

Blindfolded Visionary

All About Eve

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.