

Mode Depeche

"Satellite"

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Now here this my friends,
IÂ´ll never be the same again,
Going to lock myself in a cold black room,
Going to shadow myself in a well of gloom,
I will find a 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.
Going to send my message through you,
YouÂ´ll recieve the signal to.
I will function, operate,
I will be a satellite of hate.

Higher, Higher

Dissillusioned - I was disenchanted,
Forgot the love that had been implanted,
Heard the lies and felt the cold,
It broke my heart and I lost control -
Now IÂ´m a satellite of a free state,
IÂ´m a satellite of hate

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