

# Snap Your Fingers, Snap Your Neck

Prong

Nothing breeds more contempt for this world  
Than the memories now formed  
Every moment, a new seed is grown  
To no reason, the trouble unfolds

For the trials of today  
I'm no jury, really don't care how you feel  
The pleasant notion of miraculous change  
Drifts into multiple jeers

Jeers  
Jeers

You want the good life  
You break your back  
You snap your fingers  
You snap your neck

Seconds drip through my hands  
Washed off moments unborn  
All the spaces between bleed  
A tribute to a sacrament never exposed

A message to the forces  
I've no pity, don't know how thankful to feel  
Expectations of my daily bread  
Gives me the hunger to steal

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