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
(1) 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 fu***g dance?
Symmetry (2) only in our mind
Our brain is shaping squares
So I woke up with (3) defined
But the forms still linger there, in my head
I'll see the people that I use
See the substance I abuse
The (4) places that I lived
Did I make money? Was I proud?
Did I play my (5) too loud?

Did I leave my life to chance
Or did I (6) you fu***ng dance?
Global concepts uncommon the world round
But we share a (7) frame
That if you can hear reacts to every 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 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 (8) you fu***ng dance?



- 1. After
- exists
 entropy
- 4. ugly
- 5. songs
- 6. make
- 7. mortal
- 8. make

Fill in the gaps