

# Timshel

## GQ

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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