

## Pangolin Dreams

### A Girl A Gun A Ghost

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.