

Six Feet Under

"Snap Your Fingers, Snap Your Neck"

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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 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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