Sleepwalking Convict

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

So I can sleep... A 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 Silence 4