

Did I play my songs too loud?

Fill in the gaps

(1) it burns my sense of truth	Did I (5) 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 uncommon the world round
After I die, I'll reawake	But we share a mortal frame
Redefine what was at stake	That if you can hear reacts to every sound
From the hindsight of a god	But no two people move the same
I'll see the people that I use	I think it burns my sense of truth
See the substance I abuse	To hear me shouting at my youth
The ugly places that I lived	I need a way to (7) it out
Did I make money? Was I proud?	After I die, I'll re-awake
Did I play my songs too loud?	(8) (9) was at stake
Did I leave my life to chance	From the hindsight of a god
Or did I make you fu***g dance?	I'll see the people that I use
Symmetry (2) only in our mind	See the substance I abuse
Our (3) is shaping squares	The ugly places that I lived
So I woke up with entropy defined	Did I make money? Was I proud?
But the forms still linger there, in my head	Did I play my songs too loud?
I'll see the people that I use	Did I leave my life to chance
See the substance I abuse	Or did I make you (10) dance?
The ugly places (4) I lived	
Did I make money? Was I proud?	



- 1. think
- 2. exists
- 3. brain
- 4. that
- 5. leave
- 6. Global
- 7. sort
- 8. Redefine
- 9. what
- 10. fu***ng

Fill in the gaps