**"Timshel"**

Cold is the water

It freezes your already cold mind

Already cold, cold mind

And death is at your doorstep

And it will steal your innocence

But it will not steal your substance

But you are not alone in this

And you are not alone in this

As brothers we will stand and we'll hold your hand

Hold your hand

And you are the mother

The mother of your baby child

The one to whom you gave life

And you have your choices

And these are what make man great

His ladder to the stars

But you are not alone in this

And you are not alone in this

As brothers we will stand and we'll hold your hand

Hold your hand

And I will tell the night

Whisper, "Lose your sight"

But I can't move the mountains for you