Global concepts by Robert DeLong

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 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 (1) (2) 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 (3) you fu***g dance?
Symmetry exists only in our mind
Our brain is shaping squares
So I (4) up with entropy defined
But the (5) (6) linger there, in
head
I'll see the (7) that I use
See the (8) I abuse
The ugly places that I lived
Did I (9) money? Was I proud?
Did I play my songs too loud?

my

Did I leave my life to chance Or did I make you (10)_ dance? Global concepts uncommon the world round But we share a mortal 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 make you fu***ng dance?



- 1. places
- 2. that
- 3. make
- 4. woke
- 5. forms
- 6. still
- 7. people
- 8. substance
- 9. make
- 10. fu***ng

Fill in the gaps