

# 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