## **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 men

Saddled 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 dead

Nothing 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 men

Nothing 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