

Robert Delong

"Global Concepts"

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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, Iâ€™ll reawake
Redefine what was at stake
From the hindsight of a god

Iâ€™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 seeking 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 abused
The ugly places that I lived
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Did I play my songs too loud?
Did I leave my life to chance
Or did I make you fucking dance?

Global concepts donâ€™t come in the world round
But we share a mortal frame
That if you canâ€™t hear reacts to every sound
But know 2 people move the same

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