

Trans Siberian Orchestra "Christmas Canon Rock"

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[NARRATION]

Now all that had occurred here this night
The angel had clearly seen
Not unlike an old fashioned movie
Upon a silvered screen
That borders on the edge of a
Forgotten childhood dream

And from all that he had witnessed
He thought his answer he had found
And once more unfolded his wings
And left earth's solid ground

With every sweep of those wings
Across time and space he soared
Until he found himself standing
Back in heaven, before his lord

And he told his lord the name of the father's son
But then he hesitated
Like a child in school unsure of his answer
But the lord, he patiently waited

Then the angel added the names
Of the parishioners at the church
The musicians, the storyteller
The operator and the hospital nurse

Eventually there was hardly a person
That the angel had missed
And then at the very end he placed
The father's name, also on that list

That anyone could reflect his lord's son
Was now the angel's view
All it took was to follow the simple word's of his son
"to do unto others, as you would have others do unto
you"

Then the lord smiled at his angel
And said, "you have done more than your task

It's a gift that eyes rarely have
That can see further than they are asked."

And so this night is ending
So close to where it did start
As the angel slept deep that night
Within his lord's own heart

For hope never dies
At worst it only sleeps
And all we surrender
Christmas safely keeps

Through the cold winter nights
Of the longest decembers
Till here by starlight
We begin to remember

That in the very end
The message christmas is sending
Is that it is never too late
To change any life's ending

[The end]

[After the end or (the next day)]

So christmas eve had come and past
But not so christmas day
And thus it is, we add a final act
Onto our yearly play

A taxicab pulled up to the grand hotel,
That morning somewhere around eight
And the father with his son got out
And asked the driver, to please wait

Then the father asked the clerk if he could speak
To the couple in room twelve twenty-four
Adding he did not know the couple's name
But had met their child the night before

The clerk answered most politely
That he would like to fulfill his wish
But the room number twelve twenty-four
In this hotel, did not exist

The father then described the little girl
Her age and dress as well
But the clerk said there had been no children there at
all that week

Was he sure he had the right hotel?

So the father started wondering
If in the cold winter's air
He had somehow imagined the entire event
But then he realized, he didn't care

The only thing that mattered
When all was said and done
Was that he was reunited
With his one and only son

And when they got back into their cab
He heard a ripping sound
As the contents of his wife's folder
Spilled out onto the ground

As he rushed to pick it all up
He grabbed the picture first
Of him and his wife at the age nineteen
Long before she had given birth

And on the back he saw a poem he had written to her
Years before they had wed
When they were young, their lives just begun
And here is what it said,

"if a single tear fell from your eyes into the ocean
And then washed up on some far and distant shore
I would still recognize that teardrop
For in the end that tear would still be yours"

And then he saw another picture
That he had never seen before
Of a little girl in a russian styled coat
Standing with her parents, in front of their store

The little girl he saw there
He now knew was a childhood picture of his wife
But it was also a picture of the little girl
He had just met on the previous night

And he realized that those who love
Death cannot divide
It only provides an extra soul
To watch over us from the other side

And together they returned
Back to the father's home
And shared the best christmas

That either of them had ever known

And somewhere across eternity
Which in distance cannot be measured
The mother looked down upon them both
And their happiness she treasured

And later on late that night
When her son was drifting off to sleep
A tear once more rolled from her eyes
And trailed across her cheek

But this one was a tear of joy
That she could not keep inside
And this time she followed it through eternity
Across the great divide

Till it landed by another joyful tear
That her husband had just wept
And there unseen she joined him
In the silent vigil that he kept

For we are all born mortal
Like stars and candlelight
And all that really matters
Is what we do before we fall asleep each night

[CHRISTMAS CANON ROCK]

This night
We pray
Our lives will show

This dream he had
Each child
Still knows

We are waiting
We have not forgotten

On this night
On this night
On this night
On this very christmas night

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