

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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