

Mode Depeche

"The Sweetest Condition"

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Taken in by the delicate noise
Knocked to the ground by the subtle thunder
Shackled and bound by the sound of your voice
Wandering around in silent wonder

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What chance did I have
With the silver moon
Hanging in the sky
Opening old wounds

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Taking hold of the hem of your dress
Cleanliness only comes in small doses
Bodily whole but my head's in a mess
Fuelling obsession that borders psychosis

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It's a sad disease
Creeping through my mind
Causing disabilities
Of the strangest kind

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Getting lost in the folds of your skirt
There's a price that I pay for my mission
A body in heaven and a mind full of dirt
How I suffer the sweetest condition

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