

Time

"Purple Perved Dog"

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(If something's stable when you're sober, and then we
take something
That makes these things look unstable, it's just our
mind and our
Perception
So if everything's just based on our perception, then
that proves
That this world isn't real, so if everything relies on my
eyes and my
Perception
If that changes, then reality changes, so this proves
there is no reality
And that this world isn't real)

I'm falling, falling falling through the sky
Waiting for my body and the ground to collide

Angel turned into a purple dog with overalls
No longer sober making late night phone calls
I'm laughing and hiccupping on an answering machine
I'm looking for reality and dream but there's no in
between
His mumbling from a million miles away
Sending text messages so he can touch breasticis
My hangers turned into spiders pinching his head
And I swear for 2 hours he's been standing by my bed
Peeking out from under my blanket like kilroy
Passing out's a killjoy, I used to be a boy
Now I'm all grown up and pills are toys
His right eyeballs dripping like water on a window pane
Give me the phone I got a nympho's brain
My peripherals made out of putty and my vision is
muddy
His clothes are melting, sober used to be my buddy
He's walking like gargamel looking for a
Peanut butter jelly sandwich
Next thing I know were drinking spoiled milk
And my room is damaged there's a village out my
window
I could hold in my hand I can see everyone flicker
Imagine it, this much fun and no liquor

Last night I was faded so now it sounds dumb to me
But all I was yelling was spirit guides come to me
Last night I was perved, so now it sounds dumb to me
But it was like spirit guides come to me
Cause

I'm falling, falling falling through the sky
Waiting for my body and the ground to collide

Now I'm playing soccer with a microphone
I got some girl scouts with me but I'm all alone
Ginewine full blast, 4 in the morning
Popping my collar, raindrops is pouring
My face is a 100 times longer in the mirror
And I can swear there's four people here
But it's just AC telling me to go to sleep
I can't stand straight I'm destroying my room
I broke the bookshelf, and tore the trash bag
We were chuckling but the rhino had the last laugh
He was bright yellow hiding behind my TV
And he doesn't move when I look like the ghosts in
mario 3
I'm getting tossed around by my equilibrium
AC's yelling at me but this tweak ain't hearing him
I'm on google images typing in visions
Thought I figured out the universe disproving religion
The pictures are moving but they're not gifs
Imagine it, this much fun without a spliff
Welcome to the fantastic reality
Finish him, ambien fatality

I'm falling, falling falling through the sky
Waiting for my body and the ground to collide

Welcome to the fantastic reality
Finish him, ambien fatality

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