

Fill in the gaps

I think it burns my sense of truth	Did I leave my life to chance
To hear me shouting at my youth	Or did I make you fu***ng dance?
I need a way to sort it out	Global (4) uncommon the
(1) I die, I'll reawake	(5) round
Redefine (2) 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 (6) the same
See the substance I abuse	I think it (7) my sense of truth
The ugly places that I lived	To hear me shouting at my youth
Did I make 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 what was at stake
Or did I make you fu***g dance?	From the hindsight of a god
Symmetry (3) only in our mind	I'll see the people that I use
Our brain is shaping squares	See the substance 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 (8) too loud?
See the substance I abuse	Did I leave my life to chance
The ugly places that I lived	Or did I make you (9) dance?
Did I make money? Was I proud?	
Did I play my songs too loud?	



- 1. After
- 2. what
- 3. exists
- 4. concepts
- 5. world
- 6. move
- 7. burns
- 8. songs
- 9. fu***ng

Fill in the gaps