Ding! Dong!

Sufjan Stevens

One Mother rises, pulling the sheets from the crib
All the disguises wandering stars, what She did
All the king's horns, all the kings menSaddled and worn, raise the dead
Holy, an Infant, He came to raise up the dead
Wandering wise men, what did you bring to His bed?
Shapeless surprises, incense to bring to the deadNothing is wrong, it's what She did
All the king's horns and the king's men
Nothing is wrong, it's what She did
All the king's horns and the king's menNothing is wrong, it's what She did
All the king's horns, raise the dead
Nothing is wrong, it's what She did
All the king's horns

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