

# Dr. Sin, Insomnia

He came from the streets  
He's struggling to forget  
But now he just can't sleep  
Rolling in his bed  
He's searching for the truth  
Feel lost without a clue  
Wasted in his room  
He's always been refused

His shadow in his past  
The weight on his back  
He saw too much too fast  
Children smoking crack  
So damn hard to sleep

He never felt so sad  
He knows that no one cares  
Now it's too f\*\*king late  
He wrote his own fate