

Depeche Mode, Barrel Of A Gun

Do you mean this horny creep
set upon weary feet
who looks in need of sleep
that doesn't come
this twisted, tortured mess
this bed of sinfulness
who's longing for some rest
and feeling numb
what do you expect of me
what is it you want
whatever you've planned for me
I'm not the one
A vicious appetite
visits me each night
and won't be satisfied
won't be denied
an unbearable pain
a beating in my brain
that leaves the mark of Cain
right here inside
What am I supposed to do
when everything that I've done
is leading me to conclude
I'm not the one
Whatever I've done
I've been staring down the barrel of a gun
Is there something you need from me
are you having your fun
I never agreed to be
your holy one
Whatever I've done
I've been staring down the barrel of a gun