

I Went Over the Edge of the World

[Kevin Max](#)

Ohh, the hymns of angels
Suffer over the stench of the twenty first century
Nothing is black or white
Or devoid of industryThe 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 artAnd I went over the edge of the world
I felt the sting of all it's words
I sang the song of elves and birdsI saw you in my rear view shades
And drank from pools of night time cafes
I stopped over just to finish up

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