

Woke up in a bronze hand,
Statue looking like a bronze man,
Looks at me skeiky.

The bronze man blinked and frowned,
Turning my whole world upside down,
I shrieked and ran away.

When I fell I fell into glass,
Looking down it was a man,
I am a murderer.

I looked around I saw glass people,
They started walking,
And talking,
In their own glass language.

One strangled me,
Never to see,
This world again.

If dreams were real,
What this could reveal,
Could be terrifying.