

# Depeche Mode, Barrel of a Gun (1997)

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