

## Fill in the gaps

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



- 1. ugly
- 2. life
- 3. places
- 4. leave
- 5. Global
- 6. world
- 7. hindsight
- 8. places
- 9. life

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