons
Use your mind not your fists!
Leave it on the altar, not a rainy day
Speak out to the gods, there is no other way
I would give you this truth, but I don't have a say
Do this right and you will see
The second task will be set free
A grand prize yours will be
If you can solve the riddles three

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