Ice Machine

Depeche Mode

Running through my head secretly
The shouts of the boys in the factory
I ring you on the telephone silently
Like blood, like wine in the darkroom scene
The darkroom scene, darkroom scene
A letter, once composed
Seven years long and as tall as a tree
Reading on the wall
Emissions, efficiency
Efficiency, efficiency
Resurrect, as a feeling, on my window
Of a past reunion

Resurrect as a feeling on my window
Of a past reunion
Vision of a picture like the city
And the air we breathe
The air we breathe, air we breathe
She stood beside me once again
I knew her face
We met before in the street
Recalling all the children dancing at our feet
The dancing feet, dancing feet

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