

A Perfect Circle "magdalena"

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Overcome by your moving temple
Overcome by this holiest of altars
So pure, so rare
To witness such an earthly goddess

That I've lost my self control beyond
Compelled to throw this dollar down
Before your holiest of altars

I'd sell my soul
My self-esteem a dollar at a time
One chance, one kiss
One taste of you my Magdalena

I bear witness to this place
This prayer so long forgotten
So pure, so rare
To witness such an earthly goddess

That I'd sell my soul
My self-esteem a dollar at a time
For one chance, one kiss
One taste of you my black Madonna

I'd sell my soul
My self-esteem a dollar at a time
One taste, one taste
One taste of you my Magdalena

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