

Depeche Mode, Pain That I'm Used To

I'm not sure what I'm looking for anymore
I just know that I'm harder to console
I don't see who I'm trying to be instead of me
But the key is a question of control

Can you say what you're trying to play anyway
I just pay while you're breaking all the rules
All the signs that I find have been underlined
Devils thrive on the drive that is fueled

All this running around, well it's getting me down
Just give me a pain that I'm used to
I don't need to believe all the dreams you conceive
You just need to achieve something that rings true

There's a hole in your soul like an animal
With no conscience, repentance, oh no
Close your eyes, pay the price for your paradise
Devils feed on the seeds of the soul

I can't conceal what I feel, what I know is real
No mistaking the faking, I care
With a prayer in the air I will leave it there
On a note full of hope not despair

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