Global concepts by Robert DeLong

Fill in the gaps

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

Did I leave my life to chance
Or did I make you fu***ng dance?
Global concepts uncommon the world round
But we share a mortal frame
That if you can hear reacts to (7) sound
But no two people move the same
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 re-awake
Redefine what was at stake
From the hindsight of a god
I'll see the people that I use
See the (8) 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 (9) to chance
Or did I make you fu***ng dance?



1. sense

- 2. fu***g
- 3. Symmetry
- 4. woke
- 5. that
- 6. play
- 7. every
- 8. substance
- 9. life

Fill in the gaps