

Lemon Demon, Run, Harry, Run!

Harry Potter spends his summers waiting for the fall;
He'd count the days, and dream each night of Hogwarts' distant call.
The Dursleys, Harry's relatives, were wretched as can be-a;
He prayed each night to Satan that they'd die from gonorrhoea.

But one day he received a note that Hogwarts had burned down:
Oh no! he cried, and quickly donned a disappointed frown.
He trashed his room and tore his books, and then went for his trunk,
But Dumbledore popped out and bellowed, Harry! You've been Punk'd!

Harry stared in disbelief at Dumbledore's old smirk;
He knew it was joke, but he got pissed and went berserk.
He threw the old man to the ground and punched him in the beard;
He pinned him down with all his weight, and that's when it got weird.

Dumbledore was smiling as young Harry sat on top;
He made a funny noise and ordered Harry not to stop,
But Harry got freaked out and threw a large book at his head,
And Dumbledore stopped moving, it seemed Dumbledore was dead.

Run, Harry, run, Harry, run!
You killed your headmaster, now your problem's just begun!
Run, Harry, run, Harry, run, Harry, run!
Who can fend off Voldemort now?
No one.