

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 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 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 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 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,
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The ugly places that I lived.Did I make money? Was I proud?
Did I play my songs too loud?
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