

Frustrate

Flotsam and Jetsam

I want to kill, to throw against the wall
Hole in the glass to feel it all
A release to stay insane

I want to scream
Clenched fist, ground teeth
A bad dream, feeling so mean
Stumble across my piece
Quiver the index, sweat between the skin and the steel
All of the sudden it feels so real
The bang, the smoke, the blood

Jump to the car, start it to the floor and while the engine's s
till in a roar slap it it drive
And leave behind a trail of anger a path to find

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I can't feel my feet but I see em flyin
Never hit the ground, rising above
Looking down on you, down on the heads of the damned
Marching all right through into the crowd

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