

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 ;

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
blindfolded visionary. I scrape the clouds
of rouge from his face and he's white as
noise.