All About Eve, Blindfolded Visionary

Cut my hair with a kitchen knife, he was a blindfolded visionary. Everything and nothing was going on in his precious head, overfed on;

head, overfed on;
Chemicals and conversation
A speeding train without a station
Crashed at my event-horizon
Feeling for the switch to turn his eyes on.
And in the news, they have to say he is a blinfolded visionary. I scrape the clouds of rouge from his face and he's white as noise.