

The Dead of Night

Depeche Mode

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