

Magdalena

A Perfect Circle

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