

## **Killing The Dream**

### **"Testimony"**

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She was born in December  
A day that was cold  
That's all they would recall

Little girl lost her mother  
Stare in the mirror  
And searches for a woman she'll never know  
Inside the child staring back  
Left to fill the spaces of holes  
Feeble answers to questions she'll never know

So she makes up a story  
About the woman in the photograph that she stole  
And imagines a life  
Where they share more than just their smiles  
And blonde hair

Some trees are planted  
Others have to grow on their own

She thinks about it less now  
She's older  
"It's just easier to left yourself forget"  
Memories are bestowed on the fortunate  
The forsaken have to learn to just throw them away

Now her son ventures out  
Unsure of what he'll find  
Or what he's even looking for  
He can't find his way despite his maps  
He throws them down  
(He understands)

Lost, the son bows his pathetic head  
And falls to his unscarred knees  
To thank God  
For giving such a little girl such strength

He lifts himself back up  
A little lighter now  
To see flowers blooming underneath him

In the safety of these trees  
We're staring over now

We live our lucky, privileged lives  
Held together  
Forever by that girl who knew  
There must be something better

We grow together now  
We're staring over now

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