

Timshel

Mumford & Sons

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

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