Frustration

Jail Guitar Doors

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 here 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

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