

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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