

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

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