

Oh, we're lost in translation  
Transient love  
Then you pulled up in and over  
It was over, yeah  
I found a personal salvation  
In your arms and eyes  
Did it hurt when you fell?  
Probably not, I could tell

You're like?  
I would love to lay you  
Way up in the himalayas  
No, no need to modest, baby  
You appear to be a goddess, babe  
Sweet, unholy thoughts of you  
Let us pray

Oh, heavenly father, wherever you are  
Could this be mine, all mine, all mine?

Your body is a temple  
It just might be the temple of doom  
Got an indiana jones for you, baby  
There's a challenge for my doom

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