

Passion

Stryper

I'm all alone and no one's home
I cannot find my way
No bed, no lights, no telephone
It's no place to stay
Don't You know, don't You know

I built this life from in and out
Pursued a career
That weakened me to petty doubt
And frivolous fear
Don't You know, don't You know

Jesus Christ, I want to serve You
I want what You want for me
Sacrifice, I don't deserve You
Through Your passion I am free

It's funny how I see myself
As wounded and scarred
When my reality itself
Proved selfish and hard
Don't You know, oh, don't You know

I'm living in a painted world
Where everything's dry
The only water that I've seen
Was painfully cried
Don't You know, don't You know

Hey, I want what You want for me
Yeah, I want what You want for me
I want what You want for me
I want what You want for me

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