

Depeche Mode, Halo

You wear guilt
Like shackles on your feet
Like a halo in reverse
I can feel
The discomfort in your seat
And in your head it's worse

There's a pain
A famine in your heart
An aching to be free
Can't you see
All love's luxuries
Are here for you and me

And when our worlds
They fall apart
When the walls come tumbling in
Though we may deserve it
It will be worth it

Bring your chains
Your lips of tragedy
And fall into my arms

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They fall apart
When the walls come tumbling in
Though we may deserve it
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