The Moffatts, Frustration

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 me 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.