Prong, Snap Your Fingers, Snap Your Neck

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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