

Fill in the gaps

| I think it burns my sense of truth |
|--|
| To hear me shouting at my youth |
| I (1) 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 (2) 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 woke up with (4) defined |
| But the forms still linger there, in my head |
| 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 (5) my songs too loud? |

| Did i leave my life to chance |
|---|
| Or did I make you fu***ng dance? |
| (6) concepts uncommon the world round |
| But we share a mortal frame |
| That if you can (7) reacts to every sound |
| But no two people move the same |
| I think it (8) my sense of truth |
| To (9) me shouting at my youth |
| I need a way to (10) 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. need
- 2. play
- 3. make
- 4. entropy
- 5. play
- 6. Global
- 7. hear
- 8. burns
- 9. hear
- 10. sort

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