

Prelude

Miley Cyrus

Like when following an image from a train
Your eyes can't keep the passing landscapes
From being swallowed into endless distance
Like when holding a fistful of ashes
Your hands can't save the things that have already been dissolved into air
Like when facing the sun through a window
Your skin feels warmth
But it can't be in the world that its warmth has made alive
Like walking alone through a lucid dream
Like saying your name aloud in an empty room
Like witnessing my body standing in a mirror
Aching to be seen, aching to become real
But the beauty one finds alone
Is a prayer that longs to be shared