

# A Perfect Circle, Magdalena

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