

Depeche Mode

"Lovethieves"

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Oh the tears that you weep
for the poor tortured souls
who fall at your feet
with their love begging bowls
all the clerks and the tailors
the sharks and the sailors
all good at the trades
but they'll always be failures

Alms for the poor
for the wretched disciples
and the love that they swore
with their hearts on the bible
beseeching the honour
to sit at your table
and feast on your holiness
as long as they're able

Love needs its martyrs
needs its sacrifices
they live for your beauty
and pay for their vices
love will be the death of
my lonely soul brothers
but their spirit shall live on in
the hearts of all lovers

You're holding court
with your lips and your smile
your body's a halo
their minds are on trial
sure as adam is eve
sure as jonah turned whaler
they're crooked love thieves
and you are their jailor

Love needs its martyrs
needs its sacrifices
they live for your beauty
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love will be the death of

my lonely soul brothers
but their spirit shall live on in
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