

## PRAY WITH ME

It is not you who rises from the bed.

It was not you who stumbled upon the truth.

It will not be you who dies a heroes death.

For you are a thing of beauty, no bed has touched, no thought has held,  
no death shall call.

Oh childless thing, partner of the living breath.

Breathe

Breathe

Breathe

That thy breath may hold the sharpness of the moment.

That thy eye may catch the glimmer of this moment.

This moment, this perfect moment... filled with one million moments  
and then some more..

You that once was that child, so longed for.

Pray with me, you little thing.