

Mode Depeche

"The Dead Of Night"

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We're the horniest boys
With the corniest ploys
Who take the easiest girls
To our sleaziest worlds
Â
With our lecherous plans
In our treacherous hands
You'd be wasting your time
Saying no, it's a crime
Â
All that we live for you'll regret
All you remember we'll forget
Â
We are the dead of night
We're in the zombie room
We're twilight's parasites
With self-inflicted wounds
Â
We are the dead of night
We're in the zombie room
Heavenly oversights
Eating from silver spoons
Â
With our decadent minds
And our innocent lines
You'll be playing our games
With your bodies in flames
Â
When delirious fun
Has seriously begun
You'll be down on your knees
You'll be begging us please
Â
All we're demanding you'll supply
All we're accused of we'll deny
Â
We are the dead of night
We're in the zombie room
We're twilight's parasites
With self-inflicted wounds
Â

We are the dead of night
We're in the zombie room
Heavenly oversights
Eating from silver spoons

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