Global Concepts

[unknown]

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 f***ing 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.

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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 f***ing 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.

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