

## 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

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Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up

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