Global concepts by Robert DeLong

Fill in the gaps

I think it burns my sense of truth		
To hear me shouting at my youth		
I need a way to sort it out		
After I die, I'll reawake		
(1) what was at stake		
From the hindsight of a god		
I'll see the people that I use		
See the (2) I abuse		
The ugly places that I lived		
Did I make money? Was I proud?		
Did I play my songs too loud?		
Did I leave my life to chance		
Or did I make you (3) dance?		
Symmetry exists only in our mind		
Our brain is shaping squares		
So I woke up with (4) defined		
But the forms still linger there, in my head		
I'll see the people that I use		
See the substance I abuse		
The ugly places that I lived		
Did I (5) money? Was I proud?		
Did I play my songs too loud?		

Did I leave my (6)	to chance	
Or did I make you fu***ng dar	nce?	
Global concepts uncommon the world round		
But we share a mortal frame		
That if you can hear reacts to every sound		
But no two people move the same		
I think it burns my sense of tr	uth	
To hear me shouting at my yo	outh	
I (7) a way to sort	it out	
(8) I die, I'll re-a	wake	
Redefine what was at stake		
From the hindsight of a god		
I'll see the people that I use		
See the substance I abuse		
The ugly places that I lived		
Did I make money? Was I pro	oud?	
Did I (9) my songs	s too loud?	
Did I leave my life to chance		
Or did I make you fu***ng dar	nce?	



- 1. Redefine
- 2. substance
- 3. fu***g
- 4. entropy
- 5. make
- 6. life
- 7. need
- 8. After
- 9. play

Fill in the gaps

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