

Moffatts, The

"Frustration"

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There's no windows in this place
for me to show my weary face.
Rage I hold within my soul
at times I cannot control.
What's the point of me being here?
When being me is what I fear.
Every day it's all the same
trapped again in my own pain.
I cry myself to sleep
so many secrets I must keep.
No one to reach me...nobody cares.
Trapped in the middle of a distant stare.
I've prayed that I was free
of this grief that's filling me.
Everywhere I turn
every bridge must burn.
There's no windows in this place
for me to show my weary face.

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