

Let Us Rot

Those Poor Bastards

Up on the cross Jesus
Up on the cross Jesus
No one to cut him down Jesus

Most everyone is a coward
Clinging to their dead end lives
Trying to make themselves happy
Buying material things
Trying to keep themselves busy
So that they don't have to think
About the pain others have gone through
To get them where they are today

Up on the cross Jesus
Up on the cross Jesus
No one to cut him down Jesus

Things weren't always this easy
People they used to live life
They weren't surrounded by comfort
They didn't have soft bodies and minds
Well now we're just shit for the devil
To trample and rub on his face
We deserve to be punished
We should take Jesus' place

Up on the cross Jesus
Up on the cross Jesus
No one to cut him down Jesus
Just let us rot let us rot let us rot