

# III 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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