

# Depeche Mode, In Your Room

In your room  
Where time stands still  
Or moves at your will  
Will you let the morning come soon  
Or will you leave me lying here  
In your favourite darkness  
Your favourite half-light  
Your favourite consciousness  
Your favourite slave  
In your room  
Where souls disappear  
Only you exist here  
Will you lead me to your armchair  
Or leave me lying here  
Your favourite innocence  
Your favourite prize  
Your favourite smile  
Your favourite slave  
I'm hanging on your words  
living on your breath  
feeling with your skin  
Will I always be here  
In your room  
Your burning eyes  
Cause flames to arise  
Will you let the fire die down soon  
Or will I always be here  
Your favourite passion  
Your favourite game  
Your favourite mirror  
Your favourite slave  
I'm hanging on your words  
living on your breath  
feeling with your skin  
Will I always be here