



Sausages by Issam

Sizzle, sizzle, sizzle

The sausages start dancing in the pot

Sizzle, sizzle, sizzle

They roll in the pot like small brown logs

Sizzle, sizzle, sizzle

Don't touch the logs they're hot, hot, hot

When you see them your eyes go wide

They roll slowly and shakily from side to side

Add some sauce and let it drip

Stab it hard, don't let it rip

The lifeless energy in this taste of death

Gave me the sweetest foul breath

Bring it closer in your mouth

It slips down your throat and starts to shout

"Joke's on you I'm in your sack!"

Too late, it's gone, it's not coming back

