

Global Concepts

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 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 abused 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 fucking dance? Symmetry exists only in our mind. Our brain is shaping
squares. So I woke up with entropy defined but the forms still linger there, in my head. I'll see the
people that I use see the substance I abused 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 fucking 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 abused
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 fucking dance?
fucking...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>