

## Wings of Frustration

Trauma

In every moment of your life  
You were trying to fulfill  
To satisfy conditions  
And all known and unknown  
Were only make demands  
Were only make demands

On the wings of frustration  
I reach the highest point  
I reach the highest point

On my destiny

Desolation of my relations  
In th circle of close f(r)iends

Felicity is my camouflage  
But in reality  
I'm waiting for the moment of attention  
I'm flaying on the wings of frustration

On my destiny

But I know it's the right time  
To show me to all surrounding  
That jester is dead  
I'll jeopardize  
Cause it's my way of life