

Timshel

Tufts Beelzebubs

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
And whisper, "Lose your sight"
But I can't move the mountains for you

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