

I Went Over The Edge Of The World

DC Talk

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
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