

The Sweetest Condition

Depeche Mode

Taken in by the delicate noise
Knocked to the ground by the subtle thunder
Shackled and bound by the sound of your voice
Wanderin' around in silent wonderWhat chance did I have?
With the silver moon
Hangin' in the sky
Openin' old woundsTakin' hold of the hem of your dress
Cleanliness only comes in small doses
Bodily whole but my head's in a mess
Do you know obsession that borders psychosis?It's a sad disease
Creepin' through my mind
Causin' disabilities
Of the strangest kindGettin' lost in the folds of your skirt
There's a price that I pay for my mission
Body in heaven and a mind full of dirt
How I suffer the sweetest conditionTaken in by the delicate noise
Knocked to the ground by the subtle thunder
Shackled and bound by the sound of your voice
Wanderin' around in silent wonder

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