

Zuser got run over by a Bantha
Flying home from our House Sithmas Eve
You can say there's no such thing as Santa
But as for me and Wrathus, we believe

He'd been drinking too much green milk
And we begged him not to go
But he forgot his lightsaber
And he staggered out the door into the snow

When we found him Sithmas morning
At the scene of the attack
He had hoof-prints on his forehead
And he was awfully kinda flat!