

D.C. Talk

"I Went Over The Edge Of The World"

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Oh the hymns of angels
Suffer over the stench of the 21st 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
Plotting out the death of art

And I went over the edge of the world
And 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 caf?'s
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
Plotting out the death of art

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