

Mode Depeche

"Ice Machine"

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Running through my head secretly

The shouts of the boys in the factory

I ring you on the telephone silently

Like blood, 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

Reading

On the wall

Emissions, 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

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