

# Marc Almond, The Edge Of Heartbreak

One day the devil came above ground  
One day the devil came above ground  
To study his interests  
He saw everything  
The devil, he heard everything  
And having seen all  
Having heard all  
He returned to his home below  
And down below  
They organised a grand feast  
At the end of this feast  
The devil rose to deliver his speech  
This is the jist of what he said  
Okay!  
Okay  
The world up there is like a sea  
Of raging fires that spit and roar  
Okay  
And man has fought like crazy  
With dangerous games of war  
Okay  
Trains are derailed  
A crash  
His boys filled with ideals  
Place bombs on the tracks  
Well that creates original death  
That death creates without confession  
Confessions without remission  
Okay  
Nothing is sold  
But all is bought  
Honour and sainthood  
Okay  
And states change secretly  
Into anonymous societies  
Okay hey hey  
And the mighty extort their dollars  
From countries that are poor  
And Europe also rips the scars  
With it's post colonial gorge  
That creates death from starvation  
And starvation of nations  
Okay  
And man has seen so much of it  
That his eyes have become grey  
Okay, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
And no songs seem to exist  
Except when sung on stage  
Okay  
They dispense with hired thugs  
And jack-ass poets get the elbow  
but in the papers everywhere  
Every shit has his photo  
That creates evil in honest folk  
And laughter in dishonest ones  
Okay! Okay! Okay! Okay!  
Okay! Okay! Okay! Okay!  
Okay!  
Okay! Hahaha!  
Okay! Hahaha!  
Okay