

# The Sweetest Condition

Depeche Mode

Taken in by the delicate noise  
Knocked to the ground by the subtle thunder  
Shackled and bound by the sound of your voice  
Wandering around in silent wonder

What chance did I have  
With the silver moon  
Hanging in the sky  
Opening old wounds

Taking hold of the hem of your dress  
Cleanliness only comes in small doses  
Bodily whole but my head's in a mess  
Fuelling obsession that borders psychosis

It's a sad disease  
Creeping through my mind  
Causing disabilities  
Of the strangest kind

Getting lost in the folds of your skirt  
There's a price that I pay for my mission  
A body in heaven and a mind full of dirt  
How I suffer the sweetest condition

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