

Mode Depeche

"Love In Itself 421"

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All that things it's a mountable task

The land before me

All of the birds are defenitely lost

The land store for me

There was a time

When all of my mind was love

Now I find that most of the time

Love is not enough in itself

Consequently

I've a tendency

To be more happy

You'll see the thoughts in my head

All the words that we said

All the blues that were red

Get to me

There was a time

When all of my mind was love

Now I find that most of the time

Love is not enough in itself

All that things, observaties

The land before us

All of our doubts and decertanties

The land stored for us

There was a time

When all of my mind was love

Now I find that most of the time

Love is not enough in itself

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