

Kevin Max

"I Went Over The Edge Of The World"

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Ohh, the hymns of angels
Suffer over the stench of the twenty first century
Nothing is black or white
Or devoid of industry

The face of monotony, the litany of popular culture
I face the microphone and fumble in my pockets for a
change
A break from the deranged world of
[Incomprehensible]
Plotting out the death of art

And I went over the edge of the world
I felt the sting of all it's words
I sang the song of elves and birds

I saw you in my rear view shades
And drank from pools of night time cafes
I stopped over just to finish up

I turned the knobs and called your bluff
I went over the edge of the world
I face the microphone and fumble in my pockets for
change
A break from the deranged world of
[Incomprehensible]
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