

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?