

# 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.