No New Jesus

Living Things

I live knowing that we're slaves to be sold
And my paranoia is a joke, so I'm told
And where's the new Jesus? Well, he's off praising the Lord
The Yankee clinches the commie with his tight umbilical cordAnd they train you to never, ever grow oldSo wake up and uncuff your hands
Now wake up, your future has been planned
To play God you must round up your lambs
Now wake up and uncuff your hands
Wake upAll those people will grow gold in their gut
Patronizing weasels they don't like themselves that much
And this can't last forever 'cause it's killing us all
I lost an angel while I was digging in her dustAnd they train you to never, ever grow oldSo wake up and uncuff your hands
Now wake up, your future has been planned
To play God you must round up your lambs
Now wake up and uncuff your hands
Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake upAnd they train you to never, ever grow oldSo wake up and uncuff your hands
Now wake up, your future has been planned
To play God you must round up your lambs
Now wake up and uncuff your hands
Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up

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