

A Perfect Circle, Magdalena (Live)

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
For 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
For one taste, one taste, one taste of you, my Magdalena