

# The Love Thieves

Depeche Mode

Oh the tears that you weep  
For the poor tortured souls  
Who fall at your feet  
With their love begging bowls

All the clerks and the tailors  
The sharks and the sailors  
All good at their trades, but  
They'll always be failures

Alms for the poor  
For the wretched disciples  
And the love that they swore  
With their hearts on the bible

Beseeching the honor  
To sit at your table  
And feast on your holiness  
As long as they're able

Love needs its martyrs  
Needs its sacrifices  
They live for your beauty  
And pay for their vices

Love will be the death of  
My lonely soul brothers  
But their spirit shall live on in  
The hearts of all lovers

Your holding court  
With your lips and your smile  
Your body's a halo  
Their minds are on trial

Sure as adam is eve  
Sure as jonah turned whaler  
They're crooked love thieves  
And you are their jailor

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Needs its sacrifices  
They live for your beauty  
And pay for their vices

Love will be the death of  
My lonely soul brothers  
But their spirit shall live on in  
The hearts of all others

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