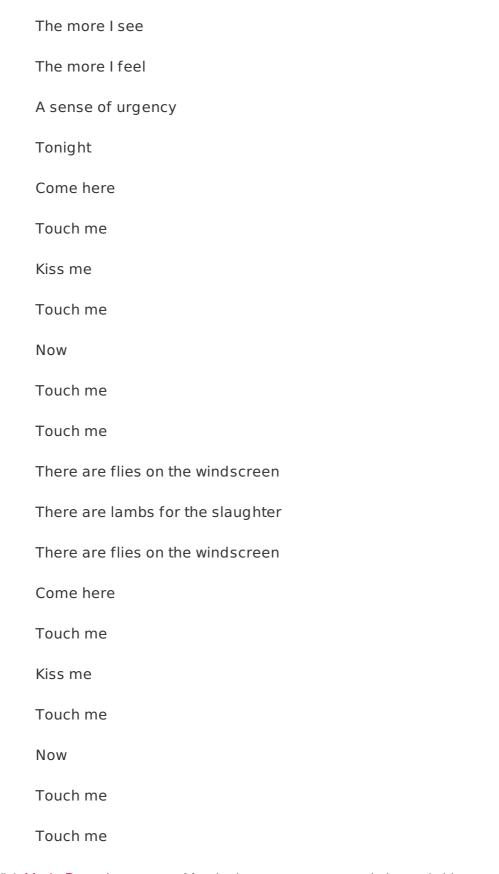
Mode Depeche "Fly On The Windscreen Final"

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Black Celebration and Catching Up with Depeche Mode
Death is everywhere
There are flies on the windscreen
For a start
Reminding us
We could be torn apart
Tonight
Death is everywhere
There are lambs for the slaughter
Waiting to die
And I can sense
The hours slipping by
Tonight
Come here
Kiss me
Now
Come here
Kiss me
Now

The more I look

Death is everywhere



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