

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	(6) concepts (7)	_ 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	(8) 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 (1) I abuse	I think it burns my sense of truth	
The ugly (2) 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 what 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 (4) is (5) 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 songs too loud?	
See the substance I abuse	Did I leave my life to chance	
The ugly places that I lived	Or did I (9) you fu***ng dance?	
Did I make money? Was I proud?		
Did I play my songs too loud?		



Fill in the gaps

- 1. substance
- 2. places
- 3. make
- 4. brain
- 5. shaping 6. Global
- 7. uncommon
- 8. That
- 9. make