

Ill Nino, Frustrated

I'm sick of laws, I'm sick of rules
I'm sick of politics in our schools
And I just feel like breaking something
I'm sick of love
I'm sick of hate
I'm sick of everything in my way
Look at what I've got myself at

So question yourself
So question your God
So question your will
I could fucking kill it

It's getting stray
I can't explain
Too late to question our fucking fate
You want to know
Just fucking think
'Cause I can't answer a fucking thing
So ask yourself
So ask your God
'Cause I could only care fucking less
This is getting so frustrating
Where is my God when I need him the fucking most?

I'm desolated, isolated
Nothing matters, and I will make it
All my questions lead to nowhere

I'm contemplating, separating
My religion breeds from nothing
Would I really be heard somewhere?

So reap what you sow
Get back what you give
And pay what you won't
Don't you love your country?

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