

Depeche Mode "The Sweetest Perfection"

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The sweetest perfection
To call my own
The slightest correction
Couldn't find none
The sweetest infection
Of body and mind
The sweetest injection
Of any kind

I stop and I stare too much
I stop and I care too much
And I hardly dare to touch
For fear that the spell may be broken

When I need a drug in me
And it brings out the thug in me
Feel something tugging me
Than I want the real things not tokens

The sweetest perfection
To call my own
The slightest correction
Couldn't find none
The sweetest infection
Of body and mind
The sweetest injection
Of any kind

Thing you expect to be
Having effect on me
Pass undetectedly
But everyone knows what has got me
Takes me completely
Touches so sweetly
I know that nothing can stop me

The sweetest injection
As offer was made
As assorted collection ...
But I wouldn't trade

The sweetest perfection

Takes me completely
Touches so sweetly
Reaches so deeply
Nothing can stop me

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