

The Ghosts of Christmas Eve

Trans-Siberian Orchestra

SOMEWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE
BETWEEN THIS NIGHT AND GOD
AN ANGEL SAT UPON A STAR
WHILE THINKING VERY HARD
TO RETURN ONCE MORE TO THE EARTH
HE HAD BEEN ASSIGNED
AND A SINGLE GIFT FOR ALL OF MAN
HE WAS TO LEAVE BEHIND
BUT THIS GIFT THAT HE WAS TO LEAVE
COULD NOT BE TAKEN FROM THE HEAVENLY COURT
AND HOW COULD HE LEAVE SOMETHING BEHIND
IF NOTHING COULD BE BROUGHT
NOW THIS WAS QUITE A PUZZLE
AND HE KNEW NOT HOW TO START
WHEN HE SUDDENLY FELT A PRAYER FROM A CHILD
REACH DEEP INTO HIS HEART
AND THOUGHT HIS TIME WAS LIMITED
TO THIS ONE NIGHT OF THE YEAR
HE COULD NOT IGNORE THIS CHILD'S REQUEST
SO HE DECIDED HE WOULD START HERE
FOR THOUGH THIS NIGHT WAS CHRISTMAS EVE
AND DREAMS WERE ALL ABOUT
SOMEWHERE DOWN BELOW ON EARTH
HE HAD FELT THIS CHILD BEGIN TO DOUBT
A CHILD WHO SHOULD HAVE BEEN ASLEEP
INSTEAD WAS CLIMBING ATTIC STAIRS
WITH HER SOLITARY CANDLE
AND A SINGLE CHRISTMAS PRAYER
NOW, WHEN ANGELS THEY ARE CALLED
THEY RARELY JUST APPEAR
BUT MORE OFTEN THAN NOT
THEY GENTLY WHISPER IN ONE'S EAR
AND WHEN THEY WHISPER TO A CHILD
ON NIGHTS WHEN SNOW STILL GLISTENS
THE CHANCES ARE MUCH STRONGER STILL
THAT, THAT CHILD, WILL LISTEN
SO IN THIS ROOM WHERE SHADOWS LIVE
AND GHOSTS THAT FAILED LEARN TIME FORGIVES
WELCOME FRIENDS, PLEASE STAY AWHILE
OUR STORY STARTS WITH ONE SMALL CHILD
WHO SPENDS THIS NIGHT IN AN ATTIC DARK
WHERE DREAMS ARE STORED LIKE SLEEPING HEARTS
NOW, IF YOU WONDER WHY THIS CHILD IS HERE
WITH ALL ASLEEP AND CHRISTMAS NEAR
SHE'S COME UP HERE TO LOOK FOR TRUTH
IN THIS PLACE CLOSEST TO THE ROOF
FOR SHE HAD HEARD FROM FRIENDS WHO FEEL
THAT NOTHING ON THIS NIGHT IS REAL
THAT NO ADULTS TRULY BELIEVE
IN ALL THESE THINGS OF CHRISTMAS EVE
THIS NIGHT THAT SEEMS TO CAST A SPELL
IN THE SAME WORLD, JUST TINSELED WELL
AND AS SHE LAY IN BED THAT NIGHT
SHE WONDERED IF THEY MIGHT BE RIGHT
AND SHE WONDERED THEN WHO SHE MIGHT ASK
ABOUT THIS QUESTION THAT HAD BEEN CAST
FOR ADULTS, SHE HAD BEEN TOLD, YOU SEE

ARE PART OF THIS CONSPIRACY
BUT IN HER MIND BECOMING CLEAR
THE SHADOW OF A CHILD'S IDEA
THERE WAS ONE WHOSE PRESENCE ALONE
WOULD RECONFIRM WHAT SHE HAD KNOWN
BUT THIS MAN, HE WAS SO RARELY SEEN
FOR HE ONLY ARRIVED WHEN CHILDREN DREAMED
BUT IF WHAT SHE HAD BELIEVED WAS RIGHT
HE SHOULD APPEAR THIS VERY NIGHT
SO ON THIS NIGHT WITH SO MUCH AT STAKE
SHE'S DETERMINED THAT SHE WOULD STAY AWAKE
BUT THEN A PROBLEM CAME TO MIND
IT SEEMS THAT FATE HAD NOT BEEN KIND
FOR THEIR CHIMNEY HAD BEEN CLOSED THAT YEAR
SOME BRICKS MIGHT FALL, HER FATHER FEARED
SO SHE HAD DEvised ANOTHER PLAN
TO HEAR WHEN ON THE ROOF HE LANDS
SO WITH THE GHOSTS LEFT HERE BY FATE
UPON THIS NIGHT SHE SITS AND WAITS
NOW AS I'M SURE YOU ALL MUST KNOW
WHEN ONE IS WAITING, TIME MOVES SLOW
AND AS SHE WONDERED WHAT TO DO
(HER OPTIONS SEEMING FAR TOO FEW)
THE ANGEL CAUSED THAT CHILD TO LOOK
BEHIND A YELLOWED PILE OF BOOKS
AMONG THESE MEMORIES DISGUISED AS JUNK
SHE NOTICED THERE A WELL WORN TRUNK
IT WAS FILLED WITH TOYS AND ONE OLD WREATH
AND SEVERAL LETTERS UNDERNEATH
SOME ORNAMENTS, A HAND RUNG PHONE
AND RECORDS WITH A GRAMOPHONE
A MIX OF LONG FORGOTTEN WORDS
WITH MELODIES NO LONGER HEARD
ALL THREADS OF LONG FORGOTTEN LIVES
BUT HERE SOMEHOW THEY HAD SURVIVED
THESE LETTERS THAT HAD CAUGHT HER EYE
NOW IN HER HANDS THEY SEEMED ALIVE
AND AS EACH LETTER SHE UNSEALED
A SMALL PIECE OF THE PAST WAS REVEALED
FOR CHRISTMAS WEAVES A LIFE LONG SPELL
AND MOST OF ALL REMEMBERS WELL
AND AS THE CHILD EXPLORED THE PAST
ONCE AGAIN THAT SPELL WAS CAST
AND AS THE CHILD BEGAN TO READ
UPON THIS NIGHT OF CHRISTMAS EVE
THE ANGEL'S PLAN, AS YOU CAN TELL
IT WAS ALREADY WORKING WELL
SO AS THE GHOSTS GENTLY ARISE
IN OUR FIRST SONG WE'LL SUMMARIZE
In this room where shadows live
And ghosts that failed learn time forgives
Welcome, friends, please stay awhile
Our story starts with one small child
Who spends this night in attics dark
Where dreams are stored like sleeping hearts
And so it's here that they must wait
Till someone wishes them awake
For somewhere on this night of nights
She's looking to believe
Here among the ghosts on Christmas Eve
And there near an old looking glass
There was a trunk from Christmas past
That she had somehow missed before

But now decides she will explore
'Twas filled with toys and one old wreath
And several letters underneath
So as the evening hours leave
The child sat down and started to read
For somewhere on this night of nights
She's looking to believe
Here among the ghosts on Christmas Eve
On Christmas Eve
On Christmas Eve