

# Depeche Mode, A Pain That I'm Used To

I'm not sure what I'm looking for anymore  
I just know that I'm harder to console  
I don't see who I'm trying to be instead of me  
But the key is a question of control  
Can you say what you're trying to play anyway  
I just pay while you're breaking all the rules  
All the signs that I find have been underlined  
Devils thrive on the drive that is fueled  
All this running around, well it's getting me down  
Just give me a pain that I'm used to  
I don't need to believe all the dreams you conceive  
You just need to achieve something that rings true  
There's a hole in your soul like an animal  
With no conscience, repentance unknown  
Close your eyes, pay the price for your paradise  
Devils feed on the seeds of the soul  
I can't conceal what I feel, what I know is real  
No mistaking the faking, I care  
With a prayer in the air I will leave it there  
On a note full of hope not despair  
All this running around, well it's getting me down  
Just give me a pain that I'm used to  
I don't need to believe all the dreams you conceive  
You just need to achieve something that rings true