

The American Culture EXperiments, Lard Jesus

Lounging back in their golden chairs
Plastic smiles surrounded by their plastic hair
Tiny microphone in his swollen hand
Screeching out their praises up to Bula Land
He can't wait to die

A crowd of zombies listen as they wail and cheer
He's likely to expire in another year
Rejoice hallelujah, I want to die
I wanna see what happens in the blink of an eye

Overweight southern drawl, dissonant voice
Glazed over cloudy gaze lacks a choice
Their eyes roll back as they raise their hands
I think I see it coming, it's Bula Land!