

Timshel

Paola Bennet

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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