

# Static X, Pieces

I found a piece of  
What I want to find  
I got a taste of  
What's on the outside  
I feel it pounding  
I feel it bending  
I feel it breaking  
Breaking me inside  
I got  
Not yet  
Smash my  
Fucking fist  
(my frustration)  
My body, my mind, my soul, and my life  
So far, so near, so hard, so clear  
My body, my mind, my soul, and my life  
Too far to go, too high, too low  
Killing me inside  
Take a drink forget  
Chemical passion  
Drowning my defect  
I feel it pounding  
I feel it bending  
I feel it breaking  
All that is perfect  
I got  
Not yet  
Smash my  
Fucking fist  
(my frustration)  
My body, my mind, my soul, and my life  
So far, so near, so hard, so clear  
My body, my mind, my soul, and my life  
Too far to go, too high, too low  
Frustrated, frustrated...