

Depeche Mode, Ice Machine

Running through my head secretly
The shouts of the boys in the factory
I ring you on the telephone silently
Like blood, like the wine in the darkroom scene

The darkroom scene
Darkroom scene

A letter
Once composed
Seven years long and as tall as a tree
Reading
On the wall
Emissions, efficiency

Efficiency
Efficiency

Resurrect
As a feeling
On my window
Of a past reunion

Resurrect
As a feeling
On my window
Of a past reunion
Vision
Of a picture
Like the city
And the air we breathe

The air we breathe
Air we breathe

She stood beside me once again
I knew her face
We met before in the street
Recalling all the children dancing at our feet

The dancing feet, dancing feet