

Turning the Blind Eye

Babel Fish

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...

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