

Kevin Max, I Went Over The Edge Of The World

Oh 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 pop 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 I felt the sting of all its words
I sang the song of elves and birds
I saw you in my rearview shades
And drank from pools of nighttime 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 a change
A break from the deranged world of Plotting of the death of art