

A Girl A Gun A Ghost, Pangolin Dreams

Staring through glasses with no lenses
At a tree climbing the sky.
Our father seems to have lost his senses
As he stands before our burning home
With an olive branch in one hand, the other holding circumstance;
Evidence, if you will?
Gasoline dreams from a wishing well.
I was so young; we were so innocent at a time when innocence made sense.
The flames laughed at us as I held you in my arms.
Youth would not be wasted on us; we both have come so far.
What have I become? How could this have happened?
I was so careful, I wore the garbs of a saint with stained-glass cufflinks.
I'd forgotten what I was looking for.
Power is flowing but the bulb is blown,
I have no faith to call my own.
With an olive branch in one hand, the other holding circumstance;
Evidence, if you will?
Gasoline dreams from a wishing well.
As I stumble onto broken knees, screaming at broken sleeping ghosts
On a hill with three trees?
The royalty is coming for my loyalty.
Even Carpenters make mistakes, measure once cut twice.
I am so very apathetic.
You abandon me.
Cradled in my mother's arms, my reserves have been set free.