

Depeche Mode, Dream on

As you're bony fingers close around me
Long and spindly
Death becomes me
Heaven can you see what I see
Hey you pale and sickly child
You're death and living reconciled
Been walking home a crooked mile
Paying debt to karma
You party for a living
What you take won't kill you
But careful what you're giving
There's no time for hesitating
Pain is ready, pain is waiting
Primed to do it's educating
Unwanted, uninvited kin
It creeps beneath your crawling skin
It lives without it lives within you
Feel the fever coming
You're shaking and twitching
You can scratch all over
But that won't stop you itching
Can you feel a little love
Can you feel a little love
Dream on dream on