

Oh Desire!

I hear your voice when You call me, Desire,
but you're calling me, calling me away from my home.

With every feeling it burns like a fire.
You follow, follow me until there's nowhere to go.

Refrain: With the caress of your fingers,
wiping the sweat from my brow.
Oh, even the salt of the singers
can't tame the push of the crowd,
the push of the crowd.

It seems the pressure breaks down all of my answers
and quickly turns all of my faith into dust.
And when I fight against the nameless romancers
I don't want to go on at times, but I must.

Refrain

And now I know when I follow your leading,
my destination seems much farther away.
When I resist you I feel like retreating,
but I can't help that I'm a vessel of clay.

Refrain

O Desire! O Desire! O Desire! O Desire!
Lord, I just have to get my feet back on the ground,
back on the ground.