

## Prong "Snap Your Fingers"

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Nothing breeds more contempt for this world  
Than 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 of 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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