

Depeche Mode, Satellite

Now hear this my friends
I'll never be the same again
Going to lock myself in a cold black room
Going to shadow myself in a veil of gloom
I will function, operate
I will be a satellite of hate

Driven to this point by a chain of events
Each one pushed me nearer the edge
Going to send my message through to you
You'll receive the signal too
I will function, operate
I will be a satellite of hate

Higher, Higher

Disillusioned - I was disenchanted
Forgot the love that had been implanted
Heard the lies and I felt the cold
It broke my heart and I lost control
Now I'm a satellite of a free state
I'm a satellite of hate