

Fill in the gaps

I think it burns my sense of truth	Did I leave my life to chance	
To hear me (1) at my youth	Or did I make you fu***ng dance?	
I need a way to (2) it out	(5) concepts (6)	the
After I die, I'll reawake	world round	
Redefine what was at stake	But we share a mortal frame	
From the hindsight of a god	That if you can hear reacts to every sound	
I'll see the people that I use	But no two people move the same	
See the substance I abuse	I think it burns my sense of truth	
The ugly places that I lived	To hear me shouting at my youth	
Did I (3) money? Was I proud?	I need a way to sort it out	
Did I play my songs too loud?	After I die, I'll re-awake	
Did I leave my life to chance	Redefine (7) was at stake	
Or did I make you fu***g dance?	From the hindsight of a god	
Symmetry exists only in our mind	I'll see the people that I use	
Our brain is shaping squares	See the (8) I abuse	
So I woke up with entropy defined	The ugly places that I lived	
But the forms still linger there, in my head	Did I make money? Was I proud?	
I'll see the people that I use	Did I play my songs too loud?	
See the substance I abuse	Did I leave my (9) to chance	
The ugly places that I lived	Or did I make you fu***ng dance?	
Did I make money? Was I proud?		
Did I (4) my songs too loud?		



- 1. shouting
- 2. sort
- 3. make
- 4. play
- 5. Global
- 6. uncommon
- 7. what
- 8. substance
- 9. life

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