Son, Ambulance, Glitter Angel

High-rise apartment high above the city counting pedestrians
Cornered angel
Butterfly pinned to styrofoam I'm speechless
I'm going downtown. High-rise apartment.
City's an art form
From inside these walls, comes a trumpet call I know is breaking every brick
So what was I defending?
Some ruined city of gold?
Glitter angel, do you still preserve that kiss?