

## Frustrate

### Flotsam and Jetsam

I want to kill, to throw against the wall  
Hole in the glass to feel it all  
A release to stay insane

I want to scream  
Clenched fist, ground teeth  
A bad dream, feeling so mean  
Stumble across my piece  
Quiver the index, sweat between the skin and the steel  
All of the sudden it feels so real  
The bang, the smoke, the blood

Jump to the car, start it to the floor and while the engine's s  
till in a roar slap it it drive  
And leave behind a trail of anger a path to find

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I can't feel my feet but I see em flyin  
Never hit the ground, rising above  
Looking down on you, down on the heads of the damned  
Marching all right through into the crowd

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