

Going Backwards

Depeche Mode

We are not there yet
We have not evolved
We have no respect
We have lost control

We're going backwards
Ignoring the realities
Going backwards
Are you counting all the casualties

We are not there yet
Where we need to be
We are still in debt
To our insanities

We're going backwards
Turning back our history
Going backwards
Hailing on the misery

We can track in all the satellites
Seeing all in plain sight
Watch men die in real time
But we have nothing inside
We feel nothing inside

We are not there yet
We have lost our soul
The course has been set
We're digging our own hole

We're going backwards
Armed with new technology
Going backwards
To a cavemen mentality

We can emulate on consoles
Killings we can't control
Assassins that have been bought
Because there's nothing inside
We feel nothing inside

We feel nothing inside
(We feel nothing, nothing inside)
We feel nothing inside
(We feel nothing, nothing inside)
We feel nothing inside
(We feel nothing, nothing inside)
We feel nothing inside
(We feel nothing, nothing inside)
We feel nothing inside
(We feel nothing, nothing inside)

Because there's nothing inside
Because there's nothing inside