

# Trans-Siberian Orchestra, Anno Domine

&lt;html&gt;&lt;head&gt;&lt;meta name=&quot;qrictext&quot; content=&quot;1&quot; /&gt;&lt;/head&gt;&lt;span style=&quot;font-style:italic&quot;&gt;(NARRATION) &lt;/span&gt;Christmas is how In eve&lt;/body&gt;&lt;/html&gt;

After the song was over  
Nearly every person there  
Went to the cathedral's basement  
And started setting up tables and chairs

For that night this church would feed  
Any person in life who had less  
And both those that gave and those that received  
Left that night feeling blessed

Then the angel remembered something  
That his lord's son had once said  
On how one truly followed him  
When words and acts were wed

Some people claim to follow him  
But themselves they just deceive  
For his lord's son had said,  
&quot;you will know who truly follows me

Not by what they say, but by their deeds&quot;

And this church was clearly filled  
With kind people of goodwill  
But the angel had more time left on this night  
And continued to search on still

So the angel left the parishioners  
With their christmas meal in happy bliss  
And returned once more to the hotel  
To make sure that there was no one there he had missed

And passing by a village square  
He heard a brass quartet  
Whose christmas concerto in the key of g  
He felt lighten his every step