

# The Dead of Night

Depeche Mode

We're the horniest boys  
With the corniest ploys  
Who take the easiest girls  
To our sleaziest worlds

With our lecherous plans  
In our treacherous hands  
You'd be wasting your time  
Saying no, it's a crime

All that we live for you'll regret  
All you remember we'll forget

We are the dead of night  
We're in the zombie room  
We're twilight's parasites  
With self-inflicted wounds

We are the dead of night  
We're in the zombie room  
Heavenly oversights  
Eating from silver spoons

With our decadent minds  
And our innocent lines  
You'll be playing our games  
With your bodies in flames

When delirious fun  
Has seriously begun  
You'll be down on your knees  
You'll be begging us please

All we're demanding you'll supply  
All we're accused of we'll deny

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