

# Global Concepts

## Robert deLonge

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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