

# Cue the Strings

## Low

Before you speak  
The words are plain to see  
Upon your skin, they sing, they dance and spin  
So what, pray tell  
Will save you now?  
Here comes that cold sunrise  
And at the peak  
We reach to cue the strings  
They ring, so sweet, they lay in plain relief  
So what, pray tell  
Will save you now?  
Here comes that cold sunrise  
Here comes that cold sunrise

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