

## 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 used  
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 seeing squares  
So I woke up with entropy defined  
But the forms still lingered there, in my head

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The ugly places that I lived

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Global concepts aren't common the world round  
But we share a mortal frame  
That if you can't hear reacts to every sound  
But no two people move the same

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