

# Sambora Richie, Church Of Desire (Sambora)

Woke up in a cold sweat  
In the middle of the night  
Seems like a lifetime  
When you're wondering who's wrong or right  
One confession would resurrect the truth  
Revenge or forgiveness for sins between me and you  
Now we dance with the devil down lonely  
street, lonely street  
Looking for a window in the house of tears  
Living in hell, I pray the rain disappears  
I'm headed for a breakdown  
And the fever runs higher  
As I kneel at the altar I can feel your fire  
In the church of desire  
Church of desire  
You never find a reason why love falls from grace  
Some kind of voodoo, like a spirit you can't embrace  
There's a voice in the mirror, and a ghost in my heart  
That relives the passion before we were torn apart  
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