

# The American Culture eXperiments "Lard Jesus"

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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!

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