

Trans-Siberian Orchestra, The Christmas Attic

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 though 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
Is the same world, just tinsel 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 that 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