

# Prong, Take It In Hand

You choose a path  
Close to collapse  
Stretched to the limit  
Falling apart  
The light turns back  
Where you choose to pass  
Finally into oblivion  
Steady decline  
A quirk of fate  
Can't stop this wait  
But it took  
a quirk of fate  
To ignite the spark  
innocence and youth  
Youth and innocence  
Takes so little  
To tear it apart  
Tear it apart  
Steady decline  
Witness to the crime