

Did I play my songs too loud?

## Fill in the gaps

think it burns my sense of truth	Did I leave my life to chance
To (1) me shouting at my youth	Or did I make you fu***ng dance?
need a way to sort it out	(5) concepts uncommon the world round
After I die, I'll reawake	But we share a (6) frame
Redefine (2) was at stake	That if you can hear (7) to every sound
From the (3) of a god	But no two people move the same
'll see the people that I use	I think it (8) 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 sort it out
Did I make money? Was I proud?	After I die, I'll re-awake
Did I play my songs too loud?	Redefine what 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 exists only in our mind	See the substance I abuse
Our brain 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?
'Il see the people that I use	Did I leave my (9) to chance
See the substance I abuse	Or did I make you (10) dance?
The ugly places that I lived	
Did I (4) money? Was I proud?	



- 1. hear
- 2. what
- 3. hindsight
- 4. make
- 5. Global
- 6. mortal
- 7. reacts
- 8. burns
- 9. life
- 10. fu\*\*\*ng

## Fill in the gaps

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