

# Frustration

## Poobah

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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