

Fill in the gaps

I think it burns my (1) of truth	Did I leave 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	Global concepts (6) 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 (7) 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 (8) at my youth
The ugly places that I lived	I need a way to sort it out
Did I (2) 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 (3) defined	Did I make money? Was I proud?
But the forms still linger there, in my head	Did I play my (9) too loud?
I'll see the (4) that I use	Did I leave my life to chance
See the substance I abuse	Or did I (10) you fu***ng dance?
The ugly places that I lived	
Did I (5) money? Was I proud?	
Did I play my songs too loud?	



- 1. sense
- 2. make
- 3. entropy
- 4. people
- 5. make
- 6. uncommon
- 7. people
- 8. shouting
- 9. songs
- 10. make

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