

# Silence 4, 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 different 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. Turning. I'm turning.

Lock me, free me  
Forgive me and I will sleep