

## Cue the Strings

Low

Before you speak the words  
So 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 lean  
And plead release

So what pray tell  
Will save you now  
Here comes that cold sunrise  
Here comes that cold sunrise