

Depeche Mode, Two Minute Warning

We're lying by the orange sky
Two million miles across the land
Scattered to the highest high
Expect they'll either laugh or cry
No sex, no consequence, no sympathy
You're good enough to heat

Two minute warning
Two minutes later
When time has come
My days are numbered

The dawning of another year
Marks time for those who understand
One in four still here
While you and I go hand in hand
No radio, no sound, no sin, no sanctuary
So welcome to your last

The sun, the solitude, the cemetery
So welcome to your last