

# Chamber - L'Orchestre De Chambre Noir, Desire

Guess I remember this soul  
I recognize through these eyes  
And I desire the touch  
that makes me feel like at home

I know the taste of your skin  
need the heat of your touch  
oh, I desire the touch  
that makes me feel not alone

Sometimes I believe to scent you  
to feel your tender lips  
there's nothing I can do about  
you're always on my mind

You're my desire  
and you're my ruin  
that kind of desire  
that's eternally unfulfilled

Yes I remember your soul  
and I remember your touch  
there's nothing I can do about  
these memories of a life  
long passed by

You're my desire  
and you're my ruin  
you're some kind of desire  
that's eternally unfulfilled

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