

4 Silence

"Sleepwalking Convict"

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Don't point your gun
My hands are on the ground
I'm turning myself in
A thousand hiding-places
a million concealed faces
And none could stop my suffering

No fake stories
I fired all the lawyers
I'll sign below my guilt
Lock me Free me
Forgive me, allow me to sleep

I've tried diferent pills
Orgasmic thrills
They had no effect on me
I've flied the world around
I've turn it upside down
But still I found no relief

I finally rest my head on your chest
I hope for hope for peace
Lock me Free me
Forgive me Allow me to sleep

Sleepwalking convict

I'm turning myself down

A sleepwalking convict

I'm turning myself... turing... I'm turning...

Lock me Free me
Forgive me and i will sleep

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