

Depeche Mode

"Satellite 4:40"

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Now hear this my friends
I'll never be the same again
Gonna lock myself in a cold black room
Put a shadow o'er myself
And a veil of gloom
I will function, operate
I will be
A satellite of hate

Driving to this point by a chain of events
Each one pushed me nearer the edge
Gonna send my message through to you
And you'll receive the signal too
I will function, operate
I will be
A satellite of hate
Higher

Disillusioned
I was disenchanted
Forgot the love that had been implanted
Heard the lies and I felt the cold
It broke my heart
And I lost control
Now I'm a satellite of instinct
I'm a satellite of hate
A satellite of hate Higher

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