

# 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 cord  
And they train you to never, ever grow old  
So 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  
All 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 dust  
And they train you to never, ever grow old  
So 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  
And they train you to never, ever grow old  
So 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>