

## Kill The Cooks

### Biting Elbows

In this here kitchen  
There are too many cooks.  
You can see them fightin' and bitchin'  
In any place you look.  
And they act all sinister while cookin' us a meal  
After dinner's over we'll see just how we feel.

The autopsy won't lie  
After dinner's over  
Who will remain alive (Oh)  
Let's cook!

Now they're bringing in dessert  
It's quite likely gonna hurt.  
Leave and become a deserter  
Stay be the victim of a murder.  
Force feed me a fucking mess  
Gastric juices can't digest.  
Fix me up what they know best  
The lovely atmosphere.

The autopsy won't lie  
After dinner's over  
Who will remain alive (Oh)  
Go get your coat!

May I be excused  
My stomach's full?  
No!