

## Depeche Mode "Ice Machine"

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Running through my head secretly  
Shouts of the boys in the factory,  
I ring you on the telephone silently  
Like ???, like the wine in the darkroom scene

the darkroom scene  
Darkroom scene

A letter, once composed,  
seven years long and as tall as a tree,  
written (reading?) on the wall  
Efficient, efficiency

efficiency, efficiency

Resurrect  
as a feeling  
on my window

of a past reunion

Resurrect  
as a feeling  
on my window  
of a past reunion  
Vision of a picture  
like the city  
and the air we breathe

the air we breathe,  
air we breathe

She stood beside me once again  
I knew her face,  
we met before in the street  
recalling all the children  
dancing at our feet

the dancing feet,  
dancing feet.

