

The Sweetest Condition

Depeche Mode

Taken in by the delicate noise
Knocked to the ground by the subtle thunder
Shackled and bound by the sound of your voice
Wandering around in silent wonder

What chance did I have
With the silver moon
Hanging in the sky
Opening old wounds

Taking hold of the hem of your dress
Cleanliness only comes in small doses
Bodily whole but my head's in a mess
Fuelling obsession that borders psychosis

It's a sad disease
Creeping through my mind
Causing disabilities
Of the strangest kind

Getting lost in the folds of your skirt
There's a price that I pay for my mission
A body in heaven and a mind full of dirt
How I suffer the sweetest condition

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