

Babel Fish, Turning the Blind Eye

You are witty, funny
Frightening and bizarre
A mystery femme that no one knows by far
I'm in a trance
And you do your act
You're cool and confident
I'm lying in a pool of wet cement
I'm being trapped
I've lost control

Yet I'm turning the blind eye
All doubt swept aside
I know how Faust did feel
When he cut his deal
And I just can't say why
I'm turning the blind eye

You choke my conscience
And my honesty
Yet I surrender unconditionally
Take what you want
Do what you will

'Cause I'm turning the blind eye...