



mylizzardbrain

Any time any place  
everything becomes unreal

I drift between worlds  
and the worlds are made of glass

I'm human and I'm not  
but most of all I'm spending time

playing games on planet Earth  
for reasons I can't see

When it's time to go home  
what was me and what was you?

Will the colors I see at night explain  
what I can't perceive through my lizzard brain?

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