Frustration

The Moffatts

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 here 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