

Killing Sausage

So Does Your Mother

THE KILLING SAUSAGE

No one can see
The Killing Sausage

No one can see it
In the night!

It kidnapps you
With insane violence

No one escapes
From its grip

Donâ€™t pray, donâ€™t cry
You have to hide

Protect your babies
It will arrive

Itâ€™s a creation
Of a crazy butcher

Mister Hans Von Wurstenstein

He was killed
By his mad creature

Now the world
Itâ€™s gonna die!

Donâ€™t pray, donâ€™t cry
You have to hide

Protect you babies

It will arrive

No one can really save you
From its madness

No one can really rescue you
From the killing Sausage

Prepare to die
With pain and suffer

Preapare to its
Killing lard

Itâ€™s a filthy porky bastard

And itâ€™s here to start the end

Killing Sausage!
Killing Sausage!
Killing Sausage!
Killing Sausage!

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